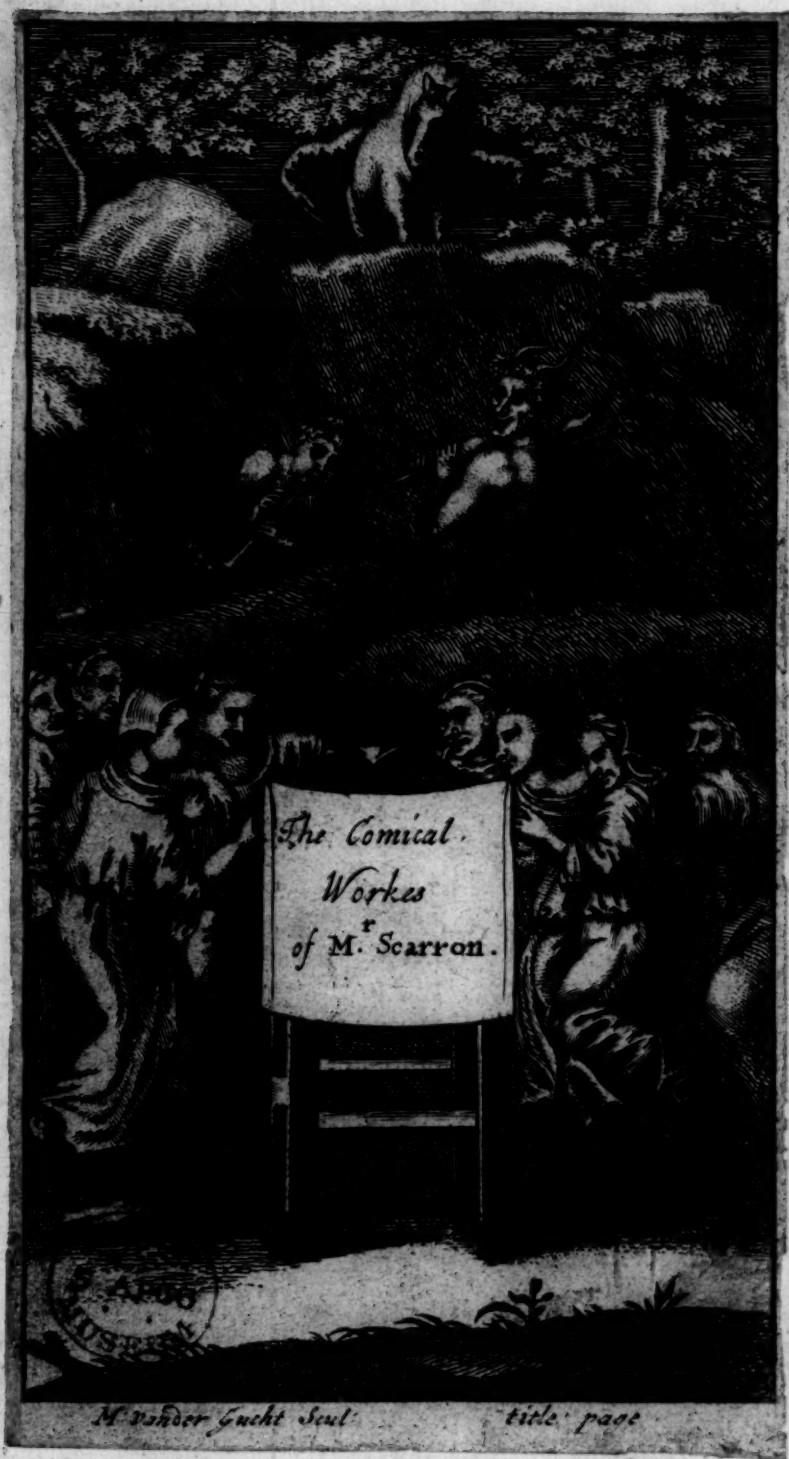
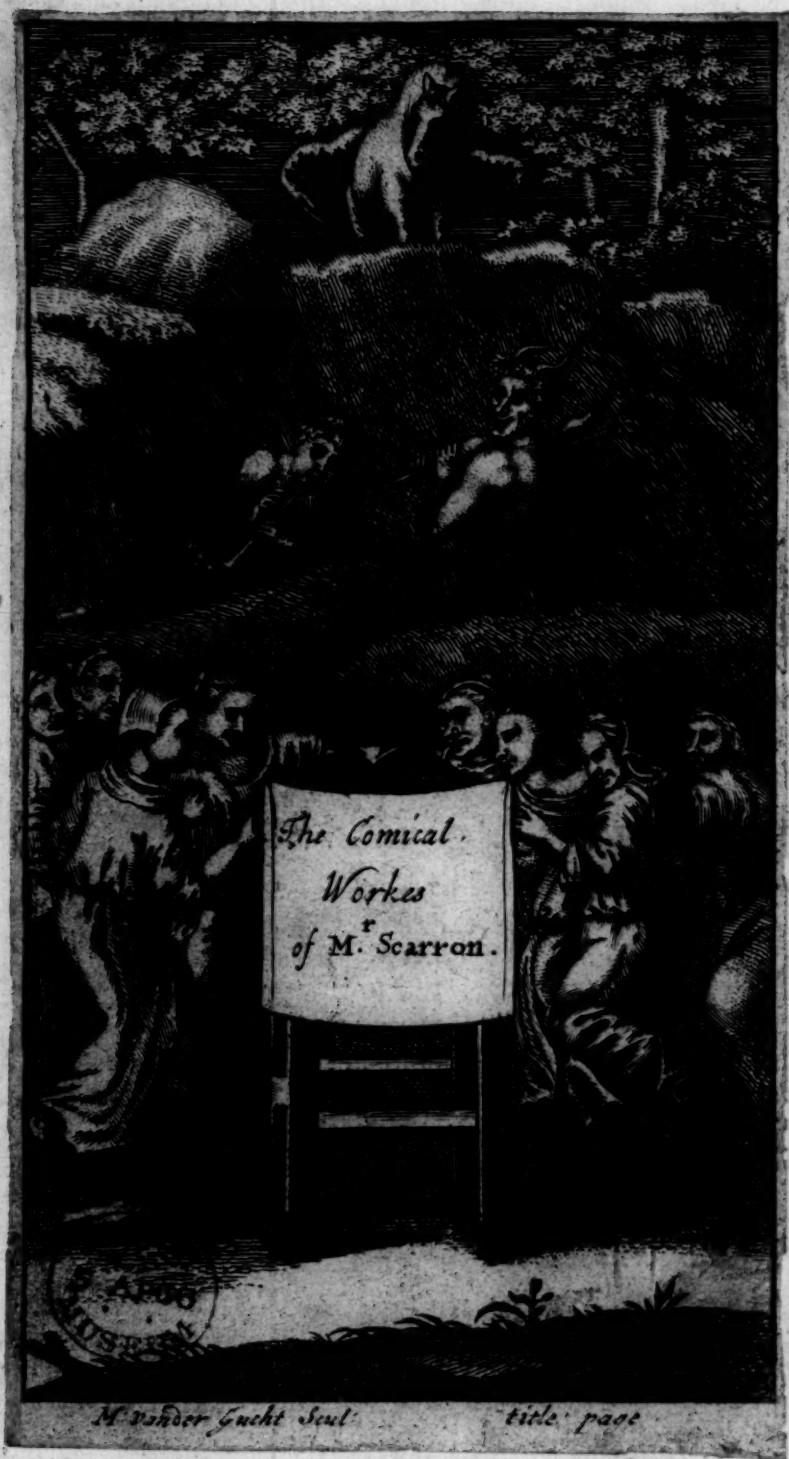






1237 46-24

THE
Whole Comical
WORKS
OF
Monf^r. SCARRON.

CONTAINING

- I. His Comical Romance of a Company of Stage-Players. In three Parts, Compleat.
- II. All his Novels and Histories.
- III. His Select Letters, Characters, &c.

A great Part of which never before in English.

Translated by Mr. Tho. Brown, Mr. Savage,
and Others.

———*Ridiculum acri*
Fortius & Melius Magnas plerumq; secas res. Hor.
Rebus in Angustis facile est contemnere Vitam:
Fortiter ille Facit, qui miser esse potest. Mart.

The Second Edition, Revised and Corrected.

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. and J. Sprint, at the Bell, and J. Nicholson, at
the King's Arms in Little-Britain; R. Parker, under the Royal-
Exchange, and Benj. Took, at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleet-
Street. 1703.

THE
Whole Connical
WORKS

MONTSCARROW

CONTAINING



By the Rev. John Montscarrow, M.A.,
Rector of the Cathedral of St. Peter,
Bristol.

Printed by J. B. Nichols, 10, St. Martin's Lane,
London, W.

1854

Price 10s. 6d.

A CHARACTER

Of Monsieur *Scarron's* Works,

In a Letter from the Famous Monsieur de
Balzac to Monsieur *Costar*.

THE Book you sent me from Monsieur *Scarron*, was a very acceptable Present, and such a one as I am obliged to set a great value upon so long as I live. I had scarce open'd it, but it perform'd a Cure on me, and gave me ease in a cruel fit of the Spleen, which had certainly done my business, had not this Cordial come so seasonably to my Relief. I hope it will work greater Cures, if I often apply it. Perhaps it will rid me of my pensive Melancholy, and Philosophical Sadness: Perhaps it will teach me to Rhime, and make me chearful by Contagion. To deal plainly with you, this Friend of ours, Monsieur *Scarron*, is a strange sort of a Gentleman. With all his Distempers he has something in him, tho I know not how to describe it, better than Health, I mean a stupid insensible Health; for I need not to tell you that the *Arabians* call Joy the Quintessence and Elixir of a lively active Health. Now since you are desirous to know my different thoughts of our Author, and require me to say something particular on this Head, I must tell you he is either the most dissembling or the most resolute Man in the Universe. I farther add, that he is a living Testimony that Mankind is not so effeminate, as is commonly believed, unless Pain uses him more gently than it does other Men. One that has convers'd with his Writings, and sees him so merry in his

A 2 Afflictions,

Afflictions, would think that the Executioner flatter'd the Sufferer. I never see him laugh in the midst of his Torments, but he makes me think his Pain does not give him, any Smart, but only Titillation. In short, I will affirm, that *Prometheus*, *Hercules*, and *Philodetes* in our Fables, to say nothing of *Job* in his real History, speak abundance of great and manly things in the height of their Pains, yet nothing that is gay and cheerful. Among the Antients, I have frequently met with those Grievs that have been sedate and calm, which have appear'd to be wise and eloquent, but I never found a Grief that was cheerful till now; or a Soul that was able to dance a Saraband or Jig in a paralytical Body. So pleasant a Prodigy as this, deserves the consideration of our curious Virtuofos. History ought not to forget it; and if ever the Whim takes me to set up for an Historian, as I am already an Historiographer, I shall reckon this among the greatest Wonders of our Age, which has been so fruitful in Miracles. What wou'd not your Friend *Seneca* have said upon so noble a Subject, he that took so much pleasure to treat of these matters, and so often sought opportunities of doing it? Is it not a plain case, that that arrogant and haughty Virtue, which is so extravagantly commended by him, and who pretends to be at ease even in *Pbalaris's* Bull, nay, maintains that Pain it self is a Blessing, falls infinitely short of this easie and humble Virtue, which can put in execution the Paradoxes of the *Stoicks*, without the least touch of their Ostentation? Let us therefore conclude in honour of our Author, that either there is something of Extasy and Possession in his Distemper, and that his Soul performs it's functions apart, without concerning it self with his Body; or else that he is a Man of extraordinary Resolution and Vigour, and in the perpetual Dispute between his Soul and his Body, the nobler part finds those Advantages over the others, which the stronger use to have over the weaker.

To

To the Courteous Reader that never saw me.

UNknown Friend, who never saw'st me in thy Life, and perhaps never troublest thy self much about it, because there is no great matter to be got by the sight of such a Fellow as I am : Be it known to thee, that neither am I desirous thou shouldst see my Person, but that I have been inform'd that some facetious Gentlemen make themselves merry at the expence of an unhappy Wretch, and describe me another sort of a Monster than really I am. Some affirm my Rump-bone sticks out like the Ace of Spades, by the same token that it perforates all my Breeches, and that I am set upon a Table in a Cage, where I chatter like a blind Magpy. Others will tell you, and swear to it too if you'd have them, that my Hat is fasten'd to a Cord which runs through a Pulley, and that I pluck it up or let it down, as often as I am to compliment any Friend that does me the honour of a Visit.

I therefore thought my self obliged in Conscience and all that, to prevent their telling so many
horrid

To the Courteous Reader.

horrid Lyes, and for that reason have order'd my Picture to be engraven, as thou seest it, in the beginning of this Book. I know thou wilt grumble, Courteous Reader, for every Reader in the World is a Grumbletonian more or less; and for my part, I can grumble as well as the best of ye, when 'tis my turn to be a Reader. Thou wilt grumble in thy Gizzard, I say, and snarl, and quarrel, and huff, and puff, because forsooth, I shew thee my Back-side. But prithee, old Friend, don't be too Cholerick. Assure thyself I did not do it with a design to turn my Breech upon the Company; but only because the Convexity of my Back is more proper to receive an Inscription, than the Concavity of my Stomach, which is wholly covered by the Penthouse of my Head, that hangs over it, and because the Situation, or rather the irregular Plan of my Person may be seen as well behind as before. I am not such a Coxcomb as to pretend to make a Present to the Publick (for by those Jolly Damsels the nine Muses, I swear and protest I never dreamt in my Life of seeing my Head Stamped in a Medal) but I would have had my Picture drawn, if I cou'd have found a Painter bold enough to take my Physz in black and white. For want of a Picture therefore, I'll describe my self to thee as near as I can.

I am

To the Courteous Reader.

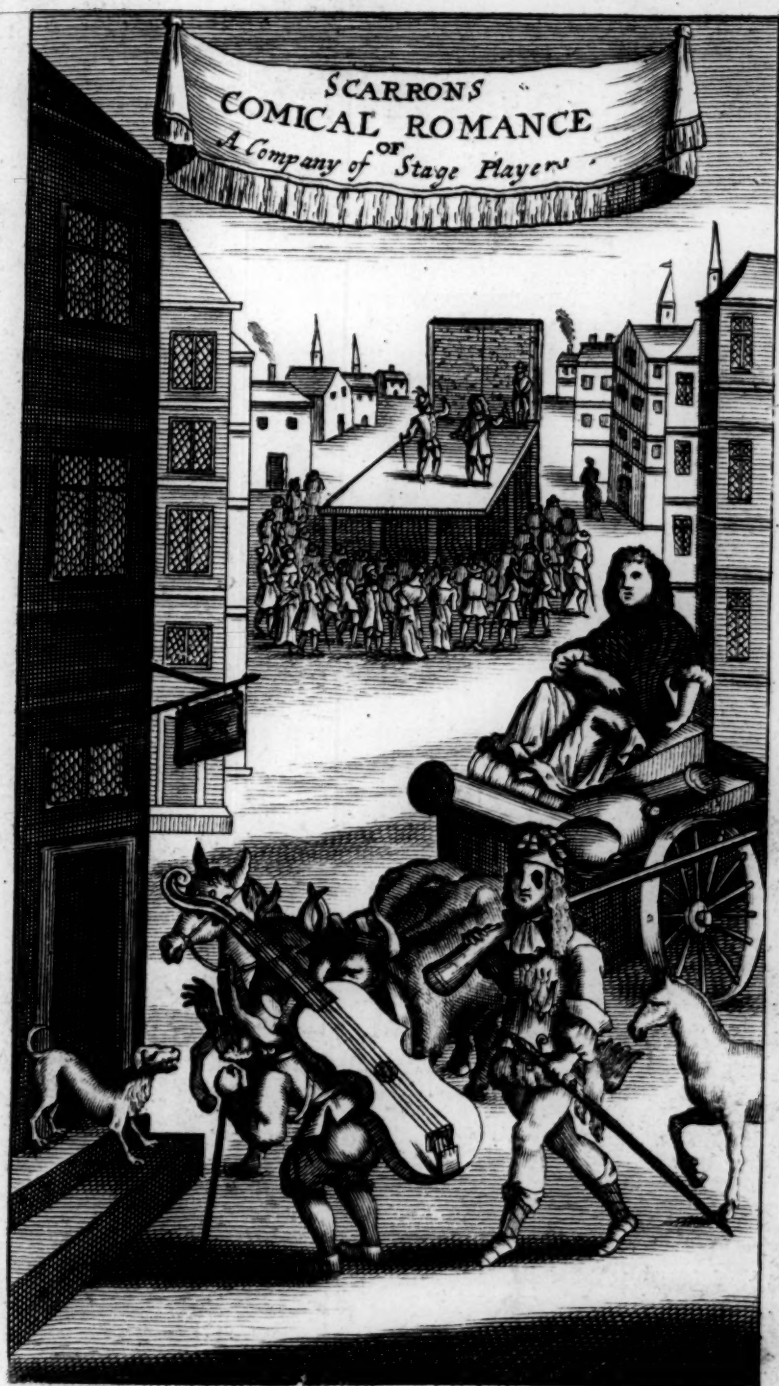
I am past thirty, as thou mayst see by the back of my Chair. If I live to be forty, I shall add the Lord knows how many Misfortunes to those I have already suffer'd for these eight or nine years last past. There was a time when my Stature was not to be found fault with, tho now 'tis of the smallest. My Sickneß has taken me shorter by a Foot: My Head is somewhat too bigg considering my Height, and my Face is full enough in all conscience for one that carries such a Skeleton of a Body about him. I have Hair enough on my Head not to stand in need of a Periwig, and 'tis gray too, in spite of the Proverb. My Sight is good enough, tho my Eyes are large; they are of a blew colour, and one of them is sunk deeper into my Head than the other, which was occasion'd by my leaning on that side. My Nose is well enough mounted. My Teeth, which in the days of yore looked like a row of square Pearl, are now of an ashen colour, and in a few years more, will have the complexion of a small-coal Man's Saturday shirt. I have lost one Tooth and a half on the left side, and two and a half precisely on the right, and I have two more that stand somewhat out of their Ranks. My Legs and Thighs in the first place compose an obtuse Angle, then an equal one, and lastly an acute. My Thighs and Body make another, and my Head leaning perpetually over my Belly, I fancy makes

To the Courteous Reader.

me not very unlike the letter Z. My Arms are shortned as well as my Legs, and my Fingers as well as my Arms. In short, I am a living Epitome of humane Misery. This, as near as I can give it, is my Shape. Since I am now got so far, I will e'en tell thee something of my Humour. Under the Rose be it spoken, Courteous Reader, I do this only to swell the bulk of my Book, at the Request of the Bookseller; the poor Dog it seems being afraid he should be a Loser by this Impression, if he did not give the Buyer enough for his Money. Were it not for this, a Digression of this Nature wou'd be to no purpose as well as a thousand more. But to our comfort be it said, ours is not the first Age wherein People have play'd the Fools out of Complaisance, not to reckon the Follies they commit of their own Heads.

I was always a little Cholerick, a little given to my Guts, and a little Lazy. I frequently call my Man Son of a Whore and Fool, and a little after salute him Sir. I hate no Man, and could wish all the World did the same by me. I am as blithe as a Bird when I have Mony, and should be much more, were I in health. I am merry enough in Company. I am content enough when alone. I bear all my Ills pretty patiently. And now as I humbly conceive, the Porch is big enough for the House, and 'tis high time for me to conclude.

SCARRON'S





SCARRONS

Comical Romance.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

A Company of Strollers come to the Town of Mans.

BRight *Phæbus* had already perform'd above half his Career; and his Chariot having past the Meridian, and got on the Declivity of the Sky, roll'd on swifter than he desir'd. Had his Horses been willing to have made use of the slopingness of the Way, they might have finish'd the Remainder of the Day in less than half a quarter of an Hour: But instead of pulling amain, they curvetted about, snuffing a briny Air, which set them a neighing, and made them sensible that they were near the Sea, where their Father is said to take his Rest every Night. To speak more like a Man, and in plainer Terms; it was betwixt five and six of the Clock, when a Cart came into the Market-Place of *Mans*: This Cart was drawn by two Yoke of lean Oxen, led by a Breeding Mare, who had a Colt that skipp'd to and fro like a silly Creature as he was. The Cart was laden with Trunks, Portmantues, and great Packs of painted Clothes, that made a sort of Pyramid; on the top of which sat a Damsel, in a half-City, half-Country Dress. A young Man, as poor in Clothes as rich in Mien, walked by the side of the Cart: He had a great Patch on his Face (which cover'd one of his Eyes and half of one Cheek) and carried a long Birding-Piece on his Shoulder, wherewith he had murder'd

B

several

several Magpies, Jays and Crows, which having string together made him a sort of Bandileer; at the bottom of which hung a Hen and Goose, that look'd as if they had been taken from the Enemy by way of Plunder. Instead of a Hat he wore a Night-Cap, tied about his Head with Garters of several Colours; and which was without doubt a kind of unfinished Turbant. His Doublet was a Grisct-Coat, girt about with a Leather Thong; which serv'd likewise to support a Rapier so very long, that it could not be us'd dextrously without the help of a Rest. He wore a Pair of Breeches tuck'd up to above the middle of his Thighs, like those that Players have when they represent an ancient Hero. Instead of Shoes he wore Tragick Buskins, bespatter'd with Dirt up to the Ancles. An old Man, something more regular in his Dress, tho' in very ordinary Habit, walk'd by his side. He carried a Base-viol on his Shoulders; and because he stoop'd a little as he went, one might have taken him at a distance for a great Tortoise walking upon his hind Feet. Some Critick or other will perhaps find fault with the Comparison, by reason of the Disproportion between that Creature and a Man: But I speak of those great Tortoises that are to be found in the *Indies*; and besides, I make bold to use the Simile upon my own Authority. Let's return to our Strolling Company. They pass'd by the Tennis-Court at the *Hind*; before which were then assembled several of the Chief Men of the Town. The Novelty of our Strollers Equipage, and the Noise of the Mob, who by this time had gather'd about the Cart, drew the Eyes of all those Honourable Burgo-Masters upon our unknown Travellers. Amongst
 *An Under-Sheriff. the rest, a * Lieutenant to the Provost, la
Rappiniere by Name, made up to them, and with the Authority of a Magistrate, ask'd them, *who they were?* The young Man, whom I describ'd before, without offering to pull off his Turbant (because with one Hand he held his Gun, and with the other the Hilt of his Sword, lest it should beat against his Legs) answer'd him, That they were Frenchmen by Birth, and Players by Profession: That his Stage-Name was *Destiny*; his old Comrade's *Rancour*; and the Gentlewoman (who sat roosting like a Hen on the top of their Baggage) *Cave*. This odd Name set some of the Company a laughing; whereupon the young Stroller added, That the Name of *Cave* ought not to seem more strange to Men of Wit, than those of *la Montagne*, *Valley*, *Rose* or *Thorn*. The Conversation ended with the Noise of Blows, Cursing, and Swearing, that was heard before the Cart. This Squabble had been occasion'd by the Servant of the Tennis-Courts falling foul upon the Cartier, without

out saying why, or wherefore; yet the Reason was because his Oxen and Mare had been a little too free with a Truss of Hay that lay before the Door. However the Combatants were at length parted; and the Mistress of the Tennis-Court, who lov'd to hear a Play more than a Sermon or Vespers, out of unheard of Generosity in a Keeper of a Tennis-Court, bid the Carter let his Cattel eat their Bellies full. He took her at her Word: And whilst the hungry Beasts were feeding, the Author rested a while, and bethought himself what he should say in the next Chapter.

C H A P. II.

What sort of Man la Rappiniere was.

THE *Sieur la Rappiniere* was at that time the Droll or Jester of *Mans*; for you must know there is not a Town in *France*, though never so small, but has such an Animal belonging to it. The City of *Paris* has several in each Ward; and I my self might have been the Jester of mine, had I been willing to undertake it: But every Body knows, 'tis a long time since I have forsaken all the Vanities of this World. To return to *Monsieur la Rappiniere*; he soon renew'd the Conversation which the Squabble had interrupted, and ask'd the young Player, Whether their Company consisted only of *Mrs. Cave*, *Monsieur Rancour*, and himself? Our Company, answer'd he, is as compleat as that of the Prince of *Orange*, or of his Grace the Duke of *Epernon*; but through a Misfortune that beset us at *Tours*, where our Rattleheaded Door-keeper happen'd to kill one of the Fuzileers of the Intendant of the Province, we were forc'd to fly in a hurry, and in the sad Pickle you see us. Those Fuzileers of the Intendants, said *la Rappiniere*, have been as troublesome to you Strollers at *la Fleche*: Ay, a Pox take them, said the Mistress of the Tennis-Court, If they could help it we should have no Plays. Nay, answer'd the old Stroller, had we but the Keys of our Trunks, we might entertain the Town for four or five Days, for all them, before we reach *Alencon*, where the rest of our Company are to rendezvous. This Player's Answer made every Body to prick up their Ears: *La Rappiniere* offer'd an old Gown of his Wife's to *Cave*; and the Tennis-Woman two or three Suits of Clothes, which had been left with her in pawn, to *Destiny* and *Rancour*. But ad-

ded some of the Standers by, there are but three of you. No matter for that, reply'd *Rancour*, for I once acted a whole Play my self, and represented the King, Queen and the Ambassador with my single Person. I made use of a false Treble Tone when I personated the Queen; I spoke thro' the Nose for the Ambassador, and address'd my self to the Crown which I plac'd upon a Chair; and as for the King, I resum'd my Seat, Crown and Gravity, and lower'd the Key of my Voice to a Base. Now, to convince you of this, if you will satisfie our Carter, defray our Charges in the Inn, and lend us what Clothes you can spare, we will act still before Night; otherwise we must beg leave to go to drink, or rest our selves, for we are come a great Way. The Company lik'd the Proposal, but that Devil *la Rappiniere*, who was ever hatching some Mischief or other, said, there was no occasion for any other Clothes, than those of two young Men of the Town, who were then playing a Set at Tennis, and that Mrs. *Cave* in her ordinary Dress, might pass for any Thing in a Play. No sooner said but done; in less than half a quarter of an Hour the Strollers drank three or four Glasses of Wine a-piece, shifted themselves; and the Company, who by this time had increas'd to a full Audience, having taken their Places in an upper Room, a dirty Cloth, instead of a painted Curtain, was drawn up, which discover'd *Destiny* lying on a Quilt, with a Strawberry Basket on his Head, in the room of a Crown, rubbing his Eyes, like one who had wak'd out of his Sleep, and mouthing in the Tone of *Mondori*, the Part of *Herod*, which begins thus:

Injurious Phantom, that disturbs my Rest.

The Patch which almost cover'd one Half of his Face, did not hinder him from shewing himself an excellent Player: Madam *Cave* acted to admiration the Parts of *Mariamnè* and *Salome*; *Rancour* pleas'd every Body with his Action; and the Play was carrying on to a happy Conclusion, when the Devil, who never sleeps, interpos'd, and made the Tragedy end, not with the Death of *Mariamnè*, and *Herod's* Despair, but with a thousand Cuffs, and Boxes on the Ears, as many Kicks, numberless Oaths; and last of all, a Verbal Process and Information, which was taken out by *la Rappiniere*, the most skilful of all Men in those Matters.

C H A P. III.

What deplorable Success the Play had.

IN all the inferior Towns of the Kingdom, there's generally a Tennis-Court, whither all the idle People are us'd to resort, some to play, others only to look on. 'Tis in those Places where Cursing and Swearing passes for a Rhetorical Flourish, and where the Absent are murdered with the Tongues of Back-biters and Bullies; no Man 'scapes Scot-free; there all live in open Defiance, and every Body is admitted to rail, according to his Talent. 'Twas in one of these Tennis-Courts, if my Memory fails me not, that I left three Comical Persons, reciting *Mariamné* before an honourable Company; at which presided Monsieur *la Rappiniere*. Now while *Herod* and *Mariamné* were telling each other their Faults, the two young Men, whose Clothes they had so freely borrowed, came into the Room in their Drawers, each of 'em with his Racket in his Hand, having neglected to get themselves rubb'd, that they might come and hear the Play. They were not long in the Room before they perceiv'd that *Herod* and *Pherores* had their Clothes on; when the most passionate of the two addressing himself to the Waiter of the Tennis-Court; Thou Son of a Bitch, said he to him, Why didst thou give my Clothes to that Mountebank? The innocent Waiter, who knew him to be a brutish sort of a Man, told him with great Humility, That he had no Hand in it. Who then, Scoundrel? added he. The poor Fellow durst not accuse *la Rappiniere* in his Presence; but he, himself the most insolent of all Men, rising from his Seat, told him, 'Twas I; What have you to say to it? That you are a Raskal, reply'd the other; and at the same time gave him a plaguy Blow over the Pate with his Racket. *La Rappiniere* was so surpriz'd to be struck first, whereas he us'd to be beforehand with all Men, that he stood motionless, either thro' Amazement, or because he was not yet angry enough, and that 'twas not a small Provocation that could make him resolve to fight, tho' it were but at Fifty-cuffs. Nay, perhaps the Quarrel had gone no farther, had not his Man, who was more Cholerick than he, fallen foul upon the Aggressor, and dealt him a sound Cuff on the Chops, and in the middle of his Face, and afterwards in a great many other Places where he cou'd find room to imprint his Fury. *La Rappiniere*

charg'd him behind, and work't on him like one that had receiv'd the first Provocation: A Relation of his Adversaries invest'd *la Rappiniere* after the same manner. This Relation was attack'd by one of *la Rappiniere*'s Friends, in order to make a Diversion: This Combatant was assaulted by another, and this flia again by another. In short, the whole Audience divided into Parties; some curs'd and swore; others call'd Names; all beat one another. The Tennis-woman, who saw her Goods broken to pieces, rent the Air with doleful Cries. In all probability they had murder'd one another with Stools, Kicks, and Cuffs, had not some of the Magistrates of the Town (who happen'd at that time to be walking in the Piazza of the Market-place, with *des Effars*, Seneschal of *Mayne*) ran with all speed to the Squabble. Some propos'd to throw two or three Pails full of Water on the Combatants; which perhaps might have been successful; however they at length gave over fighting thro' weariness: Besides two Capuchins, who out of Charity flung themselves into the Field of Battel, procur'd, tho' not a firm Peace betwixt the contending Parties, yet a sort of Truce; during which a Negotiation was set on foot, without derogating from the Informations that were taken on both sides, in order to a Tryal in due Course of Law. *Destiny*, one of the Strollers, perform'd Wonders at Boxing; whose great Actions are talk'd of to this very Day in the Town of *Mans*, according to the faithful account deliver'd by the two young Men that rais'd the Squabble, whom he particularly engag'd, and almost cuff'd to death; besides a great many others of the Enemy, whom he disabled with the first Blow. Having lost his Patch in the Scuffle, People took notice his Face was as fine as his Shape. The bloody Noses were handsomly wash'd with clean water: those that had their Bands torn, put on others instead of them; Cataplasms were apply'd where need requir'd; some few Stitches serv'd to darn many a torn Doublet; and the Household-Goods were set in their proper places, tho' not so sound and whole as they were before. In short, a moment after there remain'd nothing of the Fight but a great Spite and Animosity, which appear'd in the Faces of those of both Parties. The poor Strollers went out a long while after the Combat with *la Rappiniere*, who was still for making Speeches. In their way from the Tennis-Court to the Market-place they were invest'd by seven or eight Bullies with Swords in their hands; *la Rappiniere*, according to custom, was in a great fright, and indeed not without cause, had not *Destiny* generously thrust himself between him and a Sword which was about to run him through; however he could not so well parry the Thrust, but that he receiv'd a small wound in the

the Arm. Thereupon he drew his Rapier, and in the twinkling of an Eye, beat two Swords out of the Hands of the Enemy, broke two or three Sculls, batter'd and slash'd as many Faces, and discomfited so dexterously the Gentlemen of the Ambuscade, that all the Bystanders unanimously confest, they never had seen so valiant a Champion. This abortive Plot had been laid against *la Rappiniere*, by two Squires, whereof one married the Sister of him, who begun the Fight with a great Blow with a Racket, by which in all likelihood, *la Rappiniere* had been spoil'd for ever, but for the valiant Protector, whom Providence had rais'd for him in the Person of our stout Player. This Benefit melted his Heart of Flint, insomuch, that he would not suffer the miserable Remains of a scatter'd Company of Strollers to lodge in an Inn; but brought them to his own House, where the Carter having laid down the Strolling Furniture, return'd Home to his Village.

CH A P. IV.

Wherein farther mention is made of Monsieur la Rappiniere; and of what happen'd that Night at his House.

MAdam *la Rappiniere* receiv'd the Company with a great deal of Civility, as being the most submissive of Wives; she was indifferently handsom, tho' so very lean and dry, that she never snuff'd a Candle with her Fingers, but they presently catch'd Fire. I could relate a thousand curious Stories about her, which I pass by for fear of being tedious. The first Compliments were scarce over, when the two Ladies grew so well acquainted, that they began with *My Dear*, and *My Dearest*. *La Rappiniere*, who was as great a Bragadochio as any in the World, was no sooner come into the Room, but he bid some-body go to the Kitchen and Larder, and hasten Supper. This was a meer Rodomantade; for besides his Valet, who likewise dress'd his Horses, there was no Body in his House, but a young Maid, and an old lame Woman, as crazy as a mangy Dog. His Vanity was punish'd by an Accident, that fill'd him with Confusion; he was us'd to Diet at the Tavern, at the Expence of Fools and Bubbles, whilst his Wife and his orderly Family were reduc'd to feed on Soup and Cabbage, according to the custom of that Coun-

try; Now, being willing to make a shew before his Guests, and treat them nobly, he was going to slip behind his back, some Money into the Hands of his Man, to fetch something for Supper; but through the awkwardness either of the Servant or the Master, the Pence fell on the Chair he sat on, and from thence to the Ground. *La Rappiniere* look'd blew upon it; his Wife blush'd; the Man curst; *Cave* was uneasie; *Rancour* perhaps did not mind it; and as for *Destiny*, I could not well learn what effect it had upon his Mind. However, the Money was taken up, and whilst Supper was getting ready, they engaged in Conversation. *La Rappiniere* ask'd *Destiny*, Why he disguis'd his Face with a Patch? He answer'd, He had great reason to do it, and as he had other Clothes on by accident, so he likewise design'd to make his Face unknown to some Enemies he had. At last Supper came in, good or bad: *La Rappiniere* drank so much, that he made himself fuddled; *Rancour* had his Load; *Destiny* sup'd like a sober well-bred Man; *Cave* like a famish'd Player; and Madam *la Rappiniere* like one who had a mind to lay hold of the Opportunity; that is to say, so very greedily, that she got a Surfeit. Whilst the Servants were at Supper, and the Beds making, *la Rappiniere* teaz'd his Guests with a thousand Stories full of Vanity. *Destiny* lay in a little Room by himself; *Cave* in a Closet with the Chamber-Maid; and *Rancour* with the Valet, I know not where. They all had a great mind to sleep, some thro' Weariness, others for having sup'd too plentifully, and yet they slept but little; so true it is, that there is nothing certain in this World. After her first Sleep, Madam *la Rappiniere* had an Inclination to go where Kings are forced to go themselves in Person; her Husband wak'd at the same time, and tho' he had not recover'd his Drunkeness, yet he found himself alone; he call'd his Wife; no Body answer'd: Whereupon he grew Jealous, fell in a Passion, and instantly rose out of his Bed in a Fury. As soon as he was got out of the Chamber, he heard a stamping of Feet before him, and for some time followed the Noise through a little Gallery, that led to *Destiny's* Room. He found himself so near what he pursu'd, that he trod upon its Heels, and thinking it to be his Wife, he was going to lay hold on her, crying out, You Whore! But his Hands could catch nothing, and his Feet stumbling at the same time, he fell down upon his Nose, and felt something that was pointed running into his Breast: Thereupon he cry'd out after a most hideous manner, Murder! Murder! I am stabb'd ---- without letting go his Wife, whom he thought he held by the Hair, and was struggling under him. His Cries and Oaths, set all the House in an uproar, and every Body ran to his Assistance, the Maid with

with a Candle; *Rancour* and the Valet in their dirty Shirts; *Cave* in a tatter'd Petticoat; *Destiny* with a Sword in his Hand, and *Madam la Rappiniere* last of all, who like all the rest, was not a little surpriz'd to see her furious Husband grappling with a She-goat, which was kept in the House to suckle some young Puppies, whose Dam happen'd to die. No Man was ever so much out of Countenance, as *la Rappiniere*: His Wife, who presently suspected the truth of the Matter, ask'd him if he was mad? He answer'd without knowing well what he said, that he had taken the Goat for a Thief; *Destiny* guess'd the Business; every one return'd to his Bed, and made what Constructions he thought fit upon the Adventure; as for the Goat, she was shut up again with her Puppies.

CH A P. V.

Which contains no great Matter.

THE Stroller *Rancour*, one of the principal Heroes of our Romance, for one alone will not serve our Turn; and since there's nothing more perfect than the Heroe of a Book, half a dozen Heroes, or such as would be thought so, will do more credit to mine than a single one, who might happen to be the least talk'd of, since all Human Things are subject to the Caprice of Fortune. *Rancour*, I say, was one of those Misanthropists who hate every Body, and do not love even themselves: Nay, I was told by several credible Persons, that no Man ever saw him laugh. He had a pretty deal of Wit, and an indifferent Talent in making Doggrel Rhimes: He was not over-stock'd with Honour or Conscience upon any account, and besides he was as malicious as an old Monkey, and envious as a famish'd Dog. He found fault with all of his Profession, according to his Opinion; *Bellerose* was too affected; *Mindori* too rough; *Floridor* wanted Spirit, and so of the rest; by which he insinuated, that he was the only Player without Fault, whereas he was suffer'd in the Company, meerly on the Score of his being an old Stander. When the Stage was reduc'd to *Hardy's* Plays, he acted the Parts of Nurses in a Treble Tone, and with a Vizer; but since the Stage had been improv'd, he overlook'd the Door-keeper, acted the Parts of Confidants, Ambassadors and Bailiffs Setters, when there was occasion to attend a King, murder any Body, or fight a Battel; he fung but scurvily the Tenor in Operas, and was Jack-

Jack-pudding in *Farces*. Upon these great Accomplishments, he had built an unfufferable Pride which was attended with an unexhausted Faculty of Railing and Slandering, and a quarrellous Humour, which however was supported by a little Courage: All these made him to be fear'd by his Comrades *Destiny* only excepted, with whom he was as tame as a Lamb, and shew'd himself as reasonable as his natural Inclination would suffer him. 'Twas once given out, that he was beaten by *Destiny*; but that Report did not continue, no more than that about his having so great an Affection for other Peoples Goods, that he would sometimes seize upon 'em clandestinely: Yet upon the whole, he was the best Man in the World. I remember I acquainted you before, how he lay with *la Rappiniere's* Man, by Name *Dognin*: Now whether the Bed was none of the best, or that *Dognin* was but an ill Bed-fellow, it so happen'd, that he could not sleep a wink all Night. He rose at break of Day, as well as *Dognin*, who was call'd up by his Master, when going by *la Rappiniere's* Chamber, he stept in to wish him good Morrow; *la Rappiniere* receiv'd his Compliment with the State of a Country-Provost, and scarce return'd any of his Civilites; but as Players are us'd to act all manner of Parts, so *Rancour* was little concern'd at it. *La Rappiniere* ask'd him a thousand Questions about the Stage, particularly, how long *Destiny* had been one of their Company, adding, that he was a very good Player. All is not Gold that glisters, reply'd *Rancour*: When I play'd the first Parts, he acted those of *Pages*; how the Devil should he now understand a Trade, that he never learnt? He has not been long upon the Stage, and Players do not come up like Mushrooms in one Night. Now he is lik'd, because he is young; but if you knew him thoroughly as I do, you would not have half so good an Opinion of him; besides, he is as proud, as if he was lineally descended from St. *Lewis*, and yet he won't tell us who he is, nor whence he comes, no more than a handsome *Phillis* that accompanies him, under the Name of Sister, and grant Heaven she proves no worse. As mean as I am, I sav'd his Life once in *Paris*, at the Expence of two great Wounds I receiv'd from a Sword; and he was so unthankful for my good Office, that instead of seeing me carried to a Surgeon, he spent the whole night in looking in the dirt for a certain Jewel enrich'd with Diamonds of *Alencon*; of which he said, he was robb'd by those that set upon us. *La Rappiniere* ask'd *Rancour* when this Mischance be-fel him? Upon *Twelfth-day* on the *New-bridge*, answer'd *Rancour*. These last Words cast *la Rappiniere* and his Man *Dognin* into a great Trouble; they turn'd pale and blush'd; then blush'd and turn'd pale again; and *la Rappiniere* shifted the

Discourse

Discourse so quickly, and with so great a Disorder, that *Rancour* began to wonder at it. The Hangman of the Town, and some Archers who came into the Room, interrupted their Conversation, at which *Rancour* was highly pleas'd: for he was sensible that what he had said, had touch'd *la Rappiniere* in a very tender Part, tho' he was not able to guess what share he might have in the Adventure. In the mean time, *Destiny*, who had been the Subject of his Encomiums was in no small Trouble: *Rancour* found him with Mrs. *Cave*, wasting his Breath to no purpose, to make an old Taylor confess, that he did not conceive well, and had work'd still worse. The Matter in dispute was this: At the taking the Play-house Furniture out of the Cart, *Destiny* having found two Doublets and a Pair of Breeches much worn out, had given them to this old Taylor to make out of 'em a more fashionable Suit, than the Trunk Breeches he had on; now this Pricklouse instead of making one of the Doublets serve to mend the other and the Breeches, thro' a fault of Judgment, unworthy of a Man who had patch'd old Clothes all his Life-time, mended both the Doublets with the best Pieces out of the Breeches; insomuch, that poor *Destiny* with so many Doublets, and no Breeches, was reduc'd either to keep his Chamber, or to make all the Children run after him, as they had done before, upon account of his Comical Habit. *La Rappiniere's* Generosity repair'd the Mistake of the Taylor, who had the botch'd Doublet for his Pains, and *Destiny* was presented with a Suit of Clothes, the Spoils of a High-way Man, whom *Rappiniere* had caus'd to be broke upon the Wheel not long before. The Hangman who happen'd to be there, and had left those Clothes in Custody of *la Rappiniere's* Maid, said very saucily, that they were his Fees, but *la Rappiniere* soon silenc'd him, by threatening to turn him out of his Place. The Clothes fitted *Destiny* to a Hair, and so out he went with *la Rappiniere* and *Rancour*: They all dined at a Tavern at the expence of one of the Burghers, who had Business with *la Rappiniere*. As for Mrs. *Cave*, she pass'd her time away in washing her dirty Nightrails, and kept her Landlady Company. The same Day *Doguin* having met two of those young Men whom he had beaten the Day before in the Tennis-Court, return'd Home with two great Wounds in his Guts, and abundance of Cudgel-blows on his Back. Now because he was dangerously ill, *Rancour* having well supp'd, went to the next Inn for a Bed, being almost tir'd to death with walking up and down the Town together with his Comrade *Destiny*, to attend Monsieur *la Rappiniere*, who swore he would have Satisfaction for the Murder of his Man.

C H A P. VI.

The Adventure of the Chamber-pot : What Disturbance Rancour made that Night in the Inn : The arrival of Part of the Strolling Company : Doguin's Death ; and other memorable Occurrences.

R*Rancour* went into the Inn something more than half drunk : *La Rappiniere's* Maid who introduc'd him, bid his Hostess get a Bed ready for him : Who have we here ? said the Hostess ; Faith, had we no other Customers, our House-rent would be but ill paid. Hold your Tongue, Hussy, said the Husband : Monsieur *la Rappiniere* do's us too much Honour : Quickly let a Bed be got ready for the Gentleman ----- Aymarry, but where shall one get it, said the Hostess ; for there was but one left, and I parted just now with it to a Merchant of *Lower-Maine*. Hereupon the Merchant coming in, and hearing the occasion of their Dispute, offer'd one half of his Bed to *Rancour*, whether out of Civility to *la Rappiniere*, or because he was of an obliging Nature is uncertain ; However *Rancour* return'd him Thanks, as far as his small Stock of Civility would go. The Merchant supp'd, the Host kept him Company, and *Rancour* without much Entreaty, putting in for a third, began to drink upon a new Score. They discours'd about Taxes, rail'd against Excisemen, settled the Nation, and unsettled their own Brains so much, especially the Inn-keeper, that he lugg'd his Purse out of his Pocket, and call'd for the Reckoning, having forgot that he was at Home, but his Wife and his Maid quickly after pull'd him by the Shoulders into his Chamber, and laid him upon a Bed with his Clothes on. *Rancour* told the Merchant, that he was troubled with a Strangury, and would be very sorry if he should incommode him ; to which the Merchant reply'd, that a Night would soon be over. Now you must take Notice, the Bed had no *Ruelle*, but was close to the Wall : *Rancour* went into it first, and the Merchant going after him into the Place of Honour, *Rancour* ask'd him for the Chamber-pot, --- what to do ? said the Merchant : Why, to put it by me, to avoid being troublesome to you, said *Rancour* ; the Merchant reply'd, he would give it him whenever he had occasion for it ; to which *Rancour* seem'd unwilling to consent, protesting he should be extreme
sorry

sorry to trouble him. The Merchant fell asleep without returning him an Answer, and scarce began to be in a sound sleep, before the malicious Stroller, (who could have parted with one of his Eyes, so as he might make his Neighbour lose both his) pull'd him by the Arm, and cry'd, Sir, Sir; The poor Merchant half a sleep gaping and stretching, ask'd what he would have? Pray reach me the Chamber-pot, Quoth *Rancour*; the Merchant lean'd over the Bed, and having taken the pot gave it to him, when putting himself in a pissing Posture, and having us'd all his Endeavours, or at least seem'd to do so, mutter'd a thousand Oaths, and complain'd of his Distemper; he return'd the Chamber-pot to the Merchant, without making a drop of Water. The Merchant set it on the Ground again, and stretching his Mouth as wide as an Oven, said to *Rancour*, Truly Sir, I pity you, and fell asleep presently. *Rancour* suffer'd him to indulge his Drowsiness, till he snor'd as loud as the Drone Pipe of an Organ, and then the Traytor wak'd him again, and ask'd him for the Chamber-pot with as much malice as he had done before. The Merchant deliver'd it into his Hands with his usual Kindness; when *Rancour* put it to the Place thro' which one pisses, not so much with a design to leak, as to keep the Merchant awake: He cry'd out still louder than before, and was twice as long, endeavouring in vain to make Water; but at length desiring the Merchant not to give himself the trouble to reach the Chamber-pot any more, he told him he would for the future reach it himself: The poor Merchant, who at that time would have parted with half his Estate to have slept his Belly-full, answer'd him yawning, that he might do as he thought fit, and so set the Chamber-pot in its proper place again: They bid one another good Night, after a very civil manner, and the poor Merchant would have laid a round Sum, that he was going to take the best Nap he ever had in his Life. *Rancour*, who knew well enough where his Comedy would end, suffer'd him to fall into a sound sleep, and then without making Conscience to wake a Man that repos'd so innocently, laid his Elbow on the Pit of his Stomach, crushing him down with the whole Weight of his Body, and stretching forth the other Arm out of the Bed, like one that had a mind to take up something from the ground. The unfortunate Merchant, almost crush'd and stifled to Death, started out of his sleep, crying out in a most hideous manner, Zouns, Sir, what do you mean? you have almost kill'd me --- *Rancour* with as soft and gentle a Voice as that of the Merchant was loud and vehement, answer'd him, I ask your pardon, I only design'd to take the Chamber-pot ----- Uddlife, cry'd the other, I had much rather give it to you, and not sleep all the Night
long

long, ----- you have so hurt me, that I shall feel it as long as I live. *Rancour* made him no answer, but fell a pissing so plentifully, and with such force, that the very noise of the Chamber-pot, had been sufficient to wake the Merchant: At last he fill'd the Pot, and return'd the Lord thanks with a villanous Hypocrisie. The good Merchant wish'd him joy as well as he could, for his plentiful ejaculation of Urine, which gave him hopes his sleep would no more be interrupted: When the cursed *Rancour* (making as if he would set the Chamber-pot on the ground) let fall both pot and piss on his Face, Beard and Breast, excusing himself only with, Sir, I cry your mercy? The Merchant return'd his Civility no answer; for as soon as he felt himself drown'd in piss, he got out of Bed, roaring like a Mad-man, and calling for a Candle; *Rancour* with a cunning Calmness, told him, truly, 'tis a great Mischance! In the mean time the Merchant rais'd the whole House with his continual Roaring, and the Inn-keeper, his Wife, Maids and Servants, being come to know what the matter was, he told them, they had put him to bed with a Devil, and desir'd to have a fire lighted in another Room; they ask'd him what ail'd him? but he was in such a Passion, that he gave no answer; and taking his Cloaths in a Fury, went down into the Kitchen to dry himself, and there lay all Night stretch'd on a Bench by the Fire side. The Inn-keeper ask'd *Rancour* what he had done to him? to which *Rancour* with a counterfeited ingenuity answer'd, I do not know what he can complain of. --- He wak'd out of his sleep, and rous'd me, crying out, Murder; --- sure, he has had some ill Dream or other, or is turn'd Mad, for besides, he has bepist the Bed. Mine Hostels put her hand upon it, and said the Gentleman spoke truly, that her Quilt was wet through, and swore a great Oath, that she would make the Merchant pay for it: They bid *Rancour* good Night, and so went their way. As for *Rancour*, he slept as peacefully as any honest man might have done, and made himself amends for the bad Night he had at *la Rappiniere's*. However he rose earlier than he design'd, being call'd up by *la Rappiniere's* Maid, who came running to fetch him to *Dognin* who was a Dying, and desir'd to speak with him before he made his Exit. He ran to him much perplex'd, to know, what a dying Man, with whom he got acquainted but the day before, might have to say to him. But 'twas a mistake of the Maid; for hearing the dying Wretch call for the Player, she took *Rancour* for *Destiny*; who when *Rancour* came, had just shut himself in *Dognin's* Chamber, being inform'd by the Priest who heard his Confession, that he had something of great Importance to communicate to him. He had not been there above

a quarter

a quarter of an Hour, when *la Rappiniere* came Home, having been abroad at break a Day about some Business: He was told at his arrival, that his Man was breathing his last, the Surgeons not being able to stop his Blood, (by reason one of his great Veins was broke) and that he desir'd to see the Player *Destiny* before he died. And has he seen him? ask'd *la Rappiniere* very much disorder'd ----- Answer was made, they were lock'd in together; at which Words he was in a manner Thunder-struck, and ran in a great Fright and knock'd at *Dognin's* Chamber Door, at the very same time that *Destiny* was opening it to call for help; the sick Man being taken with a Fainting Fit. *La Rappiniere* with Trouble in his Face, ask'd him what his silly Servant had to say to him? I think he is light-headed, reply'd *Destiny* coldly; for he ask'd me Pardon a thousand times, and I cannot tell that he ever offended me; however, let some body look to him, for he cannot live long. Thereupon they made towards the Bed, and at that very instant, *Dognin* gave up the Ghost, at which *la Rappiniere* seem'd rather pleas'd, than concern'd. Those who were acquainted with him, judg'd the reason of it to be, because he ow'd him his Wages: But *Destiny* alone knew best of any, what he ought to think of it. In the mean time two Men came into the House, whom our Stroller knew to be his Comrades, of whom we will speak at large in the following Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

The Adventure of the Litters.

THE youngest of the two Strollers who came to *la Rappiniere's*, was *Destiny's* Servant, of whom he learnt, that the rest of the Company were all arriv'd, except Mrs. *Star*, who had sprain'd her Foot three Leagues off *Mans*. How came you hither? Who told you we were here? said *Destiny* to him: The Plague which is now at *Alencon*, hindred us from going thither, and stopt us at *Bonnestable*, answer'd the Stroller, *Olive* by Name; and some Inhabitants of this Town we met by the Way, inform'd us you acted here; that you had fought, and was wounded; Mrs. *Star* is very much troubled at it, and desires you to send her a Litter. The Keeper of the next Inn, who was come at the Report of *Dognin's* Death, said he had a Litter at Home, and if they would pay him well, it should be ready

ready to go by Noon, carried by two strong able Horses. The Strollers hired the Litter for a Crown, and took Chambers in the Inn for the whole Company: *La Rappiniere* undertook to procure a License to act, from the Deputy-Governor; and about Noon, *Destiny* and his Comrades took their Journey towards *Bonneſtable*; it being a very hot Day, *Rancour* slept in the Litter, *Olive* was mounted on the hinder Horse, and the Inn-keeper's Man on the other before; *Destiny* trudg'd it on Foot, with a Gun on his Shoulder, and his Man entertain'd him with what had befallen them from the Castle of *Loire*, to a Village near *Bonneſtable*, where Mrs. *Star* had sprain'd one of her Feet as she lighted off her Horse. During this two Men well mounted, and who hid their Faces with their Cloaks as they passed by *Destiny*, rode up to the Litter on that side where it was uncover'd, and finding in it but one Man asleep; he that was mounted on the best Horse, said to the other; I verily believe all the Devils are this Day broke loose against me, and have turn'd themselves into Litters to plague me. Which said, he clap'd Spurs to his Horse, and went his Way cross the Field, with his Companion after him. *Olive* call'd *Destiny*, and recounted to him the Adventure, the meaning of which he could not understand, nor indeed did he much trouble himself about it. After they had gone a quarter of a League farther, the Leader of the Litter whom the Heat of the Sun had stunn'd, and made drowsie, brought it into a Quag-mire, where *Rancour* was like to be over-turn'd; the Horses broke their Traces, and they were fain to unharness them, and pull them out of the Mire by Neck and Tail. They gather'd the broken Remnants of their Wreck, and reached the next Village as well as they could. Now whilst the shatter'd Furniture of the Litter was refitting, *Rancour*, *Olive*, and *Destiny*'s Man, took a merry Cup at the Gate of an Inn, that happen'd to be in the Village, when there came another Litter by led by two Men on foot, which likewise stopt before the Inn. This Litter was scarce arriv'd, but there appear'd another an hundred Steps behind it. I believe all the Litters in the Province have agreed to meet here, about some Business of Importance, in order to hold a General Council, said *Rancour*; and methinks they ought to begin their Conferences, for 'tis not probable that any more will come. Nay, marry, said the Hostess, here's another that will not stick out, I warrant you ----- and in truth they espy'd a fourth, which came as from *Mans*: This made them all laugh heartily, except *Rancour*, who never laugh, as I said before. The last Litter stopt with the rest, and in the Memory of Man, so many Litters were never seen together. If those that look'd for Litters, and whom we met a while

while ago, were here, they would have their Bellys full of them, said the Leader of the first Litter: I have met with some of them, said the Second: So have we, said he that conducted the Strollers Litter; to which he that came last added, he was like to have been thrash'd by 'em. Why so? ask'd *Destiny*. Because, answer'd he, they had a design upon a certain Gentlewoman, who sprain'd her Foot, and whom we carried to *Mans*: I never saw Men so furious and unreasonable; for they quarrell'd with me only because they mis'd of what they look'd for. This made the Strollers prick up their Ears; and by the Answer of the Litter-Man to two or three Questions they put to him, they were inform'd, that the Lady of the Lord of the Village where Mrs. *Star* sprain'd her Foot, had given her a Visit, and taken great Care to have her carried safe to *Mans*. The Conversation continued a little longer between the Litters; and they learnt of one another, that they were all search'd by the same Men whom the Strollers saw. The first Litter carried the Parson of *Domfront*, who came from the Wells of *Bellesm*, and went to *Mans*, in order to get the Physicians of that Place to consult about his Distemper. The second carried a wounded Officer, who return'd from the Army. At last the Litters parted; those of the Parson of *Domfront* and of the Strollers went together to *Mans*, and the others where they thought fit. The sick Parson lighted at the same Inn where the Strollers were quartered, being the Place where he us'd to lie on that Road. We will leave him to take his Rest in his Room, and in our next Chapter we shall pay a Visit to the Strollers, to see what was doing in theirs.

C H A P. VIII.

Wherein are contained many Things necessary to be known for the Understanding of this true History.

THE Strolling Company consisted of *Destiny*, *Olive*, and *Rancour*, who had each of them a Servant, who all expected to be one Day Actors in chief. Of those Servants, some began to speak without blushing, or being dash'd out of Countenance. But among the rest, *Destiny's* Man acted indifferently well, understood what he said, and did not want Wit. Mrs. *Star*, and Mrs.

Cave's Daughter play'd the principal Parts. Mrs. *Cave* acted the Queen, and the Mother; and sometimes *Merry-Andrew's* Wife in a Farce. Besides all these they had a Poet or an Author with them; for all the Grocers Shops in the Kingdom were stor'd with his Works, both in Verse and Prose. This great Wit follow'd the Company, almost against their Will; but because he was no Sharer, and that he spent his own Money with them, they suffer'd him to act Under-parts, which he nevertheless generally murder'd. They all perceiv'd well enough, that he was in love with one of the two She-Players; but however he was so discreet, tho' a little crack-brain'd, that 'twas not yet discover'd which of the two he design'd to wheedle into compliance; with the fair Hopes of making her immortal. He threatned the Company with a great many Plays of his own writing; but till then had spar'd them, and they only knew by Conjecture that he was about one, call'd *Martin Luther*, of which they found the first Act; which however he disown'd, although it was written with his own Hand. When our Strollers first arriv'd, the Womens Chamber was continually crowded with the most impertinent Fops and Beaux of the Town, whose Eagerness notwithstanding was frequently cool'd by the indifferent Reception they met with: They talked altogether about Plays, Poetry, Poets and Romances; and there could not possibly have been more noise unless they had been fighting. The Poet, among the rest, surrounded by three or four, who without doubt, were the top Wits of the Town, labour'd to persuade 'em, that he had seen *Corneille*, crack'd many a Bottle with St. *Amant* and *Beys*, and lost a good Friend when *Rotrou* died. Madam *Cave*, and her Daughter *Angelica* set their Goods in order, with as great Tranquillity, as if there had been nobody in the Room. 'Tis true, *Angelica's* fair Hands were now and then squeeze'd or kiss'd; for these Country Gentlemen are ever pulling and hauling; but a kick on the Shins, a Box on the Ear, or a Biting, according as occasion requir'd, soon rid her of those hot-spurr'd Lovers: Nor was she rude and impudent neither, but her free and gay Humour would not suffer her to use much Ceremony: As for her other qualities, she had Wit and was very honest. Mrs. *Star* was of a quite different Temper; for there never was a more modest, gentle, and good-natur'd Woman in the World, and besides she at that time strain'd her Complaisance so far, that she cou'd not find in her Heart to turn these ogling Fops out of her Chamber, tho' she felt a great Pain in her sprain'd Foot, and had therefore occasion for Rest. She lay in her Clothes on a Bed, surrounded by four or five of these whining fighting Coxcombs, stunn'd by abundance of Puns and Clinches, which

which pass for good Jest in the Country, and often forcing a Smile upon hearing Things she did not like. But this is one of the greatest Plagues of that Profession, which together with their being oblig'd to laugh or weep, whether they have a mind to it or no, takes very much from their Pleasure of being sometimes Emperors and Empresses, and of being stil'd as fine as Angels, tho they be little handsomer than Devils, or address'd to as young Beauties, tho' their Hair and Teeth be part of their Furniture. There are a great many more things to be said upon this Subject, but we must use them sparingly, and place them in several Stations, for Variety's sake. Let's return to Madam *Scar*, beset with Country-Squires, the most troublesome of Men, all great Talkers, most of 'em very impertinent, and amongst them some newly returned from the University. Among the rest appear'd a little Man, who was a Widower, a Lawyer by Profession, and an Officer in a small Court of Judicature in the Neighbourhood: Since the Death of his little Wife, he sometimes threatned the Women to marry again, and sometimes the Clergy of the Province to turn Priest, nay even a preaching Prelate. He was the greatest little Fool that ever ran madding about since *Orlando Furioso*. He had studied Books all his Life-time; but tho the chief end of Scholarship be the Knowledge of Truth, yet was he as great a Liar as a Page, proud and obstinate as a Pedant, and so bad a Poet as to deserve drowning, if the Government would but have taken care to rid the Kingdom of such a troublesome Race of Rhiming Fools. As soon as *Destiny* and his Comrades came into the Room, without giving them the time to know who he was, he offer'd to read to 'em a Poem of his own making, call'd *The Deeds and Atchievements of Charlemain, in four and twenty Books*. This Proposal put all the Company into such a fright as made their Hair stand an end; but, *Destiny*, who in this general Terror preserv'd a little Judgement, told him smiling, that 'twas not possible for them to give him the hearing before Supper. Well, quoth he, I will however read you a Story taken out of a *Spanish Book*, which was sent me from *Paris*, and of which I design to make a regular Play. They shifted the Discourse three or four times, on purpose to avoid hearing what they suppos'd to be in Imitation of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Tom Thumb*. But tho they often interrupted him, yet did our little Man not lose Courage; insomuch that with often beginning his Story, he at last forc'd them to hear him out; which however they did not repent, because the Tale prov'd to be a good one, and caus'd them to alter the ill Opinion they had of all that came from *Ragotin*, for so was our *Jack-in-a-*

Box call'd. You will find the said Story in the following Chapter, not such as *Ragotin* told it, but such as I had it from one of the Hearers. Therefore you must know that 'tis not *Ragotin* now speaks, but my self.

C H A P. IX.

The History of the Invisible Mistress.

DON *Carlos* of *Arragon* was a young Gentleman of the Family that bore that Name. He perform'd Wonders at the Publick Games, which the Viceroy of *Naples* entertain'd the People with, upon the Marriage of *Philip* the Second, Third or Fourth, for I have forgot whether. The next Day, after a Running at the Ring, where he bore away the Prize, the Viceroy gave liberty to the Ladies to go about the City in disguise, and to wear Masks after the *French* mode, for the Conveniency of Strangers, whom the Publick Rejoycings had invited thither. Upon that very Day *Don Carlos* put on his finest Clothes, and with many other Conquerors of Hearts, repair'd to the Church of Gallantry. Churches are prophan'd in these Countries, as well as in ours; and the House of God serves for an Assemblée to the Beaux and Coquets, to the eternal Shame of those who have the curs'd Ambition of drawing Customers from other Churches to their own. These Abuses ought to be reformed, and there should be Persons appointed to turn Beaux and Coquets out of Churches, as well as to drive away Dogs and Bitches. I may be ask'd, What makes me concern my self about this? Truly you will see more anon. However, let the Fool who is offended at it be satisfied, that all Men of this World are Fools as well as Lyars, some more some less; and I my self am perhaps a greater Fool than the rest, tho I have more Frankness in owning it: And moreover my Book being but a Heap of Follies, I hope every Fool will find his own Character in it, unless he be blinded by Self-love. To return to my Story: *Don Carlos* being in a Church, with several other *Italian* and *Spanish* Gentlemen, priding themselves in their fine Feathers, like proud Peacocks, three Ladies in Masks accosted him amidst all these fierce and gay *Cupids*, one of whom spoke to him thus, or to the same effect: Signior *Don Carlos*, there is a Lady in this City, to whom you are very much oblig'd, for at all the Jufts and Turnaments, her Wishes went still along with you in those Exercises, wherein you carried the Prize.

Prize. What I find most advantageous in this you tell me, answer'd *Don Carlos*, is to have it from the Mouth of a Lady who seems to be a Person of Merit; yet had I so much as hop'd that any of the fair Sex had been on my side, I would have taken more care to deserve her approbation. The unknown Lady reply'd he had given all the Proofs imaginable of his being a most dextrous and accomplish'd Gentleman, and that by his Black and White Liveries, he had shewn he was not in Love. I never was well acquainted with the meaning of Colours, answer'd *Don Carlos*, but this I know, that if I am not in love, 'tis not so much on account of my being indifferent, as because I am sensible I do not deserve to be below'd. They said to one another a thousand fine Things more, which I shall not relate, because I know nothing of 'em, and would be loath to compose Fictions, lest I should wrong *Don Carlos* and the unknown Lady, who had a great deal more Wit than I can pretend to, as I was lately inform'd, by a young *Neapolitan* who knew 'em both. In short, the Lady in the Mask declar'd to *Don Carlos*, that 'twas she who had an Inclination for him: He desir'd to see her Face; which she refus'd, and told him, That he must not expect it yet; that she would look for a more proper Opportunity; and that, to let him know she fear'd not to trust her self alone with him, she would give him a Token. At these Words she pull'd off her Glove, and having shew'd the *Spaniard* the finest Hand in the World, presented him with a Ring; which he receiv'd with so great a Surprise at the Adventure, that he almost forgot to make a Bow, and thank her upon her going from him. The other Gentlemen, who out of Civility had left him, being come to him again, he told 'em what had happen'd, and shew'd them the Ring, which was of considerable Value. Every one spoke his Thoughts upon this Adventure; and *Don Carlos* was upon this deep in Love with the unknown Lady, as if he had seen her Face. So great is the Power of Wit on those who have their share of it. He was eight long Days without hearing from this Lady; but whether or no he was uneasie at it, I cou'd never be well inform'd. In the mean time he went every Day to divert himself at the House of a Captain of Foot, where several Men of Quality met to play. One Night, having not been at Play, and going home sooner than ordinary, he was call'd by his Name out of a Parlour in a great House. He went near the Window, which was Lattic'd, and knew by the Voice that call'd him, that 'twas his invisible Mistress, who said to him, Come near, *Don Carlos*, I expect you here to decide our Controversie. You are but a Bragadocio, said *Don Carlos*, you challenge with Insolence,

and yet hide your self for eight Days together, and then alas appear only through a Lattice Window. We shall see one another nearer in time, answer'd she: 'Tis not for want of Courage I have delay'd being with you all this while, but I had a mind to know you better before I discover'd my self: You know that in Duels the Combatants ought to fight with Arms alike: Now if your Heart be not as free as mine, you would fight with advantage, and therefore I have made Enquiries after you. And what Information have you got, answer'd *Don Carlos*; That we are much upon the square, return'd the Invisible Lady. But, said *Don Carlos*; there's yet a great inequality betwixt us; for, added he, you both see and know who I am, whereas I neither see, nor know who you are: Now consider pray, what I can judge of your concealing your self, since People seldom do so when they have a good Design. It is an easie Matter to impose at first upon a Man that mistrusts nothing, but he is not to be cheated twice; if you make use of me only to give another jealousy, I must freely tell you, that I am most the unfit Person for it in the World, and that I am good for nothing else besides loving you. Have you done with your rash suspicions, said the invisible Lady? You may call them rash if you please, reply'd *Don Carlos*; however they are not really so. I would have you to know, said she, I am sincere; you will find me such in all our Intercourse; and I expect you should be so too. That's but reasonable, answer'd *Don Carlos*; but 'tis just likewise that I should see you, and know who you are. You shall be satisfied in that e'er it be long, said the Invisible Lady; and in the mean time hope with Patience; for that's the only way for you to obtain what you expect from me. Now, that you may justify your Love to your Discretion, I am willing to let you know, that my Birth is not inferiour to yours; that I have a Fortune sufficient to make you live with as great Magnificence as any Prince in the Kingdom; that I am rather Handsom than Ill-favour'd; and as for Wit, you have too much of that your self not to discover whether I have any or no. She had no sooner made an end of her Speech but she withdrew, leaving *Don Carlos* with his Mouth open, ready to answer her; so very much in love with a Person he never saw, and so perplex'd about this odd way of Proceeding, which might prove at last a Cheat, that he stood on the same place for above a Quarter of an Hour, not knowing what to think of this extraordinary Adventure. He was not ignorant that there were a great many Princesses and Ladies of Quality in *Naples*; but knew likewise, that there were abundance of greedy Courtezans in that City, eager after Strangers,

Strangers, great Jilts, and the more dangerous, as they were Handsom. I cannot positively tell whether he had sup'd at this time, or whether he went to bed without a Supper.

Neither do I care to imitate the Writers of Romances, who mark with great exactness all the hours of the Day, and make their Heroes rise betimes, relate their Adventures by Dinner-time, eat but little at Dinner, then resume their Story after Dinner, or retire into the thickest part of a Wood, in order to entertain their own selves, unless when they have something to say to the Rocks and Trees: At Supper-time, they make them repair at the usual Hour, to the place where they diet, there they sigh and look pensive, instead of eating; and thence go to build Castles in the Air on some terrass-walk that looks towards the Sea, whilst the trusty Squire reveals, that his Master is such a one, Son to such a King; that he is the best Prince alive, and tho' he be still the handsomest of all Mortals, that he was quite another Man before Love had disfigur'd him. To return to my story, *Don Carlos* repair'd the next day to his Post, where the invisible Lady waited his coming: She ask'd him if he had not been much perplex'd about their last Conversation, and if he had not doubted the truth of what she told him. *Don Carlos*, without answering her question, desir'd her to tell him what danger she fear'd in discovering her self, since they were upon even Terms; and that the end of their Amours being honourable, it would have the approbation of every body? The danger is very great, and you will have it in time, said the invisible Lady: Once more be satisfied that I am true, and that in the account I gave you of my self, I was rather modest than vain. *Don Carlos* did not press her any farther, their Conversation which continued some time longer, encreas'd the mutual Love they had for each other; and so they parted, with promise to meet every Day, at the appointed hour and place. The next day after there was a great Ball at the Viceroy's, where *Don Carlos* hop'd to know his invisible Charmer; in the meantime, he endeavour'd to learn it at whose House she gave him those favourable Audiences, and was told by the Neighbours that it belong'd to an old Lady, Widow to a *Spanish* Captain, who had neither Daughters nor Nieces, and liv'd very retir'd. He desir'd to wait on her, but she sent him word, that since her Husband died, she admitted of no Visits, which still perplext him more and more. *Don Carlos* went in the Evening to the Viceroy's, where you may imagine there was a very fine and numerous Assembly, and nicely observ'd all the Ladies, in hopes to find out his unknown Mistress. He engag'd in Conversation with several, but was disappointed in his search. At last he kept close to the

Daughter of a Marquis of I know not what Marquisate, for 'twas the most difficult thing to know in the World, especially at that juncture, when every body set up for that quality. She was young and handsom, and had a Voice not unlike that of the Person he lookt after: But at the long run, he found such great disproportion betwixt her Wit and that of his Invisible, that he was sorry that in so little time, he had made such progress with this fine Lady, that without any flattery to himself, he had reason to believe she did not hate him. They danc'd several times together, and the Ball being over, to the great satisfaction of *Don Carlos*, he took his leave of his Captive, whom he left full of Pride; for having had to her self in so fine an Assembly, a Cavalier who was envied by all the Men, and esteem'd by all the Women. As soon as he came out of the Ball, he went in great hast to his House, and from thence to the fatal Grate, which was not far off: His Lady, who was there already, ask'd him news of the Ball, although she had been there her self. He told her very ingenuously, that he had danc'd with a very beautiful Person, and entertain'd her all the time the Ball lasted. She ask'd him several questions in relation to her, which discover'd her jealousy: As for *Don Carlos*, he let her understand that he began to suspect her Quality, by reason she had not been at the Ball; she having taken notice of it, us'd all the charms of her Wit to remove his Suspicions, and favour'd him as far as was possible, in a Conversation that past with a Grate between; adding withal, that in a short time she would become visible. Hereupon they parted: *Don Carlos* very much in doubt whether he ought to believe her, and she somewhat jealous of the fine Person he had entertain'd during the Ball. The next day *Don Carlos* going to hear Mass at a certain Church, the Name of which I have forgot, offer'd Holy Water to two veil'd Ladies who went to take some at the same time with him: She who appear'd in the better Cloaths of the two told him, she never accepted of any Civility, from one with whom she had a quarrel to decide. If you are not too much in hast, answer'd *Don Carlos*, you may have Satisfaction in that this very Moment. Well, said the unknown Lady, follow me then into the next Chapel. She led the way, and *Don Carlos* follow'd very much in doubt, whether she was his unknown Mistress or not; for tho' her shape was the same, yet he found some difference between their Voices, this new Lady speaking somewhat thick: This is the substance of what she told him, after she had shut her self up with him in the Chapel. All the City of *Naples*, Signior *Don Carlos*, talks of the high Reputation you have gain'd during that little time you have been here;

and

and every Body looks upon you, as the most accomplish'd Gentleman in the World: The only thing that People wonder at, is, your not taking notice that there are in this City some Ladies of Quality and Merit, who have a particular esteem for you; they have discover'd it to you as far as Decency would allow, and tho' 'tis their eager desires to make you sensible of it, yet they had rather you had not taken notice of it through insensibility, than that you should have despis'd their Favours thro' indifference. Among the rest, there's one of my Acquaintance who has so much value for you, as to hazard her own Reputation by telling you, that your Night Adventures are discover'd; that you rashly engage in an Amour with one you do not know, and that since your Mistress conceals her self, she must either be ashamed of her Lover, or conscious of not deserving to be lov'd her self. I question not but the Object of your contemplative Love, is a Lady of great Quality and Wit; and that your fancy has fram'd such a Mistress, as is worthy of Adoration upon all Accounts: But, Signior *Don Carlos*, believe not your Imagination, at the expence of your Judgment; trust not a Person who conceals her self, and engage no more in these Night-Conversations. But why should I disguise my self any longer? I my self am jealous of this Phantom of yours: I cannot bear you should speak with her; and since I have declared my Mind so far, I will so thwart all her designs, that I do not much question but I shall carry away the Prize, to which I have as much Right as she, since I am not inferior to her either in Beauty, Riches, Quality, or any thing else that can bespeak Love: If you are Wise, you will make use of this my Advice. When she had spoke these last Words, she went away without giving *Don Carlos* time to answer her. He was going to follow her, but met at the Church Gate a Man of Quality, who engaged him in a tedious Conversation, from which he could not rid himself. He reflected the remainder of the day upon this Adventure, and suspected at first the Lady at the Ball, to be the veil'd Person that had appear'd to him: But then calling to mind that she had shew'd abundance more Wit, than he had found in this, he was at a loss what to think, and wish'd almost not to have been engag'd with his unknown Mistress, that he might give himself entirely up to this: But then again, considering that he knew her no better than his Invisible, whose Wit had charm'd him in all the Conversation he had had with her, he firmly resolv'd to be constant to his first Choice, without minding in the least the Threats of the last Lady; for he was not to be wrought upon by Fear or Compulsion. That very Night he fail'd not to return to the Grated Window

Window at the usual Hour, where in the height of his Conversation with his Mistress, he was seiz'd by four strong Men in Masks, who having Disarm'd him, hurry'd him by force into a Coach that waited for them at the end of the Street. I leave the Reader to think, how many abusive Names he gave those Men in Disguise, and how he reproached them for attacking him so to Disadvantage: Nay, he endeavour'd to win 'em by promises, but instead of persuading them, he only made them to take more care of him, and put himself out of hopes of being able to shew either his Strength or Courage. In the mean time the Coach and six Horses drove on a full Trot, and having got out of the City, after an hours travelling, came into a great Yard, the Gate of which was kept open to receive it. The four Maskers alighted with *Don Carlos*, holding him under the Arms like an Ambassador introduced to salute the Grand Signior: He was carried up one pair of Stairs in the same manner, where two Gentlewomen in Masks came to receive him at the door of a large Room, each with a Candlestick in her Hand, when the four Men in Disguise took their leaves of him with a profound Reverence. 'Tis probable they left him neither Sword nor Pistol, and that he did not forget to thank 'em for their extraordinary care of his Person: And yet perhaps he never thought on't; not but that he was a Man of good Breeding, but upon a Surprize, a slip in point of Civility ought to be forgiven. Neither will I tell you, whether the Candlesticks the Gentlewomen had in their Hands were Silver, or only Silver-gilt and ingraven. As for the Room, it was the most Magnificent in the World, and if you would know it, as well furnish'd as some Apartments in our Romances; namely the Ship of *Zelman* in *Polexander*; the Palace of *Ibrahim* in the *Illustrious Bassa*, or the Room wherein the King of *Assyria* receiv'd *Mandano* in *Cyrus*, which together with the others I nam'd before, is certainly a Book that has the best Furniture in the World. Now imagine what Surprize our *Spaniard* was in, to find himself in this stately Apartment with two speechless Gentlewomen in Masks, who having conducted him into another Chamber, still better furnish'd than the great Room, left him there all alone. Had he been of *Don Quixot's* Humour, he would have found sufficient Matter to please his Fancy, and imagin'd himself to be no less than *Esplandian* or *Amadis*: But our *Spaniard* was no more concern'd than if he had been in his Inn, save only that he had a great Regret for his Invisible Lady; and as he kept his Thoughts continually employ'd upon her, he found that Chamber more melancholy than a Prison, which never looks pleasant, but on the outside. He was easily per-

perswaded, that these who had provided him so fair a Lodging, were none of his Enemies; and doubted not, but the Lady who spoke to him the day before in the Church, was the Conjuror that had rais'd all these Enchantments. He admir'd with himself the Fancies of Women, and how soon they put their designs in Execution; as for his part, he resolv'd to wait patiently the end of this Adventure, and be faithful to his invisible Mistress, in spite of all the Threats and Promises he might receive in this new Lodging. A little while after, several Servants in Masks, and in very good Cloaths came to lay the Cloth, and then serv'd up Supper. Every thing belonging to it was Magnificent; Musick and Perfumes were not forgotten; and *Don Carlos* not only gratified his Smelling and Hearing, but his Taste also; for he eat and drank, more than I thought a Man in his condition could have done! But what's impossible to so great a Courage! I forget to tell you that he wash'd his Mouth; for I am inform'd he took great care of his Teeth. The Musick play'd a while after Supper, but all being withdrawn, *Don Carlos* fetch'd many a turn about the Room, reflecting on all these Enchantments, or perhaps on something else; then came in two Gentlewomen and a Dwarf all in Masks, who without asking him whether he had a mind to go to Bed, or not, spread a Magnificent Toilett, in order to undress him. He comply'd with them in every thing: The Gentlewomen turn'd down the Bed-Cloaths, and then withdrew: The Dwarf pull'd off his Shoes, Stockings, or Boots, and then his other Cloaths; all which being done without exchanging a word, *Don Carlos* went to Bed, and slept pretty well for a Man in Love. At break of Day he was wak'd by the singing of Birds, that flutter'd about in an Aviary; the Dwarf came to wait upon him, and brought him the finest Linen in the World, and the best wash'd and perfum'd: If you think fit, I shall not mention what he did till Dinner, (which was at least as good as his Supper had been) but pass to the first breaking of that profound Silence, which had been observ'd to that very hour. A Gentlewoman in a Mask began to speak, by asking him if he would be pleas'd to see the Mistress of that Enchanted Palace. *Don Carlos* said, she should be welcom: And a little while after she came in, attended by four Gentlewomen very richly Drest.

*Such were not Cythera's Charms,
When Drest in Gay and Loose Attire,
She flew to a New Lovers Arms,
Upon the Wings of soft Desire.*

Never had our Spaniard seen a Person of more Majestick Mein
than

than this unknown *Urganda*. He was so transported, and surpriz'd at the same time, that he stumbled at every Bow and Step he made, as he led her into the next Room, whither she directed him.

All the fine things he had seen in the other Rooms I mention'd before, were nothing in comparison to what he found in this last, which still receiv'd a new brightness from the Lady in a Mask. They walk'd on the finest Foot-Carpet that ever was seen, since Foot-Carpets have been in Fashion: There the *Spaniard* was plac'd in an Arm-chair in spite of himself, and the Lady sitting by her self, on I know not how many fine Cushions over against him, she ravish'd his Ears with a Voice as sweet as an Harpsichord, speaking to him to this effect. I doubt not, Signior *Don Carlos*, but you are much surpriz'd at what has happen'd to you in my House since yesterday; but if all that is not able to move you, yet by it you may see I am as good as my Word; and from what I have done, you may guess what I am able to do. Perhaps my Rival both by her Artifice, and the Advantage she has of having attackt you first, has made her self absolute Mistress of that Heart, which I nevertheless pretend to dispute my Right to with her: But a Woman is not to be discourag'd by the first Disappointment; and if my Fortune, which is not to be despis'd, with all that goes along with my Person, cannot persuade you to love me; yet shall I have the Satisfaction of not concealing my self out of Shame or Deceit, and chuse to be despis'd through my Defects, rather than be belov'd through my Artifice. As she spoke these last words, she pull'd off her Masks, and shew'd *Don Carlos* the Heavens with all their Glories; or if you please, a Heaven in Miniature: The finest Head in the World, supported by the best shape he ever admir'd before; in short, a Person all over Divine. By the freshness of her Complexion, one would not have thought her to have been above sixteen years of Age; but by a certain free and majestick Air, which young Persons generally want, she appear'd to be near twenty. *Don Carlos* paus'd a while before he answer'd her, being almost angry with his invisible Lady, who hinder'd him from surrendring himself intirely to the finest Person he ever saw, and dubious what he should say or do: At last, after an inward Conflict, which lasted so long, at to make the Mistress of the enchanted Palace uneasy, he took a firm Resolution not to conceal from her his inmost Thoughts; which without any manner of question, was the best thing he ever did in his Life. This is the answer he gave her, which some have found a little too blunt. Madam, I could not but own my self extream happy in your Esteem, if my Stars would but
suffer

suffer me to love you. I see well enough, that I leave the finest Person in the Universe, for one who perhaps is only such in my Fancy; but, Madam, would you think me worth your Affection, if you found me capable of Infidelity? And how can I be faithful, if I love you? Therefore, Madam, pity me, but blame me not: Or rather let us pity each other, and complain both; you of not obtaining what you desire, and I of not seeing what I love. He utter'd these Words with such a melancholy Air, that the Lady might easily preceive he spoke his true Sentiments. She used all the Arguments she could think of to persuade him to alter his mind, but he was deaf to her Prayers and unconcern'd, at her Tears. She renew'd the Attack several times, but met still with a stout Resistance. At last she began to revile and reproach him, and told him,

*What Rage and Jealousie suggest,
When they possess a Love-sick Breast.*

and then she left him, not to pick Straws, but to curse a hundred times his Misfortune, which proceeded only from being too happy. A Gentlewoman came a little while after to acquaint him, that he had the Liberty to walk in the Garden. He traversed all these fine Apartments, without meeting with any Body, till he came to the Stair-case, at the Foot of which he saw ten Men in Masks, who kept the Door, arm'd with Partizans and Carabines. As he was crossing the Court to go into the Garden, one of the Gentlemen of the Guard accosted him without looking him in the Face, and told him as tho' he fear'd to be over heard: That an old Gentleman had trusted him with a Letter, which he had promis'd to deliver into his own Hands, tho' his Life must answer for it, if he should be discover'd; but that a Present of twenty Pistols, and a promise of as many more, made him to run all Hazards. Don Carlos promis'd him secrecy, and went strait into the Garden, where he read the Letter, which was as follows.

You may judge what Pains I have felt since I lost you, by those you ought to feel your self, if you love me as much as I do you. However, my uneasiness is something abated, by being inform'd of the Place where you are. 'Tis the Princess Porcia who stole you away; she's a Woman that sticks at nothing to please her self, and you are not the first Rinaldo, of that dangerous Armida. But I will soon break all her Incantments, and disengage you from her Arms, to receive you into mine, which Favour you will deserve, if you are as constant as I wish you to be.

The Invisible Lady.

Don

Don Carlos was so transported with Joy, to receive this News from his Lady, with whom he was really in Love, that he kist the Letter a hundred times over, and came back to the Garden Door, to recompence the Messenger with a fine Diamond Ring he had on his Finger. He walk'd a little longer in the Garden, still wondering at the Princess *Porcia*, whom he often heard People report to be a young rich Lady, of the best Family in the Kingdom; but as he was a Person of strict Virtue, he conceiv'd such an Aversion for her, that he resolv'd to break out of his Prison, even at the hazard of his Life. As he came out of the Garden, he met a Gentlewoman unmaskt, (for from that time forward, every Body went bare-fac'd in the Palace) who came to ask, if he would be pleas'd to have her Mistress eat with him? And I leave you to think whether he answer'd, she should be welcome. A little while after they serv'd up Supper, or Dinner; for I have forgot which of the two it ought to have been: *Porcia* appear'd more bright and handsom, I said just now, than *Venus Citherea*, and it will not be amiss, if for Variety sake, I now say, than an Angel: She was charming in every respect, and during the time they were at Table the *Spaniard* discover'd so much Wit in her, that he was in a manner sorry, to find so many excellent Qualities, so ill bestow'd on a Person of so high a Degree. He did all he could to appear in good Humour, and force a pleasing Countenance, although he was continually thinking upon his unknown Mistress; and burnt with Impatience to return to the Lattice-window. As soon as the Table was clear'd, they were left by themselves; and because *Don Carlos* spoke not a word, either out of respect or only to oblige the Lady to speak first, she broke silence in these words. I know not whether I ought to hope something from the Gaiety I fancy I have discover'd in your Face; and whether mine, which you have seen already, does seem handsom enough to make you doubt, whether that of your Invisible Mistress, has more Charms to captivate your Heart. I do not conceal what I design'd to present you with, because I would not have you repent the accepting my Present; and though a Person who has been us'd to be instructed by others, be apt to be offended at a Denial; yet will I forgive you, provided you repair your past Offence, by giving me what I have more right to, than your Invisible: Therefore tell me your last Resolution, that if in case it be not in my behalf, I may at least find out new Reasons, strong enough to combat those, which I think I had to love you. *Don Carlos* thought she would have gone on with her Speech; but observing she spoke no more, and that with Eyes fixt on the Ground, she expected her Doom from his Mouth; he resum'd
his

his former Resolution of telling her frankly, that he could never be hers, which he did in these words. Madam, before I answer what you would know of me, I must desire you, that with the same frankness you expect from me, you would be pleas'd to tell me your Sentiments, about what I am going to propose to you. Suppose, added he, you had engag'd a Man to love you, and that by all the Favours a Lady can grant without wronging her Virtue, you had obliged him to swear an inviolable Fidelity; would you not account him the basest and most treacherous of Mankind, if he should fail in his Promise? And were I not that Villain, and that Traytor, if I should leave for you, a Person who has reason to think I love her? He was going to frame abundance of Logical Arguments, in order to convince her; but she did not give him time, and rising abruptly from her Seat, told him, That she plainly saw the Drift of his Discourse; that she could not but admire his Constancy, tho' so much opposite to her own quiet; that she would set him at Liberty, and that she only desir'd him to stay till Night, to go back in the same manner he came. While she was speaking, she held her Handkerchief to her Eyes, as though she design'd to conceal her Tears, and afterwards left the *Spaniard* a little concern'd; yet so transported with Joy that he was to be again at Liberty, that he had not been able to conceal it, had he been the greatest Hypocrite in the World; and I verily believe, that had the Lady taken notice of it, she would certainly have scolded at him for it. I know not whether 'twas long before Night came, for as I told you before, I don't trouble my self about marking the Time or Hours; you must be contented to know, that Night came at last, and that he went into a close Coach, and was set down at his Lodgings, after a pretty long Journey. As he was the best Master in the World, so his Servants were like to die with Joy at the sight of him, and almost stifled him with their Embraces; but they did not enjoy him long; for having provided himself with Arms, and taken two of his stoutest Men along with him, he presently went to the Grated-Window in such great hast, that those who accompanied him, had much ado to keep pace with him. He had no sooner given the usual Signal, but his Invisible Deity communicated her self to him: when they exchanged such soft and tender Expressions, that I can't forbear weeping whenever I think on 'em. At last the Lady told him, she had been lately affronted in that House, and therefore had sent for a Coach in order to leave it; but because it might be a long while a coming, she desir'd him to send for his, which might be sooner got ready; and that she would carry him to a place, where she would no longer conceal her Face from him.

The

The *Spaniard* needed no farther Intreaty, but ran like a Mad-man to his Men, whom he left at the end of the Street, and sent for his Coach in all hast. The Coach being come, the Invisible Lady kept her Word, and went into it with *Don Carlos*. She directed the Coachman which way he should drive, and bid him stop at a great House, into the Court Yard of which the Coach went by the light of several Flamboys, which were lighted at their Arrival. The Cavalier leading his Lady, went up stairs into a very large Room, where he was a little uneasie, because she did not pull off her Mask. At last several Gentlewomen being come to receive them, with each a Candlestick in their Hands, the Lady was Invisible no longer; but pulling off her Mask, let *Don Carlos* see, that the Lady at the Grated-Window, and the Princess *Porcia*, were but one Person. I will not endeavour to describe the pleasant Surprise of the *Spaniard*: The fair Neapolitan told him, she had stolen him away a second time to know his last Resolution; that the Lady at the Lattice had made over to her all her Pretensions, and added a thousand Expressions, no less obliging than ingenious. *Don Carlos* threw himself at her Feet, embrac'd her Knees, and devour'd, as one may say, her Hands with Kisses: By that means avoiding all the Impertinence and Nonsense, which People generally speak when they are transported with Joy. The Raptures of his Passion being over, he us'd all his Wit and Eloquence to extol the agreeable Caprice of his Mistress, and express'd himself so well to her Advantage, that he confirm'd her, she was not mistaken in her Choice. She told him, she had been unwilling to trust any Body but her self in a thing, without which she could never have lov'd him; and that she would never have bestow'd her self upon a Man less constant than himself. Thereupon the Princess *Porcia's* Relations came in, having had notice given them of her Design: And as they were the chief Men in the Kingdom, they easily obtain'd a Dispensation from the Archbishop for their Marriage. The same Night the Ceremony was perform'd by the Parson of the Parish, who was an honest Priest, and a good Preacher; and so 'twere needless to ask whether he made a fine Exhortation upon the Subject. 'Tis said, they got up late the next day, which I am inclin'd to believe. The News was soon spread about, at which the Viceroy, a near Relation of *Don Carlos's* was so overjoy'd, that the publick Rejoicings began anew in *Naples*, where to this day they talk of *Don Carlos of Arragon*, and his Invisible Mistress.

C H A P. X.

How Ragotin receiv'd a Blow on the Fingers with a Busk.

Ragotin's Story had a general Applause, and he valued himself as much upon it, as if it had been his own; which swelling his natural Pride, he began to treat the Men-Players with Contempt, and afterwards accosting the Women, squeez'd their Hands without their consent, and offer'd to feel their Breasts; a piece of Country Gallantry, which favours more of the Satyr than Gentleman. Mistress *Star* contented her self to force her soft, fair Hands from his dirty rough Clutches; but Mistress *Angelica* her Companion, gave him, withall smiling, a wrap on the Fingers with her Busk. He left 'em abruptly, without so much as speaking a word, glowing with Rage and Confusion, and return'd to the Men's Company, where every one spoke as fast as he could, without minding what the rest said. *Ragotin* silenc'd most of 'em, by demanding of 'em with a superiour Voice, what they thought of his Novel. A young Man, whose Name I have forgot, answer'd him bluntly, it was no more his than any Body's else in the Company, since he had it out of a Book: Whereupon seeing one stick out of *Ragotin's* Pocket, he pull'd it out; which the little Man perceiving, scratch'd his Hands to get it from him; but it spite of *Ragotin*, he put it into another Man's Hands, from whom *Ragotin* endeavour'd to snatch it, to as little purpose as before. The Book having got by this time into a third Man's Hands, after the same manner pass'd to five or six different Hands more; which *Ragotin* however could not reach, because he was the shortest Man in the Company. At last having stretch'd himself five or six times in vain, torn half a dozen pair of Cuffs, scratch'd as many Hands, and the Book still travelling about through the middle Region of the Chamber, poor *Ragotin*, who saw every Body laugh at his expence, rush'd like a Mad-Man upon the first Author of his Confusion, and dealt him several blows on his Belly and Thighs, not being able to reach higher. The Hands of his Adversary, who had the Advantage of the Place, fell five or six times so perpendicular, and heavy on the top of his Head, that the Crown of his Hat sunk down to his very Chin; which so shook the seat of his Reason, that the poor little Man did not for some time know where he was. To compleat his De-

feat, his Antagonist at parting, gave him a sound kick on the Head, which after a very sudden Retrogradation, made him to fall on his Breech, at the Women-Players Feet. Now if possible, I would have you to conceive the Rage and Fury of a little Man, more proud than all the *Sieurs* in the Kingdom; at a Time when he was Cock-a-hoop about his Story; and that too, before Players, to whom he design'd to make Love; as you shall see anon, tho he was yet ignorant, which of 'em had the greater Title to his Heart. To speak the Truth, his little Body thus tumbled on his Breech, did so lively represent the Fury of his Soul, by the different Motions of his Arms and Legs, that tho his Face could not be seen, because his whole Head was enchas'd into his Hat, yet all the Company thought fit to join, and form as it were a Barrier 'twixt *Ragotin* and his Adversary; who by this means got away, whilst the charitable *Women-Players* rais'd the poor little Man, roaring like a Lion in his Hat, which stop't his Eyes and Mouth, and almost hinder'd him from fetching his Breath. Now the difficulty was, how to pull off this Hat of his; for its Crown being in the form of a Butter-pot, and the Mouth of it narrower than the Bottom, God knows whether a Head that got it self into it by force, and whose Nose was so excessive large, was able to get out the same way. This Misfortune had a good Effect; for his Anger being now at the highest, without doubt, its Effects had been answerable, had not his Hat which suffocated him, made him to consult his own Preservation, rather than contrive the Destruction of another. He did not cry out for Help, because he had not the use of his Tongue: But when the Company perceiv'd he lifted up in vain his trembling Hands to his Head, in order to set it at Liberty, and stamp'd on the Floor with Rage and Indignation, biting his Nails to no purpose, they all bent their Thoughts on his Relief. The first Efforts they us'd to pull off his Hat, were so violent, that he thought they had been going to pluck off his Head from his Shoulders: At last being almost spent, he made signs with his Fingers to have it cut with a pair of Cizars. *Mistress Cave* unclapst those she wrote on her Girdle; and *Rancour*, who was to perform the Operation, having made a shew of making the Incision over against his Face, (which did not a little fright him) at last he slit his Hat behind his Head, from top to bottom. As soon as he had given vent to his Face, all the Company fell a laughing to see it bloated, as if it had been ready to burst, upon account of the vast quantity of Spirits that had flush'd to it; and besides, his Nose was a little excoriated. However, the Jest had gone no farther,

farther, had not a bungling Taylor advis'd him to get his Hat Fine-drawn. This unseasonable Advice so revived his Anger, which was not entirely extinguish'd, that he laid hold of one of the Andirons, and threaten'd to throw it at the Company; which put the stoutest of 'em all into such a Fright, that every one ran to the Door, in order to avoid the impending blow. They press'd so far upon one another, that not above one was able to get out; and he too by a Fall, his sparr'd Legs having entangled themselves with those of the rest. *Ragotin* fell a laughing in his turn, which gave all the Company fresh Courage; they return'd him his Book, and the Players lent him an old Hat. He fell into a violent Passion against the Man who us'd him so scurvily; but being somewhat more vain than revengeful, he told the Players, with the Air of one that was going to promise some extraordinary thing, that he had a mind to make a Play out of this story of his, and would contrive it so well, that he was sure to get as much Reputation by that single Piece, as other Poets had in all their lives gain'd by several. *Destiny* told him, the Story he had related was very entertaining, but would by no means fit the Stage. Sure, said *Ragotin*, you won't pretend to teach me; I wou'd have you to know, that my Mother was Seamstress to the Poet *Garnier*, and I my self have one of his Ink-horns at home. *Destiny* reply'd, that even *Garnier* would get no Reputation by it, if he was to do it himself. But what Difficulty do you find in it, ask'd *Ragotin*. The Difficulty, answer'd *Destiny*, is in that it cannot be brought into a regular Play, without committing a great many Faults, both in point of Decorum and Judgment. As for that, said *Ragotin*, a Man of my Parts, may make new Rules whenever he pleases. Pray consider, added he, what a new and Magnificent thing it would be, to represent a great Church-Gate in Front of the Stage, before which twenty Beaux more or less, with as many Ladies, should appear and speak a Thousand fine things to one another, would it not Ravish all the Spectators with Admiration think you? I am so far of your Opinion, continued he, that one ought to observe Decorum and good Manners, and therefore would not make my Actors talk in the Church. *Destiny* interrupted, to ask him where they could get so many Gentlemen and Ladies? And how do they in Colleges, said *Ragotin*, where they fight pitch'd Battels? I my self plaid at *La Flesche*, the Overthrow at the Bridge of *Sé*, added he; above a hundred Soldiers of the Queen Mothers Party appear'd on the Stage, besides those of the King's Army, which was more numerous: And I re-

member, that by reason of a great shower that fell that day and spoil'd the sport, 'twas reported, that all the Feathers of the Country-Gentry, which had been borrow'd on this Occasion, would never come to themselves again. *Destiny*, who took great delight in hearing him utter all these Judicious things, reply'd, that Colleges had Scholars enough for that purpose, whereas their Company did never consist in all of above seven or eight Persons: *Rancour*, who, you know, had ever been a malicious Dog, sided with *Ragotin* in this matter, the better to help to make him ridiculous, and told his Comrade, he was not of his Opinion; that he had been a Player before him, that a Church-Gate wou'd be the finest Scene that ever was seen; and as for the necessary number of Gentlemen and Ladies, that they might have some Flesh and Blood, and represent the rest with Pastboard. This fine Expedient of Pastboard, invented by *Rancour*, set all the Company a laughing: *Ragotin* laugh'd with the rest, and swore he knew that Contrivance well enough, but had a mind to keep it to himself. As for Coaches, added he, will it not be a Novelty in a Play? I formerly personated *Tobies* Dog, and did it so to the Life, that the whole Audience was highly pleas'd with my performance, taking me to be a real Dog. As for my part, continu'd he, if we may judge of Things by the Effects they work upon our Minds, I never saw *Piramus* and *Thisbe* acted in my Life, but I was less concern'd at *Erasmus's* Death, than frighted by the roaring of the Lion. *Rancour* back'd *Ragotin's* Reasons with others as ridiculous, and by that means ingratiated himself so far into him, that *Ragotin* took him to Supper. All the other Impertinents left likewise the Players at Liberty; who 'tis probable had much rather go to Supper, than entertain these idle Coxcombs of the Town.

C H A P. XI.

Which contains what you'll find, if you'll but take the Pains to read it.

R *Agotin* carried *Rancour* to a Tavern, where he call'd for the best Things the House could afford. 'Tis thought he would not carry him to his own House, because his Commons

were

were but indifferent; but I will say nothing about that, for fear of passing rash Judgment; neither did I care to enquire much into the Truth of the Business, because I did not think it worth my while, especially having Matters of far greater Importance to relate. *Rancour*, who was a Person of great Discernment, and knew his Men at first sight, no sooner saw a Brace of Partridges and a Capon serv'd up for two People, but he began to think that *Ragotin* had some Design or other, and did not treat him so well, either upon account of his own Merit, or to repay the Civility he had receiv'd from him, in maintaining his Story to be a good Subject for a Play. He therefore expected to hear some new Extravagance from *Ragotin*, who, however, did not discover his Thoughts at first, but continued talking about his Novel. Notwithstanding he at length repeated several Lampoons he had made upon most of his Neighbours, some Cuckolds, that were nameless; and others Women: He sung drunken Catches, and shew'd *Rancour* abundance of Acrosticks and Anagrams; which are generally the first things with which your paltry Rhimers begin to plague Men of Sence. *Rancour* made him a compleat Coxcomb; by crying up all he heard; with Eyes lifted to Heaven, and swore like a losing Gamester, that he never heard any thing so fine in his Life: Nay, he was so transported, that he made a shew of pulling off his Hair in an Extasie of Pleasure. He told him now and then, 'tis a great misfortune both for you and us, that you do not leave off all other Business and write for the Stage; for in such case, in two or three Years time, *Corneille* would be no more talk'd of, than *Alexander Hardy* is now. I am, added he, an absolute Stranger to Flattery; but to encourage you, must needs own, I no sooner saw you, but I read in your Face that you were a great Poet; and you may be satisfi'd by my Comrades what I told 'em about it. I am seldom mistaken: I can smell a Poet at two Miles distance; and therefore as soon as ever I cast my Eyes on you, I was acquainted with your Genius, as well as if I had brought you up. All this fustian Stuff went down with *Ragotin* as glib as several Glasses of Wine, which he drank at the same time, and which intoxicated his Brain, as much as *Rancour's* Commendations swell'd his Vanity. As for *Rancour* he eat and drank very heartily, crying out now and then, for God's sake, Monsieur *Ragotin*, improve your Talent: Once more let me tell you, you are much to blame, not to make your Fortune and ours. For my part, I scrawl a little Paper sometimes as well as other People, but if I could make Verses half so good as those you have been reading to

me, I should not have been so hard put to it to keep Life and Soul together, but would live upon my Income as well as *Mondory*. Therefore, Monsieur *Ragotin*, once more pray write; and if this next Winter we do not eclipse the Companies of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, and *des Marez*, may I never tread the Stage more without breaking one of my Arms or Legs. I'll say no more, and so let's drink. He was as good as his Word; for having put a double Quantum into a Glass, he drank Monsieur *Ragotin*'s Health to Monsieur *Ragotin* himself, who pledg'd him after the same manner, and return'd his Civility with drinking the Health of the Women-Players. This he drank Cap in Hand, and in such a Rapture, that as he set the Glass down on the Table, he broke its Foot, without taking notice on't, however he afterwards attempted three or four times to set it upright, but finding it impossible, he at last flung it over his Head; when pulling *Rancour* by the Sleeve, he let him know he had had the Honour of breaking a Glass in drinking the Players Health: It vex'd him a little that *Rancour* did not laugh at it; but, as I said before, he was rather an envious than a risible Anamal. *Rancour* ask't him, What he thought of their Women?——The little Man blush'd without giving an Answer: But *Rancour* putting the same Question to him again, at last, what by his Stuttering, Blushing, and broken Speech, he gave *Rancour* to understand that he lik'd one of the Players extremely. But which of 'em? quoth *Rancour*. The little Man was so disorder'd for having said so much, that he answer'd I do don't know-----Nor I neither, said *Rancour*. This Reply cast him into greater Disorder; inasmuch that with a bewilder'd Look, he said, 'Tis, 'tis-----He repeated the same Word five or six times over again; at which the Stroller growing impatient, cry'd I like your choice, she's a very beautiful Person. This put him quite out of Countenance, inasmuch that he could never tell which he lov'd most; tho' it may be he knew nothing of the matter himself, or that his Passion was rather Lust than Love. At last *Rancour* naming Mrs. *Star*, he said, 'Twas she with whom he was in Love: For my part I verily believe, that had he nam'd either *Angelica*, or her Mother *Cave*, he would have forgot the Blow he had receiv'd with a Busk from the one, and the Age of the other, and given himself Body and Soul to the very first that *Rancour* had nam'd. So great was the Confusion of Goatish *Ragotin*. The Stroller however made him drink a good Bumper, which carrying off part of it, pledg'd him with another; which done, looking about the Room, he whisper'd, as tho' it were a great Secret he was about to tell, tho' there were no Body. Well, your

Wound

Wound is not mortal, quoth *Rancour*, and you have address'd your self to one who is able to cure you, provided you will be but rul'd by him, and keep Counsel; not but your Enterprize is a little difficult, for Mrs. *Star* is a very Tygres, and her Brother *Destiny* a Lion: But still she does not see Men every Day like you, and I know what I can do, let's drink out our Liquor, and to morrow will be Day; they drank each a Glass of Wine, which interrupted their Conversation for a while. After this *Ragotin* recounted all his Accomplishments and Riches, and told *Rancour*, that a *Nephew* of his was Clerk to a *Financier*; that this *Nephew* had contracted great Friendship with the *Partisan de Ralliere*, during the time he was at *Mans*, to settle an Excise-office there, by the means of which *Nephew's* Interest he endeavour'd to give him Hopes that he would procure him such a Pension from the King as his Players in Ordinary had. He told him likewise, That if any of his Relations had Children, he could prefer them in the Church, by reason his Niece had married the Brother of a certain Miss, kept by the Steward of an Abbot of that Province, who had good Livings in his Gift. Whilst *Ragotin* was thus relating what great Interest he had, *Rancour*, who the more he drank the more thirsty he grew, was still filling both the Glasses, which were emptied in an instant, *Ragotin* not daring to refuse any thing from the Hands of a Man from whom he expected such a great piece of Service. In short, they swill'd it about, till they had both their fill. *Rancour*, according to his custom, grew more serious, but *Ragotin* became so dull and heavy, that he laid down his Head on the Table, and fell asleep. *Rancour* call'd one of the Maids to make a Bed ready for him, because no body was up at his Inn. The Maid told him, she had as good make two, for she was sure Monsieur *Ragotin* wanted one as well as he. In the mean time, he slept and snor'd as heartily as ever he had done in his Life, for all the Noise they made while they were putting clean Sheets on two of the three Beds that were in the Room: But when the Maid came to wake him, and acquaint him his Bed was ready, he call'd her a thousand Whores. and threatned to beat her. At last *Rancour*, having turn'd him in his Chair towards the Fire, at which the Sheets were air'd, he rub'd and open'd his Eyes, and suffer'd himself to be undrest without repining. They got him into his Bed as well as they could; and *Rancour*, having first made the Chamber-door fast, went into his. About an Hour after, *Ragotin* got up, to what purpose I never yet could learn. He rambled a long time about the Room, not knowing where he was; and having overturn'd all the Chairs

and Tables he met in his Way, and tumbled himself down several times, without being able to find his Bed again; he went at last to *Rancour's*, and pulling his Bed-cloaths, made him to start out of his Sleep. *Rancour* ask'd him, What he would have? I am looking for my Bed, said *Ragotin* ---- 'Tis on the Left Hand of mine, reply'd *Rancour*. The little drunken Man however took to the Right, and thrust himself betwixt the Rug and the Matrafs of the third Bed, which had neither Feather-bed, Quilt, nor Sheets, and there he slept all Night very quietly. *Rancour* got up and dress'd himself before *Ragotin* wak'd; when he ask'd him, Whether 'twas to do Penance that he had left his Bed to sleep on Straw? *Ragotin* was positive that he never got up, and that the Room must be haunted. The Inn-keeper hearing this, stood up for the Reputation of his House, and picking a Quarrel with *Ragotin*, threatned to sue him for giving it an ill Name. But I have sufficiently exercis'd your Patience with this tedious Story of *Ragotin's* Debauch, and therefore let us return to the Strollers Inn.

C H A P. XII.

A Combat in the Night.

I Am too much a Man of Honour not to advertise the courteous Reader, that if he be offended at all the silly Trifles he has already found in this Book, he will do well not to go on with the reading of it; for, upon my Conscience, he must expect nothing else, altho' the Volume should swell to the bigness of that of the *Grand Cyrus*: And if from what he has read, he doubts what will follow, perhaps I am in the same Quondary as well as he: for one Chapter draws on another, and I do with my Book as some do with their Horses, putting the Bridle on their Necks, and trusting to their good Conduct. But perhaps I have a fix'd Design, and without filling my Chapters with Examples for Imitation, shall instruct with Delight after the same manner as a drunken Man creates in us an Aversion for Drunkenness, and yet may sometimes divert us with his merry Impertinence. Let's end this Moral Reflexion, and return to our Strollers, whom we left in the Inn. As soon as their Room was clear'd, and *Rancour* had got thither with *Ragotin*, the Door-keeper they left at *Tours* came into the Inn, with a Horseload of Goods, and sat down to Supper with 'em. By this Person, and what they had learnt from one another, they

they understood how the Intendant of the Province cou'd do them no harm, having had much ado to escape the Hands of the boistrous Mob, with his Fuziliers. *Destiny* told his Comrades how he had got away in his *Turkish* Habit, with which he design'd to represent *Marrets's Soliman*; and that being inform'd that the Plague was at *Alencon*, he was come to *Mans* with *Cave* and *Rancour*, with the same Equipage we have describ'd in the beginning of these most true, tho' little heroical Adventures. Mrs. *Star* acquainted 'em also with the good Offices she had receiv'd from a Lady at *Tours*, whose Name never came to my Knowledge, and how by her Means she had been conducted as far as a Village near *Bonnefable*, where she sprain'd her Foot as she alighted off her Horse. She added that hearing the Company was gone to *Mans*, she got her self carried thither in a Litter, which the Lady of that Village had lent her with a great deal of Civility. After Supper, *Destiny* alone stay'd in the Lady's Chamber; *Cave* lov'd him as if he had been her own Son; Mrs. *Star* was no less dear to her; and her Daughter and only Heiress *Angelica*, lov'd *Destiny* and *Star*, like a Brother and Sister. She did not yet exactly know who they were, nor upon what Account they had turn'd Players; but she had taken notice, that though they call'd one another Brother and Sister, yet were they better Friends than near Relations, that *Destiny* paid to *Star* the greatest Respect imaginable; that she was extreme modest and virtuous: and as *Destiny* had a great deal of Wit, and seem'd to have a liberal Education, so Mrs. *Star* look'd more like a young Lady of Quality, than a Stroller. Now *Destiny* and *Star* were belov'd by *Cave* and her Daughter, because they really deserv'd their Love both by their good Qualities, and the mutual Friendship which they naturally had for two Players, who had as much Merit as any in *France*, tho' they never had the good Fortune to tread either of the two Theatres in *Paris*, which are the *Non plus ultra* of *French* Players. Those who do not understand these three little *Latin* Words (which come so pat in my way, that I could not refuse to place 'em here) may be pleas'd to ask some *Latinist* of their Acquaintance the meaning of 'em. To end this Digression; *Destiny* and *Star* did not scruple to express their mutual Fondness before *Cave* and *Angelica*, and shew the extreme Joy they had to see each other after so long an Absence. They related, as pathetically as ever they cou'd, how uneasy they were about each other; and *Destiny* acquainted Mrs. *Star*, that the last time they acted at *Tours*, he thought he had spy'd their inveterate Persecutor amongst the Croud of their Auditors, altho' he had his Cloak about his Face: and that as he went out of

the

the City, not finding himself able to resist him, if he should have offer'd to attack him, he had disguis'd himself by putting a great Patch on his Face. He told her afterwards, how many Litters they met with when they went to fetch her; adding, he was much mistaken if their common Enemy was not the same unknown Person, who had search'd so nicely all the Litters, as you have seen in the seventh Chapter. Whilst *Destiny* was speaking, poor Mrs. *Star* cou'd not forbear shedding some few Tears: *Destiny* was sensibly touch'd with 'em; and having comforted her as well as he cou'd, added, that if she wou'd but suffer him to use the same Endeavours in seeking out their Enemy, as he had us'd till then in avoiding him, he wou'd soon free her from his Persecutions, or lose his Life in the Attempt. These last Words redoubled her Grief: *Destiny* had not Courage enough to forbear grieving likewise; and *Cave* and her Daughter, who were of a tender and compassionate Temper, griev'd also, either out of Complaisance, or thro a Contagion. I cannot tell whether *Destiny* wept, but this I know, the Women and he were silent a long while; and in the mean time every one wept as they thought fit. At last *Cave* renew'd the Conversation which Tears had interrupted, and reproach'd *Destiny* and *Star*, that tho during the time they had liv'd together, they might have been convinc'd how much she was their Friend, yet they repos'd so little Confidence in her and her Daughter, that they were still unacquainted with their Birth and Quality; adding, she had not met with Crosses enough in her Life, to enable her to advise unfortunate Persons, such as they two seem'd to be. To which *Destiny* answer'd, that their not discovering themselves to her, was not out of any Distrust, but because he thought the Recital of their Misfortunes could not but be very tedious; telling her withal, that he would be ready to entertain her with the Story of their Adventures, whenever she was willing to throw any time away upon the hearing of it. *Cave* was glad of this Opportunity to satisfy her Curiosity: and her Daughter, who had the same Inclination, being sat near her on *Star*'s Bed, *Destiny* was about to begin his Story, when they heard a great Noise in the next Chamber. *Destiny* stood listning a while; but the Noise and Squabble increasing, and some Body crying out, Murther, Help, Murther, --- He with three Leaps got out of the Chamber, at the Expence of his Doublet, which *Cave* and *Angelica* had torn as they were going to stop him. He went into the Chamber from whence the Noise came, which was so dark that he could not see his own Nose; and where the Fifty-cuffs,

Boxes on the Ears, and several confus'd Voices of fighting Men and Women, together with the hallow Noise of naked Feet stamping on the Floor, made an hideous and frightful Uproar. He ran very rashly amongst the Combatants, and in one Moment receiv'd a Cuff on one side, and a Box on the Ear on the other; which changed his good Intention of parting those Hobgoblins, into a violent Thirst of Revenge. He began to set his Hands a-going, and made a Flourish with his two Arms, by which many a main'd Chops were belabour'd, as it afterwards appear'd by his bloody Fists. The Scuffle lasted so long that he receiv'd twenty Cuffs more, which he however return'd with double the Number. In the heat of the Fight, he felt himself bit on the Calf of the Leg, when clapping his Hands to the Place, he met with something hairy, which he for that reason took to be a Dog; but *Cave* and her Daughter who appear'd at the Chamber Door at that Interim with a Candle, like the Fire of St. *Helmo* after a Storm, discover'd to *Destiny* that he was amidst seven Persons in their Shirts, who having been in close Conflict before, began to let one another go, as soon as the Light appear'd: This Tranquillity however did not last long. The Inn-keeper who was one of the naked Combatants, grappl'd the Poet anew; *Olive*, who was also amongst them, was attack'd by the Inn-keeper's Man another of the Combatants; *Destiny* went to part 'em; whereupon the Hostess, who was the Animal that had bit him, and whom he had taken for a Dog, by reason she was bare-headed, and had short Hair, flew at his Face, assisted by two Maids, as naked and bare-headed as her self. The Shreeks and Cries fill'd the Air once more, the Cuffs and Boxes made the Room to ring again, and the Fight grew still warmer and warmer. At last several Persons who wak'd at the Noise, came into the Field of Battel, parted the Combatants, and procur'd a second Suspension of Arms. Now the Question was to know the occasion of the Quarrel, and what fatal Accident had brought seven naked Persons into one Room. *Olive*, who seem'd the least concern'd, said, that the Poet being gone out of the Room, he saw him come running back as fast as he could, follow'd by the Inn-keeper, who seem'd to have a mind to beat him; that the Hostess follow'd her Husband, and fell foul of the Poet; that as he was going to part 'em, a Servant and two Maids fell upon him; and that the Light happening to go out at the same time, made the Fight last longer than 'twould otherwise have done. Now 'twas the Poet's turn to speak for himself: He said, that having made

two of the finest Stanza's that ever were written, since Stanza's were in Fashion; and fearing to lose 'em, he went to the Maid of the Inn for a Candle, which she scornfully refused to give him; whereupon the Inn-keeper call'd him Rope-dancer; which he return'd by calling him *Cuckold*. He had no sooner spoke this last word, but the Host who was within reach, gave him a good slap on the Chops; you would have thought they had made a fighting Consort together; for as soon as the Box on the Ear was given, the Inn-keeper's Wife, his Man and his Maids rush'd upon the Strollers all together, who receiv'd 'em with sound Cuffs. This last Encounter was more fierce and obstinate than either of the other two. *Destiny* having clos'd with a lusty Wench, and tuck'd up her Smock, gave her a Thousand Flaps on the Buttocks; *Olive*, who saw the Company pleas'd with it, did the same to the other Maids. The Inn-keeper was busie with the Poet; and the Hostess, the most furious of all the Combatants, was seiz'd by some of the Spectators; which made her to fly into such a Passion, that she cry'd out Thieves! Thieves! Her Cries awak'd *la Rappiniere*, who liv'd over against the Inn. He caus'd the Door to be broke open, and judging by the Noise he heard, that there could be no less than seven or eight People kill'd, he parted the Fray in the King's Name; and having learnt the cause of all the Disturbance, exhorted the Poet not to make any more Verses in the Night-time, and was like to have beaten the Inn-keeper and his Wife for giving a hundred abusive Names to the Players, whom they call'd Jack-Puddings and Tumblers, swearing withal, to turn them out of Doors the next Day; but *la Rappiniere*, to whom the Inn-keeper ow'd Money, threatening to arrest him, his Mouth was soon stopp'd. *La Rappiniere* after the Fray went home, the rest return'd to their Chambers, and *Destiny* to that of the Players, where *Cave* desired him not to defer any longer relating the History of his, and his Sister's Adventures. He told her, he was ready to satisfy her Curiosity, and began his Relation after the manner you shall find in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

The History of Destiny and Mrs. Star.

I Was born in a Village near *Paris*, and might make you believe I came of a very illustrious Family; since no body can disprove what a Stranger says of himself; but I am too generous, and too much a Lover of Truth, to deny the Meanness of my Extraction. My Father was one of the topping, and most substantial Men in his Village, whom I have often heard to say, that he was a poor Gentleman's Son; that he had spent his Youth in the Wars, where having got nothing but dry Blows and empty Pockets, he betook himself to the Service of a rich *Parisian* Lady, in the Quality of her Gentleman-Usher; and that having scrap'd together a Sum of Money in this Place, (because he was also the Steward and Caterer of the House, and had the knack of emptying his Mistress's Purse to fill his own Pockets) he married an old Waiting-woman of the Family, who dy'd soon after, and left him all she had got in her Service. Being soon weary of the condition of a Widower, and no less of that of a Servant, he married a Country-woman, who furnisht his Lady's House with Bread: And 'tis to this last Marriage that I owe my Birth. My Father was call'd *Gariquet*; what Country he was of, I could never yet learn; and as for my Mother's Name, it signifies nothing to my Story. Let it suffice, that she was more covetous than my Father, and my Father more covetous than she, and that they had both a pretty large Conscience. My Father had the Honour of being the Inventor of the piece of Flesh tied with a String to the Pot-handle, which having boild a considerable time, may be taken out again, and serve several times to make Soop. I could tell a hundred more Particulars of his good Husbandry, which gain'd him with Justice, the Reputation of a Man of Wit and Invention; but for fear of being too tedious, I will content my self with relating only two, which may seem incredible, tho they are most certainly true. He had bought up a great quantity of Corn, with design to sell it very dear, in case the Year should prove bad; but the Harvest being plentiful, and Corn falling in its Price, he was so possess'd with Despair, and the Devil, that he had an Inclination to hang himself. One of his Neighbours who happen'd to be in the Room when he enter'd upon that noble Design, and had hid her self for fear of being seen, (for what Reason I know not) was not a little surpriz'd, when she saw him hang dangling on one of the Joists

Joists of the Cieling. She immediately ran to him, crying out, help, help, and began to cut the Rope; and by the help of my Mother, who came in at the Noise, got it from his Neck: Perhaps they repented the doing of so good an Action, for he beat 'em both to Mummy; and made that poor Woman pay for the Rope she had cut, by stopping some Money he ow'd her. His other Prank is no less strange: He grudged himself whatever he eat, and his Wife being brought to bed of a Boy, the Fancy took him in the Crown, that she had Milk enough to nourish both his Son and himself; and hop'd, that by sucking his Wife he should save Bread, and live upon a Food of easie Digestion. My Mother's Wit was much inferior to his, tho her Avarice was as great; but tho she did not invent things as my Father did, yet having once conceiv'd 'em, she put 'em in execution with more exactness than he could. She therefore try'd to nourish both her Son and her Husband with her own Milk, and ventur'd also to feed upon it her self, with so much Obstinacy, that the little innocent Creature was soon starv'd to Death; and my Father and Mother were so weakned, and famish'd, that when they return'd to Meat, they surfeited themselves, and fell both sick upon it. Sometime after my Mother went with Child with me, and having happily brought forth a most unhappy Creature, my Father went to *Paris*, to desire his Mistress to stand Godmother to his Son, together with an honest Church-man, residing at his Village, where he had a Benefice. As he was returning home in the Evening, to avoid the Heat of the Day, and pass'd thro a great Street in the *Suburbs*, the Houses whereof were for the most part a building; he saw afar off by the Moon-shine, somewhat that glittered in his Eyes, as he was crossing the Street. He did not think it worth while to enquire what it was; but hearing the Groans of one in Pain, at the same place where what he had seen vanish'd out of his sight, he boldly enter'd one of those unfinish'd Buildings, where he found a Woman sitting alone on the Ground. The place she was in, receiv'd sufficient Light from the Moon, to let my Father perceive that she was very young, and very richly clad, having on a Gown of Silver Tissue, which was the glittering thing my Father saw the Moment before. You must not question that my Father, who did not want Resolution, was less surpriz'd than the young Lady; for she was in a Condition, that nothing worse could happen to her. This Consideration gave her the Assurance to speak first, and tell my Father, that if he was a Christian, he would take pity on her; that she was in Labour ready to be brought to Bed, and that the Maid she had sent for a trusty Midwife, not returning, she had slipt away from her House, without waking any
Body;

Body, her Maid having left the Door open, that she might come in again without making any Noise. She had scarce made an end of this short Relation, but she was deliver'd of a Child which my Father receiv'd into the Lappet of his Cloak. He acted the Midwife as well as he could, and the young Lady conjur'd him to carry away the little Creature with all speed, to take care of it; and not to fail two days after, to go to an old Churchman she nam'd to him, who would give him Money, and all necessary Orders for Nurling of the Child. At this word Money, my Father who had a penurious Soul, was going to display all the Eloquence of a Gentleman-Usher, but she would not give him time; she put into his hands a Ring, for a Token to the Priest he was to go to from her; caus'd him to swaddle the young Creature in her Neck-handkerchief, and sent him away in hast, notwithstanding his unwillingness to leave her in the condition she was in. I am inclin'd to believe, she had much adoe to get home again; as for my Father, he return'd to his Village, gave the Child to his Wife, and did not fail two days after, to go to the old Priest, and shew him the Ring. He learnt from him, that the Child's Mother was a young Lady of a very good Family, and very rich; that she had had this Child by a *Scotch* Lord, who was gone into *Ireland* to raise Soldiers for the King's Service; and that this Foreign Nobleman had promis'd her Marriage. Moreover the Priest told him, that by reason of her precipitate Delivery, she was fallen desperately sick, and being in that Extremity, had confest all to her Father and Mother, who instead of chiding her, endeavour'd to comfort her, by reason she was an only Child; that the thing was yet a Secret in the House, and therefore assur'd my Father, that if he would but take care of the Child, and keep Council, his Fortune should be made. Thereupon he gave him fifty Crowns, and a bundle of all sorts of things necessary for a Child. My Father return'd home after he had well Dined with the Priest. I was put out to Nurse, and the Stranger kept at home in my stead. A Month after, the *Scotch* Lord came back, and having found his Mistress so very ill, that she could not live much longer, he married her one day before she died, and so was no sooner a Husband, than a Widower. He came two or three days after to our Town, with the Parents of his Wife. There they began to weep afresh, and were like to stifle the Child with Kisses; my Father had reason to be thankful to the *Scotch* Lord for his Generosity, and the Relations of the Child did not forget him besides. They return'd to *Paris* very much satisfied with the Care my Father and Mother took of the Boy,

whom

whom they would not yet take home with them, because the Marriage was still kept secret, for some Reasons which never came to my Knowledge. As soon as I was able to walk, my Father took me home, to keep the young Earl of *Glaris* Company, (for so he was call'd by his Father's Name.) The Natural Antipathy said to have been between *Jacob* and *Esau* in the very Womb of their Mother, was never greater than that which was between the young Earl and me. My Father and Mother lov'd him tenderly, and had an Aversion for me, tho I was the more hopeful Boy of the two: There appear'd nothing but what was mean in him: As for me, I seem'd to be what I was not, and rather an Earl's Son than *Gariquet's*; and if I am at last no more than a wretched Player, 'tis undoubtedly, because Fortune had a mind to be reveng'd upon Nature, for designing to make me something without her help; or if you please, because Nature is sometimes willing to favour those whom Fortune is unkind to. I shall pass over in Silence, the Infancy of two young Clowns, (for *Glaris* was such by Education as well as my self) since our most memorable Adventures were nothing but abundance of Fifty-cuffs. In all the Quarrels we had, I always got the better of him, except when my Father and Mother sided with him, which they did so often and with so much Heat, that my Godfather, Monsieur Saint *Sauveur* by Name, was highly offended as it, and demanded me of my Father. He made him a present of me with great Joy, and my Mother had yet less Regret than he to part with me. Thus I was at my Godfather's well Clad, well Fed, much Carefs'd, and never beaten. He spar'd no Cost to make me read and write; and as soon as I was fit to learn *Latin*, he obtain'd of the Lord of our Village, who was a very civil Gentleman, and very rich, that I should study with two of his Sons, under a Learned Man he had from *Paris*, and to whom he gave a very good Salary. This Gentleman, the Baron d' *Arques* by Name, took great care to have his Sons well educated. The eldest call'd Saint *Far*, was a handsome Gentleman, but as untractably rough and brutish in his Nature, as ever Man was; to make amends, the younger Brother was both handsomer than Saint *Far*, and had a Vivacity of Mind, and Greatness of Soul equal to the Beauty of his Body. In short, I do not think there ever was a more hopeful young Gentleman than *Vervelle*, for this was the younger Brother's Name. He honour'd me with his Friendship, and as for me, I lov'd him like a Brother, and ever respected him as a Master. As for Saint *Far*, he had none but ill Inclinations, and I cannot better express the Sentiments he had both for his Brother and me,

me, than by telling you, that he lov'd not his Brother more than me, for whom he had a great indifference ; and that he hated me no more than he did his Brother, whom he lov'd but little. His Diversions were different from ours, for he lov'd nothing but Hunting, and quoted Books of Morality ; whereas *Vervelle* seldom went out a Hunting, and took great delight in Reading ; wherein I agreed wonderfully with him, as I did in every thing else, without being put to the trouble of doing any thing out of Complaisance, as in duty I ought. The Baron *d' Arques* had a large Library of Romances : Our Tutor who had never read any in his College, and who at first forbad us the reading of 'em, having condemn'd 'em a hundred times before the Baron *d' Arques*, to render 'em as odious to him, as he found 'em delightful, grew at last so much in love with 'em himself, that having devour'd both the old and the new ones, he confest that the reading of good Romances, was as Instructive as Pleasant, and no less proper to inspire young People with noble Sentiments, than the reading of *Plutarch*. He therefore encourag'd us to read 'em, as earnestly as he had discourag'd us before, and first of all advis'd us to peruse the Modern ; but these were not yet suitable to our Palates ; and till we were fifteen, we were much more delighted with reading *Amadis de Gaul*, than *Astrea*, and other fine Romances that have been made since, by which the *French* have shewn to the World, as they have by a thousand things besides, that if they do not invent so much as other Nations, yet do they nevertheless bring the Inventions of others to a far greater Perfection. We therefore bestow'd upon the reading of Romances, the greatest part of the time we had allow'd us for Diversion. As for Saint *Far*, he call'd us the Ruyters, and went abroad every day either to hunt, or to beat the poor Country Fellows, which he did with wonderful Success. The Inclination I had to do well, gain'd me the Favour of the Baron *d' Arques*, who lov'd me no less, than if I had been his near Relation. He would not suffer me to leave his Sons, when he sent 'em to the Academy, but sent me thither along with 'em, and that rather as a Companion than a Servant. There we stay'd about two years to learn our Exercises, at the end of which a Man of Quality, related to the Baron *d' Arques*, raising Soldiers for the *Venetians*, Saint *Far* and *Vervelle* perswaded their Father to let 'em go to *Venice* with their Kinsman. The good old Gentleman desir'd I would still accompany 'em, and Monsieur de Saint *Sauveur* my Godfather, who lov'd me extreamly, gave me very generously Bills of Exchange for a considerable Sum, to make use of, in case those I had the Honour to accompany,

should be unwilling to bear my Charges. We went the longest way about on purpose to see *Rome*, and the other fine Cities of *Italy*, in each of which we staid a considerable time, excepting those which are in the *Spaniards* Hands. I fell sick at *Rome*, and the two Brothers went on their Journey; the Gentleman under whose Conduct they were, being willing to lay hold on the Opportunity of the Pope's Gallies, which were putting out to Sea to join the *Venetian* Army near the Streights of the *Dardanells*, where they waited for the *Turks*. *Verville* was extraordinary sorry to leave me, and I almost mad to part from him, at a time when by my Services I might in some measure have deserv'd the Love he had for me. As for Saint *Far*, I believe he left me with as much indifference, as if he had never seen me; and I never thought on him, but only because he was Brother to *Verville*, who left me as much Money as he could spare; but whether Saint *Far* was consenting, I cannot tell. Thus I was left sick at *Rome*, having no other Acquaintance besides my Landlord, a *Fleming* Apothecary, who took extraordinary care of me during my Illness, and who, as far as I can judge, had more Skill in Physick, than the *Italian* Doctor who lookt after me. At last I recover'd, and gather'd Strength enough to go and view the most remarkable Places in *Rome*, where Strangers find abundantly wherewithal to entertain their Curiosity. I took a singular Delight in viewing the Vines, (thus are call'd several Gardens, finer than the *Tuileries* in *Paris*, which Cardinals and other Persons of Quality keep with much cost in *Rome*, rather out of Vanity than for their own Entertainment, since they never, or at least very seldom, go there themselves.) One Day as I was walking in one of the finest, I saw at the turning of the Wall, two Women very genteely dress'd, whom two young *Frenchmen* stopt, and would not let go, unless the youngest of 'em unvail'd her Face. One of those two *Frenchmen*, who look'd like the Master of the other, had even the Insolence to offer to unvail her by force, whilst his Man held the other, who was bare-fac'd. I was not long debating what I should do on this occasion, but presently told those rude Men, that I was resolv'd not to suffer them to offer Violence to those Ladies. They were both very much surpriz'd, for I spoke with such a Resolution, as would have daunted 'em, had they had their Swords as well as my self. The two Ladies came over to me, and the young *Frenchman* chusing rather to be baulk'd than beaten, told me as he went off; Sir, for all your hectoring, we shall meet you in some other place, where our Swords shall not hang all on one side. I answer'd, I would not hide my self: His Man follow'd him, and so I staid with
the

the two Women. She that had no Vail on, look'd to be about five and thirty: She return'd me thanks in good *French*, without any mixture of *Italian*, and told me amongst other things, that if all *Frenchmen* were like me, the *Italian* Women would not scruple to live after the *French* Fashion. After that, to reward the Service I had done 'em, she added, that since I hindred that rude *Frenchman* from seeing her Daughter against her Will, 'twas reasonable I should see her of her own accord; therefore, said she, *Leonora*, lift up your Vail, and let the Gentleman see that we are not altogether unworthy of the Honour of being under his Protection. She had scarce done speaking, but her Daughter put aside her Vail, or rather discover'd a Sun which dazled my Eyes. I never beheld so beautiful an Object in my whole Life; she cast three or four times her Eyes on me, as it were by stealth, and as they still met with mine, the innocent Blushes which overspread her Face, made her to look as handsom as an Angel. I perceiv'd the Mother was very fond of her, for she seem'd to share the Pleasure I had in gazing upon her. Now by reason I was little us'd to these Adventures, and that young People are easily dash'd out of Countenance in strange Company, I made 'em but indifferent Complements when they went away, and gave 'em perhaps but an indifferent Opinion of my Wit. I was angry with my self for not asking their Habitation, and that I did not offer to wait upon 'em thither; but 'twas preposterous to run after 'em. I went to the Door-keeper to inquire whether he knew 'em, but we were a long while before we could understand one another, because he spoke no better *French*, than I did *Italian*. At last, rather by Signs, than otherwise, he gave me to understand, that they were unknown to him, at least he would not own he knew 'em. I return'd to my *Fleming* Apothecary, in a very different Disposition of Mind from what I was in when I came out; that is to say, very amorous, and very much in Pain to know whether that beautiful *Leonora* was a Courtezani or an honest Woman, and if she had as much Wit as her Mother, who seem'd to have a great deal. I abandoned my self to Thought, and flatter'd my self with a Thousand fair Hopes, which entertain'd me a while, but disquieted me much more when I consider'd the Impossibility of my Wishes. Having fram'd a Thousand frivolous Designs, I resolv'd at last to seek 'em out, not thinking it possible for 'em to remain long invisible in *Rome*, (which is not a populous City,) especially to a Man so much in Love as I was. That very Day I look'd for 'em where ever I thought it most likely to find 'em, and return'd home at Night more tir'd, and uneasie than I was when I went out. The next Day I sought 'em still with more diligence, yet

did nothing but tire and disquiet my self. By my peeping thro the Lattice-windows, and my hasty running after all the Women that bore the least Resemblance of my *Leonora*, I was taken a hundred times, both in the Streets and in the Churches, for the greatest Fool among those *Frenchmen* who have contributed most to the disparaging their Nation at *Rome*. 'Tis Matter of Wonder how I could gather Strength at a time when I suffer'd like one in Hell: However my Body recovered, whilst my sick Mind remained so divided betwixt Honour and Love, which kept me at *Rome*, that I often doubted whether I should obey the frequent Letters I received from *Verville*, who conjur'd me by the Ties of Friendship, to come to him, without using the Right he had to command me. At last, all my Endeavours to find out my unknown Ladie, proving ineffectual, I paid my Landlord, and got my little Equipage ready, in order to depart. The Day before I was to set out, Signior *Stephano Vanberge* (for so mas my Landlord call'd) told me, he design'd to give me a Dinner at a Mistress's House of his, and at the same time make me confess, that he had not made an ill Choice for a *Fleming*; adding withal, that he would not carry me to her before I was to go away, because he was a little jealous. I promis'd to wait on him, rather out of Complaisance than Inclination; and accordingly we went about Dinner-time. The House we went into had neither the Appearance, nor Furniture of an Apothecary's Mistress. Having travers'd a very fine Parlour, we entred a magnificent Room, where we were receiv'd by *Leonora* and her Mother. You may imagine how much I was agreeably surpriz'd. The Mother of that beautiful Daughter came towards me, to be saluted after the *French* way; and I must needs own, that she kiss'd me, rather than I her: I was so amaz'd, that I scarce could see any thing, neither did I hear one word of the Compliment she made me. At last I recover'd both my Senses and Sight, and saw *Leonora* more Beautiful and Charming than before, but had not the Assurance to salute her. I was sensible of my Fault as soon as I had committed it; but instead of repairing it, blush'd as much out of Shame, as she did out of Modesty. Her Mother told me, she design'd to return me Thanks before I went away, for the Pains I had taken to find out their Habitation; and this still increas'd my Confusion. She pull'd me

* Eed-side. into a * *Ruelle*, adorn'd after the *French* Fashion, where her Daughter did not follow us, because, I suppose, she did not think it worth her while to join Conversation with so dull a Fellow as I seem'd to be. She staid with Signior *Stephano*, whilst with her Mother I acted the part of a Clown to the Life. She was so civil as to find Matter to keep

up the Conversation her self; which she did very ingeniously; tho nothing can be more difficult, than to shew one's Wit with those that have none. For my part I never was such a Block-head in my Life; and if she was not tir'd with me then, she never could be sure with any Body. Amongst other things, to which I scarce answer'd Yes or No, she told me, she was a *French* Woman born, and that Signior *Stephano* would inform me of the Reasons which staid her in *Rome*. By this time, Dinner being ready, she was fain to pull me along to the Table, as she had pull'd me before to the *Ruelle*; for I was so disorder'd, that I did not know how to set one Foot before t'other. I was the same dull Loggerhead both before and after Dinner; during which, the only thing I did with Assurance, was to stare upon *Leonora*. I fancy she was uneasie at it, and therefore to punish me for it, never lifted up her Eyes all the while. Had the Mother been silent, the Dinner had been like a *Carthusian* Meal; but she discours'd Signior *Stephano* about the Affairs of *Rome*, at least I fancy so, for I am not very sure of it. At last we rose from Table, to the great Comfort of every Body, except my self, whose Distemper grew worse and worse every Moment. When we went to take our leaves, they said a thousand obliging things to me, which I only answer'd with the ordinary Compliments us'd at the bottom of a Letter: However I did something more at Parting than I did when I came in; for I saluted *Leonora*, and by that means compleated my Ruin. *Stephano* was not able to get one single Word from me in all our Way home. I lock'd my self up in my Room, without pulling off either my Cloak or Sword. There I revolv'd in my Mind whatever had happen'd to me. *Leonora* presented her self to my Fancy more beautiful than ever she had appear'd to my Sight. I remembred how dull and silly I was before the Mother and the Daughter; and as often as I thought on it, was so asham'd that I could not forbear blushing. I wish'd to be rich, curs'd my mean Extraction; and then fancy'd to my self a thousand lucky Adventures, advantageous both to my Fortune and Love. At last, having nothing in my Thoughts but how to frame a plausible Pretence to stay, and not finding any to my liking, I grew so desperate, as to wish to fall sick again, to which I had already no small Disposition. I design'd to write to *Leonora*; but all my Pen could produce did not please me, and so I put into my Pocket the beginning of a Letter, which perhaps I had not dar'd to send, had it been finish'd. Thus having disquieted my self to little purpose, and not being able to banish *Leonora* from my Thoughts, I resolv'd to go by the Vine where she appear'd to me first, to abandon my self entirely to my Passion, and pass by her Door

once for all. This Vine was well situated in one of the remotest Parts of the City, and in the midst of several old uninhabited Buildings. As I pass'd along, pensive and melancholy under the Ruins of a Portico, I heard some body stalk behind me, and at the same time felt my self run through under the Reins. I presently fac'd about, and instantly drew my Sword; and finding I had to do with the Servant of the young *Frenchman* I mention'd before. I was like to return him at least as good a Pass as he had made at me by Treachery: But as I push'd at him without being able to close with him, because he maintain'd a running Fight, and endeavour'd to parry, his Master came out from among the Ruins of the Portico, and attacking me behind, dealt me such a stunning Blow on the Head, and a great Thrust in the Thigh, as made me to fall down. There was no likelihood of my escaping at so cheap a rate; but because in an ill Action People seldom preserve a Presence of Mind, the Servant wounded his Master in the Right Hand; and at the same time two *Minime* Fryars of the *Trinity* of the *Mount* passing by, and seeing me treacherously assaulted, ran to my Assistance; whereupon my Assassins made their escape, and left me wounded in three several Places. Those good Fryars happen'd to be *Frenchmen*, to my great Comfort; for in so remote a Place, had an *Italian* seen me in the Condition I was in, he would rather have avoided than succour'd me, lest being found doing me a good Office, he were suspected of being himself my Murtherer. Whilst one of these charitable Fryars receiv'd my Confession, the other ran to my Lodging, to acquaint my Landlord with my Disaster: He came instantly to me, and caus'd me to be carried, half dead, to my Bed. With so many Wounds, and so much Love, 'twas no wonder if I soon fell into a most violent Fever. My Life was despair'd of by all, and I had no Reason to hope better than the rest. In the mean time my Passion for *Leonora* was so far from abating, that it was rather increas'd, tho my Strength grew still weaker and weaker. Wherefore, not being able to support so heavy a Burthen, without easing my self of it, nor resolv'd to die, without letting *Leonora* know, that 'twas for her sake only that I wish'd to live, I call'd for a Pen and Ink. They thought I was Light-headed; but I was so earnest in protesting that they would drive me into Despair in case they should deny me what I requested, that Signior *Stephano*, who had taken notice of my Passion, and was so clear-sighted as to guess at my Design, gave Orders that I should have all things necessary to write; and as he knew my Intention, he staid all alone in the Room. I perus'd what I had scribl'd a little before, with Design to make use of some Thoughts which came then in-

to my Head upon the same Subject, and then wrote thus to *Leonora*.

I no sooner saw you, but 'twas out of my Power to forbear loving you; my Reason did not oppose my Passion, but told me, as well as my Eyes, that you were the most lovely Person in the World; whereas it should have represented to me, how unworthy I was of your Heart. However, that would have serv'd only to exasperate my Disease with unprofitable Remedies, and after having struggled a while, I must at last have yielded to the irresistible Necessity of loving you, which you impose on all that see you. Well, I love you, my charming Leonora, but with so much Respect, that you ought not to hate me for it, altho I have the Boldness to discover it to you: But how is it possible to die for you, without boasting of it? And how can you refuse to pardon a Crime, with which you cannot reproach me long? I own your being the Cause of a Man's Death is a Recompence not to be merited but by a great Number of Services, and you will perhaps envy me an Happiness, which you procure me without Design. But do not grudge it me, lovely Leonora, since 'tis no more in your Power to make me lose it, and that 'tis the only Favour I ever receiv'd from Fortune, who will never sufficiently reward your Merit, but by procuring you Adorers as much above me, as all other Beauties in the World are below yours. Therefore I am not so vain as to think that you will bestow the least Sentiment of Pity on -----

I was not able to make an end of my Letter; my Strength fail'd me on the sudden; the Pen fell from my Hand, for my Mind went so fast, that my Body could not keep pace with it; else that long beginning you have heard, had been but a small part of my Letter; so much was my Imagination warm'd by my Fever, and my Love. I was a long time in a fainting Fit, without giving the least Sign of Life; which Signior *Stephano* perceiving, he open'd the Chamber Door to send for a Priest. At that very Moment *Leonora* and her Mother came to visit me, having, it seems, been inform'd of my being wounded. Now as they thought this Accident befel me upon their accounts, and for that reason that they were the innocent Cause of my Death, they did not scruple to come to see me in the Condition I was in. My Trance lasted so long, that they went away before I was come to my self, very much afflicted, as one may imagin, and fully perswaded that I would never recover. They read what I had been writing; and the Mother, being more curious than the Daughter, perus'd also the Papers I had left on the Bed; amongst which there was a Letter from my Father. I was a long time struggling betwixt Life and Death; but at length

Youth getting the upper hand, in a Fortnight's time I was out of Danger; and in five Weeks time began to walk about the Room. My Landlord entertain'd me often about *Leonora*. He acquainted me with the charitable Visit she and her Mother had made me; at which I was over-joy'd: And if I was a little troubled at their reading my Father's Letter, I was highly pleas'd that my own had been read also. As often as I happen'd to be alone with *Stephano*, I could talk of nothing but *Leonora*. One Day calling to mind what her Mother told me, that he could inform me who she was, and what Reasons oblig'd her to stay in *Rome*, I desir'd him to acquaint me with what he knew of the matter. He acquainted me, that she came to *Rome* with the *French Ambassador's Lady*; that a Man of Quality, a near Relation of the Ambassador's had fallen in Love with her; that in time she lov'd him too, and that being married clandestinely, she had the beautiful *Leonora* by him: He inform'd me likewise, that that Nobleman had fallen out with all his Relations upon this Account, which oblig'd him to leave *Rome* and go to *Venice* with *Madam la Boissiere* (for this was her Name) till the time of the Embassy should be expir'd; that having brought her back to *Rome*, he furnish'd her a House, and gave her all Necessaries to live like a Person of Quality, whilst he staid in *France*, whither his Father had call'd him back, and whither he durst not carry his Mistress, or, if you please, his Wife, well knowing that none of his Relations would approve his Match. I must confess I could not sometimes forbear wishing that *Leonora* were not the legitimate Daughter of a Person of Quality, that the Blemish of her Birth might excuse the meanness of mine; but however I soon repented so criminal a Thought, and wish'd her Fortune answerable to her Merit. This last Thought cast me into Despair; for as I lov'd her more than my Life, I plainly foresaw that I could never be happy without enjoying her, nor enjoy her without making her unhappy. When I began to recover, and that there was no other Remains of my Dissemper, than a great Paleness in my Cheeks, occasion'd by the vast quantity of Blood I had lost, my young Masters return'd from the *Venetian Army*, the Plague which infected all the *Levant*, not suffering them to signalize their Courage there any longer. *Verville* had still the same Affection he ever had for me, and *St. Far* did not yet shew he hated me, as he has done since. I recounted to them all my Adventures, except my falling in Love with *Leonora*; both express'd a great desire of being acquainted with her, which my exaggerating the Merit both of the Mother and the Daughter encreas'd. A Man ought never to commend the Person he loves before those
who

who may love her also, since Love enters at the Ears as well as the Eyes. This Folly has often been pernicious to those who have been guilty of it, which my own Experience will justifie, as you shall see anon. *Saint Far* ask'd me every Day when I design'd to carry him to *Madam la Boissiere*: One Day, when he was more pressing than ordinary, I answer'd, I could not tell whether she would admit of his Visit or not, because she liv'd very retir'd. Nay, reply'd he, I now plainly see you are in love with her Daughter; and adding, he knew how to go see her without me, after a very blunt manner. I was so daunted, that he then firmly believ'd, what he barely suspected before. Afterwards he pass'd an hundred silly Jestis upon me, and dash'd me so out of Countenance, that *Verville* pity'd me. He took me away from his unmannerly Brother, and carried me to the * *Course*, where * *A Place to take the Air in, in a Coach, as in Hide-Park.* I was extremely melancholy, tho' *Verville*, out of a Kindness extraordinary in a Person of his Age, and so much above me by his Quality, us'd all possible means to divert me. In the mean time, the ill-natur'd *Saint Far*, endeavour'd to satisfy himself, or rather to ruin me. He went strait to *Madam la Boissiere*; where they took him at first for me, because he had my Landlord's Servant with him, who had often accompanied me thither; but had it not been for that, I believe he had never been admitted. *Madam la Boissiere* was very much surpriz'd to see a Man she did not know: She told *Saint Far*, she could not imagine upon what Score, a Stranger did her the Honour of a Visit. *Saint Far* reply'd very humbly, that he was the Master of a young Fellow, who was so happy as to be wounded in her Service.

Having begun his Compliment with an account which, as I was inform'd since, pleas'd neither the Mother nor Daughter; and these two ingenuous Persons, being unwilling to hazard the Reputation of their Wit, with a Person who at first dash discover'd he had little, the rude Impertinent was meanly diverted by them, and they very much tir'd with him. But what made him almost mad, was his being deny'd the Satisfaction of seeing *Leonora's* Face, tho' he had begg'd her a thousand times to lift up the Vail she commonly wore, as all unmarried Ladies do at *Rome*. At last this accomplish'd Courtier being tir'd with tiring of them, rid 'em of his troublesome Visit, and return'd to Signior *Stephano's*, with little Advantage from the ill Office he had done me. Ever since that time, as 'tis ordinary with ill-natur'd People to hate those whom they have injur'd, he despis'd me to that degree, and disoblig'd me so often, that I had a hundred times forgot the Respect I ow'd to his Quality, if

Verville

Verville by his constant Friendship, and repeated Kindnesses, had not made me amends for his Brother's Brutality. I was not yet acquainted with the ill Office he had done me, tho I often felt the Effects of it; I found indeed, *Madam la Boissiere* more reserv'd to me, than when we were first acquainted; but being still as civil as before, I did not take notice of my being troublesome. As for *Leonora*, she appear'd very thoughtful before her Mother, but when not observ'd by her, methought she was not so melancholy, and cast on me more favourable Looks than I could have expected. *Destiny* was thus relating his Story, and the Actresses listning very attentively, without shewing the least inclination to sleep, when they heard the Clock strike two; (*in the Morning*) Mrs. *Cave* put *Destiny* in mind, that the next Day he was to accompany Monsieur *la Rappiniere* to a House about two or three Leagues out of Town, where he promis'd to give 'em the Diversion of Hunting. This made *Destiny* take his leave of the Players, and retire to his own Chamber, where in all probability he went to Bed: The other Players did the same, and the remaining part of the Night was spent in quiet; the Poet, as luck would have it, having made no new Stanza's to disturb the general Repose.

C H A P. XIV.

How the Curate of Domfront was carried away.

THose who have had so much spare time to throw away upon the reading of the foregoing Chapters, may remember, if they have not forgot it, that the Curate of *Domfront* was in one of those Litters, which met four in a Company in a little Village, by an Accident which perhaps had never happen'd before; tho every one knows, four Litters may sooner meet together, than four Mountains. This Curate then, who lodg'd in the same Inn where our Players quarter'd, having had a Consultation of the Physicians of *Mans* about his Disease, and being told by those grave Doctors in very elegant *Latin*, that he was troubled with the Gravel, which the poor Man knew but too well before; and likewise having dispatched some Business which never came to my Knowledge: This good Priest, I say, having done all this, set out from that Inn about nine a Clock in the Morning, to return to the Spiritual Conduct of his Flock. One of his Nieces, dress'd like a Gentlewoman, but whether she

was

was so or not, signifies little, plac'd her self at the fore-part of the Litter, at the good Man's Feet, who was very thick and short. A Peasant, by Name *William*, led the Fore-horse by the Bridle, by special order from the Curate, for fear he should stumble; and the Curate's Servant, one *Julian*, took care to drive the hinder; which was however so restive, that he was often obliged to push him forward with his Shoulders. The Curate's Chamber-pot, which was of yellow Brasse, and glister'd like Gold, having been newly scour'd in the Inn, hung on the right side of the Litter, which made it to look more magnificent than the left, which was only adorn'd with a Hat in a Pastboard Case, which the Curate had receiv'd from the *Paris* Messenger, for a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who had a House near *Domfront*. About a League and half from the Town, while the Litter jogg'd leisurely on in a hollow way, fenced on both sides with thick Hedges, as strong as Walls, three Horsemen seconded by two Men on Foot, stop't the venerable Caravan. One of them who seem'd to be the Captain of the rest, with a most terrible Voice cry'd, Death and Furies, the first Man that offers to speak a word, I'll pistol him, and with that clapt the Muzzle of his Pistol within two Inches of *William*, the Country-fellow's Nose, who led the Horse-Litter. Another did the like to *Julian*, and one of the Foot-pads levell'd his Gun at the Curate's Neck, whilst he slept very quietly in the Litter, by which means he was freed from the terrible Fright had seiz'd his little peaceful Retinue. These villanous Rogues drove the Litter with more hast than the dull Horses that carried it were willing to make. Never was silence better observ'd in so violent an Action: The Curate's Niece was more dead than alive; *William* and *Julian* wept, without daring so much as to open their Mouths, by reason of the terrible Apparition of Fire-arms; and the Curate slept on, as I said before. One of the Horsemen detach'd himself from the main Body, and went a full Gallop before. In the mean time the Litter reach'd a Wood, at the entrance of which, the Fore-horse, which perhaps was as much frightened as his Leaders, or else out of spite, because they had forc'd him to go a quicker pace, than his dull and heavy Constitution would permit him, put his Foot into a Wheel-track, when he fell a flouncing so fiercely, that the Curate wak'd at the Noise; and his Niece trundled down from the Litter on the lean Buttocks of the Jade. The good Man call'd *Julian*, who durst not so much as answer him; he then call'd his Niece, who was not such a Fool as to open her Mouth; and the Peasant being as hard-hearted as the rest, the Curate fell into a Passion in good earnest. Some relate he swore a great Oath, but

but I can hardly believe such a thing of a Curate of Lower *Mayne*. The Curate's Niece had by this time rais'd her self up again from the Horfes Buttocks, and sat in her place without daring to look on her Uncle; and the Horse having with great vigour disingag'd his Feet, went on faster than ever he did, notwithstanding the Curate's screaming out with his Reading-desk Voice, stop, stop. His repeated Cries scar'd the Horfes, who ran as if the Devil drove 'em, which made the Curate to cry still the louder. Sometimes he call'd *Julian*, sometimes *William*, and oftner than the rest his Niece, to whose Name he added the Epithet of double Whore and Carrion. However, she might have spoke if she had been willing; for the Man who made her to observe so religious a Silence, was gone to meet the Horsemen who rode before, about forty or fifty Yards from the Litter. But the fear of the Carabine, made her insensible of her Uncle's hard Words; who seeing himself so obstinately disobeyed, began at last to howl and cry out, Help, help, Murther, Murther. Thereupon the Horsemen who rode before, and whom the Foot-men had call'd back, came to the Litter, and made it stop. When one of them cry'd in a terrible Voice to *William*, What Fool is that, that makes such a Noise in the Litter? Alas, Sir, answer'd *William*, with Fear and trembling, you know that better than I. The Horseman gave him a sound knock on the Pate with the But end of his Pistol, and presenting the Muzzle to the Niece, commanded her to unmask, and tell him who she was. The Curate, who from his Litter beheld all these Passages, and who had a Law-suit with a Gentleman in his Neighbourhood, *de Laune* by Name, thought 'twas he that had a Mind to murther him. Whereupon he cry'd out, Monsieur *de Laune*, I summon you before God Almighty, to answer for my Murther if you kill me: I am a consecrated Priest, tho an unworthy one, and I'll have you excommunicated like a *Cannibal*. In the mean time his Niece pull'd off her Mask, and shew'd to the Horseman a wild staring Face, which he did not know. This produced an unexpected effect. That passionate Gentleman discharg'd one of his Pistols into the Flank of the Horse that carried the forepart of the Litter, and with the other shot one of his Footmen in the Head; saying, let all that give false Intelligence have that for their pains. And now it was, that the Curate and his Retinues Fears began to redouble: He demanded their Confession, *Julian* and *William* fell on their Knees, and the Curate's Niece kept close to her Uncle. But those who put them in that terrible Fright, were already gone from them, and made the best of their way, as fast as their Horfes could drive, leaving to their Charge, the Body of the Fellow that was shot, *Julian* and *William*.

William got up, still shaking with the remains of their Fear, and told the Curate and his Niece, that the Troopers were gone. Now they were fain to unharness the hindermost Horse, to set the Litter upright; and *William* was sent to the next Town to get another Horse. In the mean time the Curate was at a loss, what to think of these Accidents: He could not imagine, why they left him without robbing him; nor for what reason, that Horseman had kill'd one of his own Men; at which, however, he was not so much offended, as at the loss of his poor murder'd Horse, which, in all probability, had never quarrell'd with that Stranger. Upon the whole matter, he concluded that 'twas *de Laune*, who had design'd to murder him, and said, he would have his Revenge. His Niece maintain'd, that 'twas not *de Laune*, whom she knew very well; but the Curate had a mind it should be he, that he might have an occasion to indite him for an Assault, hoping to get him condemned upon the Deposition of some Knights of the Post, whom he expected to find at *Goron*, where he had some Relations. At length *Julian* espying another Company of Men on Horseback making towards 'em, betook himself to his Heels as fast as he could. The Curate's Niece seeing *Julian* upon the Flight, thought he had some reason for it, and therefore scamper'd away also, which put the Curate entirely beside himself, not knowing what to make of so many extraordinary Accidents. At last he himself espy'd the Horsemen whom *Julian* had seen before, and what is worse, he saw 'em coming up directly towards him. This Troop was composed of nine or ten Horsemen, in the midst of whom there was a Wretch bound Hand and Foot on a little sorry Horse, with a pale downcast Look, like one that was carrying to be hang'd. The Curate began to say his Prayers, recommending himself to God Almighty's Mercy, and not forgetting the Horse that was left alive: But he was very much surpriz'd, and comforted at the same time, to find that 'twas *la Rappiniere* with some of his Men. *La Rappiniere* ask'd him what he did there, and whether 'twas he that had kill'd the Man that lay dead near the Horses side. The Curate told him the whole Adventure, still affirming, that 'twas *de Laune* that had Way-laid him, of which *la Rappiniere* made a verbal Process at large. One of his Archers went to the next Village, to get the dead Body remov'd, and return'd with the Curate's Niece and *Julian*, who by this time had recover'd their Fright, and had met *William* with a fresh Horse for the Litter. The Curate return'd safe and sound to *Domfront*, where as long as he lives, he will relate how he was set upon, and carried away. The dead Horse was eaten up by the Wolves, or Mastie Dogs; the Body of the dead Man was bury'd

I know

I know not where, and *la Rappiniere*, *Destiny*, *Rancour*, and *Olive*, *la Rappiniere*'s Mirmidons, and the Prisoner, went back to *Mans*. This is the Success of *la Rappiniere*, and the Strollers hunting, who catcht a Man instead of a Hare.

C H A P. XV.

The Operator, or Mountebank's Arrival at the Inn. A Continuation of the History of Destiny and Star. A Serenade.

YOU may be pleas'd to remember, that by the foregoing Chapter, one of those that sat upon the Curate of *Donsfront*, left his Companions, and went full Gallop I know not whither. Now as he was spurring on a main in a deep and narrow Way, he spy'd afar off some Men on Horseback, making directly towards him; he would have wheeled about to shun 'em, but turning too short, and with more hast than good speed, his Horse sprung up so suddenly, that he fell down backwards with his Rider under him. *La Rappiniere* and his Fellows observing this, thought it was very strange, that a Man who came in such post hast towards 'em, should endeavour to avoid 'em with the like Speed. It gave them therefore just cause of Suspicion, especially to *la Rappiniere*, who was very susceptible in his own Nature; besides, that his Office oblig'd him to make the worst Interpretation of things in dubious Cases. His Suspicion encreas'd to a high Degree, for when he came near the Man who had one Leg under his Horse, he took notice that he was not so much dismay'd at his Fall, as that it was before such a Person as he. Now considering it could be no prejudice to him to aggravate his Fright, and knowing how to discharge his Office, as well as any Provost in *France*, he drew near him, and said to him, What! are you caught in a Trap, honest Man! Well, I'll take care you shall not get such another Fall. This amaz'd the poor Fellow much more than the Fall had done; when *la Rappiniere* and his Harpies saw in his Countenance such visible Signs of a guilty Conscience, that any other Provost less forward than he, would have arrested him without any more ado: He therefore commanded his Men to help get him up, and bind him Hand and Foot on his own Horse. He soon afterwards met the Curate of *Donsfront* in the Disorder you have read of, with a dead Person murder'd, and a Horse shot through;

through, which confirm'd him still the more in his Suspensions; to which the Prisoner's greater Disorder and Change of Colour, was no small Addition. *Destiny* survey'd him more earnestly than the rest, imagining he knew him, tho' where he had seen him, he could not perfectly call to mind. He scratch'd his dull Pate all the way he rode, to awake his drowsie Memory; yet could not remember where he had seen this suspected Person. At length they arriv'd at *Mans*, where *la Rappiniere* committed the suppos'd Malefactor to Prison, whilst the Strollers who were to open their Stage the Day following, retir'd to their Inn, to get all things in a readiness for that purpose. They were reconcil'd to the Inn-keeper, and the Poet who was as generous as any Poet in the World, would needs treat 'em at Supper. *Ragotin* who was then in the Inn, for he could not refrain coming thither, ever since he had been smitten with *Madam Star*, was invited by the Poet amongst the rest, who was so much a Fool, as to invite also those that had been Spectators of the Combat, which had been fought the Night before betwixt the Players and the Inn-keeper's Family, in their Shirts and Smocks. A little before Supper began, the jolly Company was farther incens'd by the Arrival of an Operator, and his Retinue; which consisted of his Wife, an old Blackamore Maid, a Monkey, and two Footmen. *Rancour* was his Acquaintance, of a long standing, and therefore there past great Civilities betwixt them: Nor would the Poet, who was easily acquainted with People, part with him nor his Wife, before he had prevail'd upon them by his high Compliments, which sounded loud, and signified little, only to come and honour him with their Presence at Supper. Well, sup they did, where nothing happen'd that was remarkable, only they drank plentifully, and eat proportionably. *Ragotin* fed his Eyes on *Madam Star's* Face, which intoxicated him more than the Liquor he had swallow'd. He spoke but very sparingly all the while they were at Table, tho' the Poet gave him a fair Opportunity of wrangling, flatly condemning *Theophile's* Verses, of whom *Ragotin* was a great Admirer. The *She-players* engag'd a while with the Operator's Wife, a *Spanish* Woman, and pretty agreeable. They afterwards withdrew into their Chamber, whither *Destiny* waited on them, to prosecute and end his Story, which *Cave* and her Daughter died with Impatience to hear. *Star* in the mean time was studying her Part, when *Destiny* having taken a Chair near the Bed-side, whereon *Cave* and her Daughter sat, went on with his History after the following manner.

Hitherto

Hitherto you have found me very amorous, and much in pain, to know what effect my Letter had wrought in *Leonora* and her Mother's Minds; you shall find me more in Love yet, and in the greatest Despair imaginable. I waited every day on Madam *La Boissiere* and her Daughter, so blinded with Passion, that I did not take notice of the coldness of their Reception, nor did I consider that my too frequent Visits might become importunate. Madam *La Boissiere* has been weary of my Company, ever since Saint *Far* acquainted her who I was: Yet she could not civilly forbid me the House, after what I had suffer'd on her account. As for her Daughter, if I may judge by what she has done since, I may say she pitied me, tho contrary to her Mother's Will, who kept so watchful an Eye over her, that we could never have an Opportunity to meet in private. But to speak the Truth, tho this fair Virgin was much less cold to me than her Mother, yet durst not she shew me the least token of her Favour before her Mother; so that I was on the Rack, and my assiduous Visits, serv'd only to make me the more hateful to those whom I design'd to please. One day Madam *la Boissiere* having receiv'd Letters from *France*, which oblig'd her to go abroad as soon as she had read the Contents of 'em, she sent immediately for a Coach, and Signiour *Stephano* to accompany her, not daring to go alone after the unlucky Rencontre, wherein I had engag'd on her account. I was myself nearer at hand, and more fit to be her Squire, than the Gentleman she had sent for; however she would not accept of the least Service from a Person, whom she intended speedily to rid her self of. As luck would have it, *Stephano* was not to be found; so that she was compell'd to shew before me, how uneasie she was, that she had no body to go along with her, that I might have the opportunity to offer my self; which I did with as much Joy, as she could have Regret to be necessitated to take me along with her. I conducted her to a certain Cardinal, who was then Protector of the *French*, and who by good fortune gave her Audience, upon the first Motion she made. The Business was doubtless of great Importance, and no small Difficulty; for she was a long time with him in a private Grotto, or cover'd Fountain in the midst of a fine Garden, whilst all the Cardinal's Followers walked into those parts of the Garden they had most fancy to. Now was I got into a large Walk of Orange-Trees alone, with the Beautiful *Leonora*, a Blessing I had often wish'd for before in vain; and yet was now more Modest and Faint-hearted, than ever I had been. I cannot tell whether she took notice of it or not, or whether it was her Goodness which made her to speak first to

me

me after this Manner. My Mother, said she, will have just reason to quarrel with Signior *Stephano* for failing us to day, and being the occasion of the trouble we give you to wait here so long. And I am infinitely oblig'd to him, reply'd I, for procuring me, tho' without Design, the greatest Happiness I ever hope to enjoy. I am too far upon the score of Obligations towards you, said she, to omit any thing that may prove your Advantage; therefore, pray let me know wherein the Happiness consists you mention to be procur'd by him, that I may share your Joy, if it be such as will not offend a Maiden's Ear. I fear, said I, you will make that joy to cease----I! answer'd she; No, I never was envious of any Man's Prosperity, much less of a Person's who has ventur'd his Life on my account. 'Tis not your Envy that I fear, answer'd I.----What other Motive, return'd she, can there be to make me oppose your Felicity? Your Disdain, said I. I shall be much perplex'd, added she, till you let me know what I should disdain, and which way this Disdain may concern you. I could soon unfold this Riddle, said I, but I cannot tell whether you will be pleas'd to understand it. Do not let me hear it then, reply'd she; for when we have such Doubts, it shews the thing is not to be easily understood, or is such as may displease. I must confess I have admir'd a hundred times since, how I was able to answer her, my Mind being less intent upon what she said, than full of Fears of her Mother's return, and losing the Opportunity of entertaining her with my Love. However, at last I must'r'd up all my Assurance, and without prolonging a Conversation, which did not carry me fast enough to the Point I aim'd at; I told her, not minding her last words, That I had long sought an Opportunity to speak with her, thereby to confirm what I had presum'd to express in my Letter; which yet I durst not have undertaken, but on the knowledge that she had seen that Writing. To this I added, a great deal of what I had written, and said moreover, that being upon my Departure to serve the Pope in the War he was making on some Princes of *Italy*; and resolv'd to die there, since I found my self unworthy to live for her; I would intreat her only to tell me, what Sentiments she would have entertain'd for me, had my Fortune been answerable to the Ambition I had to Love her. She told me with a Blush, that my Death would not be indifferent to her; and therefore, added she, if you are still of the same obliging Temper towards your Friends, do not let us lose one who has been so serviceable to us; or at least, if you will needs die, for some greater reason than what you have just now ex-

press'd; yet defer your Death, till we have seen one another in *France*, whither my Mother and my self are suddenly returning. I press'd her to explain more clearly the Sentiments she had for me, but her Mother was by this time come so near us, that she could not have satisfi'd me, if she had intended it. Madam *la Boissiere* look'd but coldly upon me, perhaps because I had had an Opportunity to entertain her Daughte, who likewise seem'd somewhat uneasie, which made me to stay but a little while with them, after their being return'd home. I left 'em highly pleas'd with my Adventure, putting the best Interpretation on *Leonora's* Answer I could. The next day I omitted not to wait upon them according to my Custom: I was told they were gone abroad, and the same answer I receiv'd for three days together, for I was not discourag'd by the first or second Denial. In fine, Signior *Stephano* advis'd me to go no more, because Madam *la Boissiere* would not suffer me to see her Daughter; adding, he took me to be a Man of more Sense, than to expose my self to a Refusal. Then he acquainted me with the reason of my Disgrace. *Leonora's* Mother had caught her writing a Letter to me, it seems; having severely reprov'd her for which, she afterwards gave strict Orders that her People should always deny their being within, whenever I came to pay my Visit to 'em: And then I likewise discover'd the ill Office Saint *Far* had done me, and that ever since that time, the Mother had been very much displeas'd with my Visits. As for the Daughter, *Stephano* assur'd me, my Personal Merit would have made her to wave my mean Birth and Fortune, could she but have gain'd her Mother's Consent; who was too haughty and covetous to be perswaded to it. I shall not trouble you with the desperate Thoughts this unwelcome News put me into: I was as much concern'd at it, as if I had Injustice done me in being refus'd by *Leonora*, tho I never durst hope to have the least possession of her Heart: I rail'd at Saint *Far*, and had some thoughts of Fighting him; but then considering how much I had been oblig'd to his Father and Brother, I had no other Refuge but my Tears. I wept like a Child, and was ever uneasie, but most of all in Company. Now came on the sad moment of our Departure, and I was forc'd to go away without taking my last Farewell of *Leonora*. We made a Campaign in the Pope's Army, where I courted Death as much as I could; but wherein Fortune disappointed me, as she had ever done in my other attempts. I could not meet that Death which I sought for, but gain'd Reputation I aim'd not at, tho I had been proud of it at any other time; whereas then I could cherish nothing, but the pleasing remem-

remembrance of *Leonora*. *Verville* and *Saint Far* were at length recall'd to *France* by the *Baron d'Arques*, who receiv'd 'em like a Father that doted on his Children. My Mother gave me a very indifferent Reception; and as for my Father, he dwelt at *Paris* with *Count Glaris*, who had chosen him Governour to his Son. The *Baron d'Arques*, who had been made acquainted with my feats of Arms in the War of *Italy*, where I had sav'd *Verville's* Life, would need have me to live with him in the Quality of a Gentleman, and Companion. He gave me leave to visit my Father at *Paris*, where I almost found 'em welcome, than I had done from my Mother. Any other Person in his Station, that had had a Son so accomplish'd as myself would certainly have presented him to the *Scotch Earl*, but my Father carried me out of his House in great haste, as if he fear'd I should disgrace him. As we went about the Streets, he reproach'd me for being too fine and gallant; and told me, I seem'd proud, and that 'twere better for me to learn a Trade, than thus to strut about with a Sword by my side. You may imagine, this Discourse sounded but harsh in a young Man's Ears, that had been well educated, and gain'd some Reputation in the Wars, and who besides had dared to love a handsome young Lady, and declare his Passion to her. I must freely own, the Sentiments of Love and Respect, which a Son owes to his Father, could not make me refrain from looking on him as a very troublefom old Man. He led me about through three or four several Streets, with the same Civility and caressing Expressions, and then shook me off abruptly, charging me not to come near him any more. I was willing enough to obey this last Injunction, and therefore quitted him, to go and wait upon *Monsieur de Saint Sauveur*, who receiv'd me like a Father indeed, and blam'd my own Parents for their unnaturalness; promising withal, never to abandon me. The *Baron d'Arques* had some Business, which oblig'd him to go and dwell at *Paris*. He took up his Lodgings at the farther end of *Saint Germain's* Suburb, in a very stately House, that had been lately built with many others, which have render'd that Suburb the finest part of the City of *Paris*. *Saint Far* and *Verville* made their Court to the King, went to the * *Park*, or a Visiting, as all young Men of Quality are wont to do in that vast City, which in Hide-Park makes the Inhabitants of all other Cities in the Kingdom that never come there, be accounted Clowns. For my own part, when I waited not on them, I frequented all the Fencing-Schools to keep my hand in ure, or went to the Play-House, which is perhaps one reason why I am now a tolerable Actor.

Verville took me aside one day, and told me he was fallen deeply in Love with a young Lady that dwelt in the same Street. He inform'd me she had a Brother, by Name *Saldagne*, who was as jealous both of her, and another Sister under his Tuition, as if he had been their Husband. Moreover he told me, he had made no small progress in his Amours, having perswaded her to give him Admittance by Night into their Garden, the back Door whereof open'd into the Fields, as ours did likewise. Having made me his Confident, he desir'd me to accompany him, and use all my Rhetorick to gain the Favour of the Woman that was to attend her. *Verville* had shew'd me all along such Friendship, that I could not reasonably refuse him any thing: So we went out of our Garden Back-door about ten a Clock at Night, and soon after were admitted into the Garden, where the Mistress and the Maid waited for us. Poor Madam *Saldagne* trembled like an Aspen Leaf, and durst not speak; *Verville's* Courage was little better; the Waiting-woman was as mute as a Fish; and I who only came to accompany *Verville*, spoke not a Word, neither had I any desire of prating. At last *Verville* summon'd his Courage to his Aid, and led his Mistress into a close Walk, having first laid a strict Charge upon the Waiting-woman and myself to play the Centinels part, which we observ'd so religiously, that for a long time we walk'd together, without speaking one word to each other. At the end of the Alley we met the young pair of Lovers: *Verville* ask'd me aloud, whether I had entertain'd Mistress *Maudlin* as she deserv'd? I reply'd, I thought she had no reason to complain. No, in truth, answer'd she, for he has not yet spoke one word to me. *Verville* laugh'd at her words, and assur'd Mistress *Maudlin*, that I was worth her Conyerfation, tho' I were somewhat melancholy. Likewise Madam *Saldagne* said, that her Woman was not to be despis'd; and thereupon those happy Lovers left us again, only bidding us be sure that no Body came to surprize 'em. I then prepar'd my self to be plagued with the Chat of a Waiting-woman, who I expected would now examine me about my Wages, what Acquaintance I had among the Chamber-Maids in that Parish, how many new Catches I could sing, and what Vales I had with my Master. After this, I imagin'd she would acquaint me with all the Secrets of *Saldagne's* Family, and tell me both his Faults, and his Sisters; for there are few Servants that meet, without giving one another a full Account of all they know of their Masters and Mistresses. But I was not a little surpris'd, to find my self in Discourse with a Waiting-Woman, that began thus: I conjure thee, thou dumb Spirit, to tell me whether thou art a serving Man, or not; and if thou art one,

by what admirable Virtue hast thou forborn thus long standing thy Master? I was amaz'd to hear a Chamber-Maid talk at that extraordinary rate; and so ask'd her, by what Authority she took upon her to exorcise me? I perceive, said she, thou art a stubborn Spirit, and that I must repeat my Conjur-ation. Tell me therefore, rebellious Spirit, by the Power God has given me over all proud and self-conceited Serving-Men, tell me who art Thou? I am a poor young Fellow, answer'd I, that would fain be now asleep in my Bed. I find, reply'd she, it will be no easie Matter for me to know who thou art: Yet thus much I clearly discover that thou hast little of a Courtier in thee. For, continued she, should'st thou not have first broken Silence in an humble Address; then have taken me by the Hand, entertain'd me with abundance of amorous fiddle-faddle, suddenly struggl'd for a Kiss, attempted to storm my Breast, till thou hadst been beaten off with three or four Cuffs on the Ear, as many Kicks on the Breech, and numberless Scratches on the Face; and then have return'd home with Scars of Honour, and the Marks of an amorous Adventurer? There are some Maids in *Paris*, said I, interrupting her, whose Marks I would be proud to bear; but there are others whom I should dread to look upon, for fear of dreaming afterwards of the Devil. What! thou thinkest me then, said she, perhaps one of those Scare-crows. But good Master *Squeamish*, dost thou not remember the old saying, *That in the Dark all Cats are Grey*? True, reply'd I, but I'll never do that in the dark, which I may repent when the light appears. But if I be handsom, said she, what then? Then I have shew'd you less respect than you deserve, reply'd I: For if your Beauty be equal to the Charms of your Wit, you deserve to be serv'd and courted after the nicest Rules of Gallantry. And couldst thou serve a Lady according to the nicest Rules, said she? Better than any Man living, replied I, provided I lov'd her. What matters that, said she, so she lov'd you? Nay, both must join Issue, where I engage in an Amour, replied I. Truly, said she, if I may judge of the Master by his Man, then has my Mistress made no indifferent Choice in Monsieur *Verville*; and that Waiting-Maid, whom thou shouldst condescend to love, would have no little Cause to be proud of her self. 'Tis not enough to hear me talk, said I, you must see me too---I believe both may be better let alone, reply'd she--Our Conversation was fain to end here: for Monsieur *Saldagne* knockt hard at the Street Door, which they made no great haste to open, that his Sister might have time to slip up into her Chamber. The poor Lady and her Woman went away in such haste and disorder, that they did not so much

as bid us adieu when they shut us out of the Garden. *Verville* would needs have me go into his Chamber when we got home. I never saw a Man so much in Love, and so well pleas'd: He extoll'd the Wit of his Mistress, and told me, he should never be satisfied till I had seen her. In fine, he kept me there all Night, repeating every thing she had said over and over so often, that I could not get to Bed till break of Day. For my own part, I admired to have met with so much Wit in the Conversation of a Waiting-woman; and must confess, I had a sort of itching Desire to know whether she was handsome or not; tho' the Memory of my *Leonora* made me very indifferent towards all the good Faces I saw every Day in *Paris*. *Verville* and I slept till Noon; and as soon as he wak'd, he wrote to Madam *Saldagne*, and sent the Letter by his Footman, who was acquainted with her Woman. This Fellow was of *Lower-Britain*, of a very disagreeable Figure, and a worse Brain. When I saw him going, it came into my Head, that if the Party, whether Waiting-woman, or Chamber-maid, whom I had entertain'd with Chat over Night, should see him in that rugged manner, and discourse him a while, she certainly would not mistake him for the Person that waited on *Verville*. This great Looby did his Message well enough for a Looby; having found out Madam *Saldagne* with her other Sister, call'd Madam *Lery*, whom she had entrusted with *Verville's* Love to her. As he was waiting for an Answer, they heard Monsieur *Saldagne* humming upon the Stairs. He was coming to his Sister's Chamber, who hastily convey'd the *British Mercury* into a Clothes Press. However the Brother made no long stay with his Sister, and so the *Britain* was restor'd to the open Air again. Madam *Saldagne* lock'd her self up in her Cloiset a while to answer *Verville's* Letter, whilst Madam *Lery* discours'd the *Britain*, whose Conversation, I doubt, was not very entertaining. Her Sister, having made an end of her Letter, releas'd her from our Clown, by sending him back with a Billet, wherein she promis'd to meet *Verville* that Night, at the same Time and Place as before. As soon as it was Night, you may imagine, *Verville* was ready to go to the Place of Assignment: We were admitted into the Garden, and it fell to my Lot to cope with the same Person I had entertain'd before, and whom I found to be very witty. She express'd more Wit this second time than she had done the first; and both her Accent and manner of Speech was so charming, that I confess I wish'd she might be as handsome as she was ingenious. In the mean time she could not believe me to be the *Britain* she had seen before; nor could she apprehend why I should have so much more Wit by Night than by Day: for ha-

ving heard the Fellow relate that Monsieur *Saldagne*'s coming into his Sister's Chamber had put him into a great Fright, I took it upon my self, and plaid upon her with it, assuring her, that I was not then in so much fear for my self, as for Madam *Saldagne*. This put it out of all Dispute, that I was the same ill-favour'd Rogue; and I observ'd afterwards, that she began indeed to discourse like a Chamber-maid. She then inform'd me that Monsieur *Saldagne* was a terrible Man; that having lost both Father and Mother in his Youth, being Master of a great Estate, and having only few of his Kindred, he exercis'd a great deal of Tyranny over his Sisters, to make them turn Nuns; using them not only like an unjust Father, but like a jealous insupportable Husband. I was about to take my turn, and tell a Story of the Baron d' *Arques* and his Sons, when the Garden-door, which we had not made fast, was of a sudden thrown open; when in comes Monsieur *Saldagne*, attended by two Footmen, one of which carry'd a lighted Flamboy in his Hand. He came from a House which stood in the same Row with his and ours, where they gamed every Day, and which St. *Far* frequented to pass away the time. They had both plaid there that Evening, and *Saldagne* having soon lost his Money, was coming home by his Garden, contrary to his Custom, and there surpriz'd us, as I told you, finding the Door open. We were at that time all four together in a cover'd Walk, which gave us opportunity to shun his and his Mens View. The Gentlewoman remain'd in the Garden, upon pretence of taking the fresh Air; and to give it the better Colour began to sing, tho she had little Inclination to it, as you may easily imagine. In the mean time *Verville* having scal'd the Wall, by the help of a Vine-Arbour, jump'd down on the other side; but a third Footman of *Saldagne*'s that was then coming in, seeing him leap, fail'd not to run and give his Master notice he had seen a Man leap from the Garden-wall into the Street. At the same instant I fell down with a great Noise into the Garden; the same Arbour, by means of which *Verville* had made his escape, unfortunately yielding under me. This Noise, together with the Fellow's Tale, allarm'd all that were in the Garden. *Saldagne* runs to the Place from whence the Noise came, follow'd by his three Men; where spying a Man with his Sword drawn, (for as soon as I could get up I put my self in a posture of Defence,) he attack'd me at the Head of his Company; but I soon made him to know that I was no easie Conquest. The Fellow that carried the Flamboy advanc'd farther than the rest, which gave me opportunity to see *Saldagne*'s Face, whom I presently knew to be the same Frenchman that would have murder'd me at

Rome, for having hindred him from being rude to *Leonora*, as I have before related. He knew me likewise at first sight, and making no doubt but that I was come thither to take my just Revenge, he cry'd out, You shall not escape me now, I assure you; And then I was hard put to it indeed; besides that I had almost broken one of my Legs with the Fall. I maintain'd a running Fight, till I retreated into a Summer-house, whither I saw *Verville's* Mistress run in just before in a woful Condition. She staid within, tho she saw me enter, whether she wanted time or courage to go out, I know not. For my part, my Resolution increas'd, when I consider'd they could attack me only before at the Summer-house Door, which was very narrow. I wounded *Saldagne* in one of his Hands, and the boldest of his Footmen in his Arm, which procur'd me a little Respite; yet could I not have any Hopes of escaping, believing they would at last make shorter Work with me, and dispatch me with Pistols, having found it too difficult to be done with Swords. But *Verville* came to my Relief: He would by no means go Home without me; and having heard the bustle and clashing of Swords, ventur'd to bring me off from the Danger he had brought me into, or at least to share it with me. *Saldagne*, with whom he had already made an Acquaintance, thought he came to his Aid, as a Friend and Neighbour. He took it as a great Obligation, and accosting him, said, You see, Sir, how I am set upon in my own House. *Verville*, who understood his meaning, immediately reply'd, He would be his Servant against any other Man, but that he came to protect this against all the World. *Saldagne*, enrag'd to find himself mistaken, swore desperately, he did not doubt but to make his Party good against two such Villains himself; and at the same time charg'd *Verville* most furiously, but was however repuls'd by him with a great deal of Gallantry. Then I thought it high time to get out of my Summer-house to join my Friend; when having seiz'd the Lacquey that carried the Flamboy, I was loath to kill him, and contented my self with giving him only a Back-stroke over the Pate, which put him into such a Fright, that he ran off from the Garden into the Fields, crying out all the way, Thieves, Thieves. The other Footmen fled likewise; and as for *Saldagne*, I saw him fall into an Hedge at the same instant that the Light left us, either wounded by *Verville*, or by some other Accident. We did not think fit to help him up, but minded our own escape with all the haste we could. *Saldagne's* Sister, fearing some Violence from her rash Brother, stept out of the Summer-house, where I saw her, and begg'd of us softly, melting into Tears, that we would take her along with us. *Verville* was over-joy'd to

to have his Mistress in his Power, and under his Protection. We found our Garden-door half open as we left it; nor would we make it fast as yet, lest we should have a new occasion to go out again on the sudden. There was in our Garden a pretty Summer-house, painted, and neatly adorn'd, where we us'd to eat in hot Weather, and which stood at some distance from the Body of the House. My young Masters and my self did sometimes practise Fencing there, and this being the most delightful Place about the House, the Baron *d'Arques*, his Sons, and my self, had each of us a Key to it, that we might go in at Pleasure, and keep out the Servants, lest they should make havock of the Books and Goods that were there. In this place we lock'd up our Gentlewoman, whose Grief would admit of no Comfort. I told her we would only leave her for a few Moments to consult her Safety and our own, and then return immediately to her. *Verville* was a quarter of an Hour before he could wake his *British* Footman, who had been fuddling. As soon as he had got a Candle lighted, we consulted a while where we should bestow *Saldagne's* Sister, and at last resolv'd to lead her to my Chamber, in the upper part of the House, as being frequented by no Body but my self and a Servant that belong'd to me. We return'd back to the Summer-house in the Garden with our Light. *Verville* started back at his going in, which very much surpriz'd me: I had not the time to ask what ail'd him; hearing some Voices just at the Summer-house Door, when I put out the Candle. *Verville* cry'd, Who goes there? His Brother, *St. Far*, answer'd, 'Tis I, what the Devil do you do here in the dark at this time of Night? I was talking with *Garignes*, said *Verville*, because I am not yet sleepy. I am here upon the same account, return'd *St. Far*; therefore pray let me have the Room a little to my self. We did not trouble him to ask twice; but I stealing out the Lady as dextrously as I could, by thrusting my self betwixt her and *St. Far*, who went in at the same time, carried her off to my Chamber, bemoaning her self at a desperate rate; then I went down to *Verville's* Room, where his Man was striking a Light. *Verville* told me, with Grief in his Face, that he must of necessity return again to *Saldagne's*. What to do, said I, would you kill him outright? Alas! my poor *Garignes*, said he, I shall be the most unhappy Man in the World, if I do not get Madam *Saldagne* from out of her Brother's Hands. What! can she be there still, and in my Chamber too, reply'd I? Would to God that were true, reply'd he, sighing. I fancy you dream, return'd I. No, no, I do not dream, said he, we have brought away her eldest Sister instead of her. Why, reply'd I, were you not both in the Garden together? Nothing more certain,

tain, said he. Why then will you return to her Brother's to endanger your selves afresh, since that Sister you are in pain about is now safe in my Chamber? Ah! *Garigues*, cries he again, I knew well enough what I saw: And so do I likewise, quoth I; and to prove your Mistake, do but come up and see Madam *Saldagne*. He told me I was a Mad-man, and follow'd me with the greatest Concern in the World. But my Astonishment equall'd his Grief, when I found in my Chamber a Gentlewoman I never saw before, and not the same with her I brought from the other House. *Verville* was as much amaz'd as my self, but more satisfied by far, finding himself with his Mistress, contrary to Expectation. He then confess'd his own Mistake: But I could make him no Answer, neither was I able to comprehend by what Enchantment a Lady whom I had been with all the while, should on a sudden be transform'd to another, in the time we went from the Summer-house to my Chamber. I look'd earnestly upon *Verville's* Mistress, who certainly was not the same Person we brought from *Saldagne's*. *Verville* perceiving me in a Quondary, What's the matter, says he? I tell you once more, that I my self was mistaken. Nay, said I, 'tis I that am in an Error, if Madam *Saldagne* came hither along with us. With whom could she come else, reply'd he? I know not, nor no body else, said I, unless it be the Lady her self. Nor can I tell with whom I came my self, said Madam *Saldagne*, unless it were with that Gentleman, pointing to me: For, continu'd she, 'twas not Monsieur *Verville* that brought me away from my Brother's, but a Man that came into the Garden immediately after you went out, summon'd thither, I suppose, either by my Brother's Groans, or the Footmens Outcries. He caus'd my Brother to be carried into his Chamber; which my Waiting-woman having inform'd me of, and withal, assur'd me that he was of my Brother's Acquaintance, and a Neighbour; I went and staid for him in the Garden, where I conjur'd him to take me away with him till the next Day, when I design'd to retire to a Lady's of my Acquaintance, where I would stay till my Brother's Fury was over; which, I told him, I had all the Reason in the World to dread. This Person was so civil as to offer to conduct me whither I pleas'd, and promis'd to protect me even against my Brother, at the hazard of his Life. 'Twas under his Conduct I came to this House, where *Verville*, whose Voice I knew, spoke to the same Man; and immediately after I was brought up to this Chamber, where you now see me. This Account from Madam *Saldagne*, tho it did not clear all my Doubts, yet it help'd very much to make me guess how the Thing had been brought about. As for *Verville*, he was so intent upon

viewing

viewing his Mistress, that he scarce minded what she said. He began to tell her a thousand soft Things, without troubling himself to know which way she came into my Chamber. I took a Candle, and leaving them together, went back to the Summer-house in our Garden, resolving to speak to St. Par, tho he should be as blunt and captious as he us'd to be. But I was not a little surpriz'd to find, instead of him, the same Gentlewoman, whom I was certain I had brought my self from *Saldagne's*: And what yet encreas'd my Wonder was, to see her in great Disorder, like one to whom some Violence had been offer'd; her Commode was torn off, and her Steenkirk bloody, as was likewise her Face. *Verville*, said she to me as soon as I appear'd, approach me not, unless it be to take away my Life, wherein you will find less Difficulty than in offering Violence a second time to my Honour; and as Heaven has given me Strength to resist your first Attempts, so I doubt not but I shall be able to scratch your Eyes out, if I cannot be the Death of you: Is this, added she weeping, that passionate Love you profess'd to my Sister? Oh! how dear I pay for my Compliance with her Follies! But when we act contrary to our Duty, it is but just we should undergo what we stand most in fear of. But what do you now meditate upon, pursued she? perceiving my Astonishment; Do you feel a Remorse of Conscience for your base Action? If so, I can forget it with all my Heart: You are young; and I must own 'twas a great piece of Folly in me to trust my self to the Discretion of one of your Years: Conduct me therefore to my Brother's again, I conjure you; for as passionate and severe as he is, I dread him less than I do you, who are a brutish Monster, or rather a mortal Enemy to our Family, being not satisfied with seducing a young Lady, and murdering a Gentleman, but a more wicked Act must compleat your Crime. Having made an end of her Speech, which she utter'd with great Vehemence, she fell a weeping so bitterly, that I never in my Life saw one so afflicted. This, I must confess, made me to forfeit all the Judgment I wastill then master of, amidst so much Confusion, and if she had not ceased to speak of her own accord, I never should have interrupted her, so much was I astonished at the Authority of her Expostulations. But perceiving she had done speaking; Madam, replied I, neither am I *Verville*, nor is he, I can assure you, capable of such a base Action as you complain of. What! said she, are you not *Verville*? Did not I see you engag'd with my Brother? Did not a Gentleman come to your Assistance? And did not you bring me hither on my Entreaty, where you have offered a Rudeneis impious both to my Honour and Youth? She could say no more,

so

so much her Grief oppress'd her Heart. For my part, I never was so perplex'd, and could not apprehend how she should both know *Verville*, and not know him at the same time. I told her I was an absolute Stranger to the Rudeness she complain'd of; and that since Monsieur *Saldagne* was her Brother, I wou'd conduct her, if she pleas'd, to the same Place where her Sister was. These Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when I espied *Verville* and Madam *Saldagne* coming into the Room where we were, she being absolutely resolv'd to go back again to her Brother's; but how this dangerous Freak came into her Head I know not. The two Sisters embrac'd each other as soon as they met, and renew'd their flowing Tears, as if they were contending who should weep most. *Verville* earnestly entreated them to return to my Chamber, laying before them the Difficulty of getting into their House after the great Allarm the whole Family had been in; adding withal, the Danger of exposing themselves to their Brother's present Fury, the Safety of the Place they were in, and how near it was to Break of Day; which being once come, they would enquire how all things went at *Saldagne's*, and accordingly might resolve what was most convenient to be done. *Verville* easily persuaded them to condescend to this Proposition; they now finding themselves secure in one another's Company, we went up to my Chamber; where having examin'd the strange Accidents which perplex'd us, we were as apt to believe, as if our Eyes had been Witnesses, that *St. Far* had certainly made an Attempt upon Madam *Lery's* Honour, *Verville* and my self knowing him capable of the like and worse Actions. We were not deceiv'd in our Conjectures. *St. Far* had been gaming in the very House where *Saldagne* had lost his Money, when passing by his Garden a little after the Scuffle, he met *Saldagne's* Footman, who related to him what had befallen his Master, who, they said, had been set upon by seven or eight Rogues, thereby to excuse their own Cowardise, in leaving him in the Lurch. *St. Far* thought himself oblig'd to offer him his Service as a Neighbour, and did not leave him till he had seen him carried to his Bed-chamber; after which Madam *Saldagne* intreating him to protect her against her Brother's Fury, she came along with him, as her Sister had done with us. He intended to secure her in the same Summer-house where we were, as I said before; and being as much afraid lest we should see his Lady, as we were careful he should not see ours, the two Sisters by this Accident meeting, just as he was coming in, and we going out, I happened to catch his Lady by the Hand, whilst he laid hold by a like mistake upon mine; and thus the Ladies were exchange'd.

This

This was the more easily done, by reason I had put out my Candle, and the Ladies were so terribly disinay'd as well as we, that they did not know what they did in the Hurry. As soon as we had left the Summer-house, *St. Far* finding himself alone with a very handsome Lady, and having more Instinct than Reason, or, to describe him in his natural Colours, being indeed a very Brute, he took Advantage of the Opportunity, never minding the Consequence, or what an irreparable Affront he offer'd to a Lady that had thrown her self into his Arms for Protection. His Brutality was rewarded as it deserved. Madam *Lery* defended her self like a Lioness, bit him, scratch'd him, and made him bloody all over. After all which, he went up to Bed, and slept as soundly as if he had done the best Action in the World. You may wonder perhaps how Madam *Lery* hapned to be in the Garden at the time we were surpriz'd by her Brother, since there was no body there but her Sister and her Waiting-woman. This at first puzzled me as well as you; but at last I learnt from them both, that Madam *Saldagne*, not daring to trust her Waiting-woman with the Secret of her Amours, had persuaded her Sister to attend her in the Garden; and this was the Person I entertain'd under the Title of *Mauclin*. Here my Wonder was at an end, how a Chamber-maid could be Mistress of so much Wit as I found in her Conversation: Madam *Lery* told me, she was no less puzzled to find me so witty in the Garden by Night, and such a Blockhead by Day, when she mistook me for the dull *Britain*. Ever after that we entertain'd Sentiments for each other something above a bare Esteem; and I dare say she was not less satisfied than I, to find our Conditions more equal, than if either of us had been a mercenary Servant. The Day appear'd while we were yet talking together. We left our Ladies in my Chamber, where they might sleep if they pleas'd, whilst *Verville* and I went to consult what was next to be done. For my part, having no Love-fancies to disturb my Breast, as *Verville* had, I died almost for want of Sleep; but there was no reason I should abandon my Friend with such a load of Business on him. I had a Footman as subtle and witty, as *Verville's* *Valet de Chambre* was dull and blockish; I gave him what Instructions I could, and sent him to make Discovery how Affairs stood at *Saldagne's*. He perform'd his Message very discreetly, and brought us account, that *Saldagne's* Servants reported, the Thieves had desperately wounded their Master; but as for his Sisters, there was no more mention made of them, than if there had never been any such; whether he little car'd for 'em, or because he gave positive Orders to his Servants not to speak of 'em, to stifle scandalous Rumors. I see here must be something of a Duel after all, said *Verville*;

ville; nay perhaps something of a Murther, reply'd I: Whereupon I acquainted him that *Saldagne* was the same Hector that had endeavour'd to murder me at *Rome*; and how we came to know one another in the Garden; adding withal, that if he did but imagine, as there was all the likelihood in the World, that I lay there in wait to take my Revenge of him; then certainly he could not at all suspect the intelligence between his Sister and us. I went to give an account to those fair Ladies of our Discoveries; and in the mean time, *Verville* visited Saint *Far*, to found his Sentiments, and discover the truth of our Suspicions. He soon perceived his Face full of Scratches; but whatever question *Verville* put him, he could get no other Answer than, that as he came from the Gaming-house, he found *Saldagne's* Garden-door open, his House in an uproar, and himself very much wounded in the hands of his Servants who were carrying him to his Chamber. A very strange Accident, said *Verville*, no doubt but his Sisters will take it very much to Heart: They are very handsome Ladies, and I must go and give 'em a Visit. What's that to me, said this Brute; who then fell a whistling, not minding or giving any answer to whatever his Brother afterwards desir'd to know. *Verville* left him, and return'd to my Chamber, where I was employing all my Eloquence, to comfort our fair distress'd Ladies. They were Disconsolate even to Desperation; and apprehended the roughest Treatment from their Brother's Jealousie and savage Temper, as being a Man wholly enslav'd by his Passions. My Lacquy brought 'em some Meat from the next Cook, which he continu'd to do for fifteen Days together; so long were they conceal'd in my Chamber; which was above the rest, and so much out of the common Road and Passage, that no Body disturb'd 'em in the least. They could willingly have put themselves into some Nunnery for shelter; but after their sad Adventure, had just reason to apprehend their Brother would have confin'd 'em longer there than they would have car'd for. In the mean time, *Saldagne's* Wounds were in the fair way of curing, and Saint *Far*, as we observ'd, went every day to visit him. *Verville* stirr'd not out of my Room, which was not taken much notice of in the Family, he being wont to pass many whole days in it, either Reading, or in Discourse with me. His Love for Madam *Saldagne* encreas'd every day, neither did she love him less. Her elder Sister lik'd me pretty well, nor was she indifferent to me in her Behaviour. Not that my Passion for *Leonora* was a whit abated, but I had no manner of hopes from her. Some time after *Verville* receiv'd a Note from *Saldagne*, wherein he challeng'd him to meet him with a Second in the Plain of *Granelle*,

to decide there their Quarrel with the Sword; by the same Note, he desir'd *Verville* to bring no other Person but my self with him, which made me to suspect he intended to take us both in the same Trap. My suspicion was not altogether groundless, having already experienced his Treachery; however, *Verville* would not mind it, resolving to give him any just satisfaction, and to offer a Marriage with his Sister. He sent for a Hackney Coach, tho there were three Coaches belonging to the Family. We went to the place appointed, where *Saldagne* waited for us, and where *Verville* was much astonish'd to find his own Brother, his Enemy's Second. We omitted neither Submissions nor Intreaties, to bring things to a fair Accommodation, but nothing less than fighting would serve the turn of those two unjust and irrational Men. I was about to protest to *Saint Far*, how much it was against my Will to draw my Sword against him; but he told me bluntly, he never lik'd me in his Life, nor could any thing endear me to him, till he had open'd a passage or two in my Body with his Sword's point, for his good will to enter at. With these words he came fiercely towards me: I only put by his Thrusts for some time, resolving if possible to grapple with him, and so disarm him, tho with apparent danger of being wounded my self. Fortune befriended my good Intention, for he soon after slipped down at my Feet; I gave him time to rise, but that which should have made him my Friend, did but encrease his Enmity. In fine, having given me a slight Wound in the Shoulder, he vapour'd like a Bully, and cry'd, I think you feel me now. --- My Patience being worn out, I prest upon him, and having put him into Disorder, got so happily within his Sword, that I seiz'd on the Hilt. The Man you hate so very much, said I, will now however give you your Life, --- He struggled a while to no purpose, and would not reply a Word, like an obstinate rash Brute as he was, tho I represented to him it was our Duty to go and part his Brother and *Saldagne*, who were grappling, and rowling over one another upon the Ground. But I perceiv'd I must be more rough with him; therefore wrenching his Hand, I forc'd away his Sword, which I threw at a great distance from him. Then I ran immediately to assist *Verville*, who had closed with his Antagonist. I was no sooner come up to 'em, but I saw afar off several Horsemen galloping towards us; *Saldagne* was soon after disarm'd, and at the same instant, I found my self run through the back by *Saint Far*. I could no longer master my Resentment, and therefore return'd him a thrust, that made no little Wound. The Baron d' *Argues* his Father, who came in at that Moment, and saw me wound his Son, did now hate me

as much as he had lov'd me before. He spur'd his Horse up towards me, and gave me a swinging blow on the Head. Those that came with him, followed his Example, and joyn'tly set upon me. I defended my self most happily against so many Enemies, but must needs at last have fallen a Sacrifice to them, if *Verville*, the most generous Friend on Earth, had not thrust himself betwixt them and me, at the hazard of his own Life. He gave his Footman a good cut over the Pate, because he found him more forward than the rest. I yielded up my Sword to the Baron, but that could not appease him; he call'd me Rascal, ungrateful Villain, and gave me all the injurious Names his Anger could suggest, and even threatn'd to have me hang'd. I boldly reply'd, that as much Rascal and ungrateful Villain as I was, I had given his eldest Son his Life; nor had I offer'd to hurt him, till he had treacherously wounded me behind. *Verville* maintain'd to his Father, I was in the right; but he said, he would never see my Face again. *Saldagne* went with the Baron d'Arques into the Coach, where they had already put Saint Ear; and *Verville*, who would by no means leave me, took me into another with himself. He set me down at one of our Princes Houses, where he had many Friends, and return'd to his Father's soon after. Monsieur de Saint Sauveur sent a Coach for me that very Night, and carried me privately to his own House; where he took as great care of me, as if I had been his only Son. *Verville* came to see me the next day, and told me, his Father had been inform'd of the Challenge by *Saldagne's* Sisters, whom he happen'd to find in my Chamber. He afterwards assur'd me with a great deal of Joy, that the Business was made up by an Agreement for a double Marriage to be consummated as soon as his Brothers Wounds were healed, which were not in any dangerous part. That it lay in my Power to be made Friends with *Saldagne*; and that his Father's Anger was pleas'd, who was very sorry he had misused me. He added, he wish'd I might soon recover, to be a sharer in their Joy; but I reply'd, I could not find in my Heart to stay in a Country, where I must be continually reproach'd with the meanness of my Birth, as his Father had done to me just before; but would soon leave the Kingdom, either to lose my Life in the Wars, or raise my self by my Sword, to a condition proportionable to the Sentiments of Honour, his noble Example had inspir'd me with. I am apt to believe, he was concern'd at my Resolution; but a Man in Love cannot mind any thing long, but his own Passion. *Destiny* was thus pursuing his Story, when the Report of a Gun was heard in the Street, and presently after one playing upon a pair of Organs. This kind of Musick having never perhaps

perhaps been us'd at the Gate of an Inn before, call'd all those People to their Windows, that had been wak'd with the Gun. In the mean time the Organs plaid on, and those who were no strangers to such sort of Instruments, took notice they plaid a Church-Tune. No Body could apprehend the design of so devout a Serenade, which however, was not yet acknowledged for such. But the doubt was soon clear'd by two pitiful Voices; whereof one squeal'd out a Treble, and the other roar'd out a rumbling Base. These two Catter-wauling Voices, were accompanied by the Organs, and all together made such a horrible Harmony, as set all the Dogs a howling round about. They sung

*Our Warbling Notes, and Ivory Lutes;
Shall Ravish every Soul, &c.*

with the rest of that old Ditty. After these harsh Notes, they over-heard a Person whispering as loud as ever he could, and scolding at the Singers for singing so Cuckoo-like, always in one Tune. The poor Choristers reply'd, they knew not what the Devil he would have them to sing? Sing what you will else, said he, speaking a little louder, for I will have singing for my Money. Upon this peremptory Sentence, the Organs chang'd their Tone, and another pious Anthem was sung, as devoutly as before. None of the Hearers had yet dar'd to speak, for fear of interrupting the Musick; when *Rancour*, who could not for his Life hold his Tongue on this Occasion, baul'd out aloud: What! do they use here to perform Divine Service in the Street? One of the Company said, they were singing *Tenebræ* in good earnest: 'Tis a Nocturnal Procession, adds a third: In fine, every merry Fellow in the Inn, had his Jest upon the Musick; neither could any one guess, who was the Serenading Fool, nor whom he design'd to Complement. In the mean time the Anthem was carrying on towards a Conclusion, when ten or a dozen Dogs which had followed a proud Bitch, ran in betwixt the Musicians Legs; and because many Rivals cannot be long together without quarrelling, after some Grumbling, Snarling, and Grinning of Teeth; the fell together by the Ears of a sudden, with so much Fury and Animosity, that the poor Musicians to save their Shins, betook themselves to their Heels, leaving the Organs to the mercy of the Dogs. These immoderate Lovers were so uncivil, in the heat of their scuffle, as to throw down the harmonious Machine, with the Frame that supported it; and I should be loath to swear, that some one of

G

them

them did not lift up a Leg and piss upon it, those Creatures being very diuretick in their Natures; especially where some Bitch or other of their Acquaintance is dispos'd to proceed to the Multiplication of her species. The Consort being thus out of Tune, mine Host order'd the Inn door to be open'd, intending to secure the Organs, with the Table and Trestle on which they stood, from farther Mischiefe. Whilst he and his Servants were busie about this charitable office, the Organist return'd accompany'd by three Persons, amongst whom were a Woman, and a Man muffled up in his Cloak: This Man was the very *Ragotin* in Person, who designing to Serenade Madam *Star*, had address'd himself for that purpose to a little Eunuch, Organist of a Church. 'Twas this Monster, neither Man nor Woman, that sung the treble Part, and play'd on the Organs which his Maid had brought; an overgrown Chorister sung the Base, both for the sum of two Testers, such was the scarcity of Provisions at that time in the plentiful Country of *Mayne*. As soon as the Inn-keeper found out the Author of the Serenade, he cry'd out aloud, on purpose to be heard by all that were at the Window, Is it then you, Monsieur *Ragotin*, that have come with your Vespers to my Door? You had best go to Bed, and not disturb my Guests at this time of Night. *Ragotin* reply'd, that he was mistaken in his Man, and yet spoke it so, as if he intended to discover what he seem'd to deny. In the mean time, the Organist finding his Instrument much batter'd, and being a very cholerick Creature, as all beardless Animals are wont to be, swore to *Ragotin*, he would make him pay for it; *Ragotin*, reply'd, he did not care a straw for what he could do: Ay, but I'll make you care, said the Eunuch, I will be paid my Damages. Mine Host and his Servants gave their Votes for the Organist; but *Ragotin* made them to understand, like a parcel of ignorant Fools as they were, that this was never the Custom in Serenades, and so went away not a little proud of his Gallantry. The Musicians laid the Organ on the back of the Eunuch's Maid, who carried it home to her Master's House. He in a very melancholy Mood, following her with the Table on his shoulders, and attended by the Chorister with the two Trestles. The Inn Doors were lock'd up again, *Destiny* wish'd the Ladies good Night, and referr'd the remainder of his Story to the next Opportunity.

Scarrons
Comicall
Romance.



Com. Rom. p. 82.



C H A P. XVI.

The opening of the Stage, with other Matters of no less Consequence.

NEXT Day the Players assembled betimes in the Morning in one of those Chambers they had at the Inn, in order to rehearse the Play they were to act that Afternoon. *Rancour*, whom *Ragotin* had made Confident of his Serenade, which he seemingly made difficulty to believe, told his Comrades, that the little Fellow would not fail to be there suddenly, to receive their Applause for his refined piece of Gallantry. He also maliciously entreated them, that whenever he hinted at it, they would take no notice of it, but put him off with some other Discourse. *Ragotin* came into the Room at the same instant, and having saluted the Players in general, began to mention his Serenade to *Madam Star*, who at that time prov'd a meer wandering Planet to him; for she still chang'd place, and never answer'd his Questions about what time she went to Bed, and how she had past the last Night? This made him to leave her, and address himself to *Madam Angelica*; who instead of entertaining him, studied the Part she had in the Play. He next went to *Cave*, who would not so much as look upon him. Every one of the Players in their turns exactly observing *Rancour's* Directions, neither answer'd any thing to *Ragotin's* Questions, shifting the Discourse as often as he began to mention what past the last Night. At length press'd by his Vanity, and impatient to suffer his Reputation to linger any longer, he thus spoke aloud to them all; Will you give me leave to tell you a great Truth, cry'd he? You may do as you please, reply'd some body: Why then, added he, 'twas I that gave you the last Night's Serenade. What! do they give Serenades with Organs in this Country, said *Destiny*? But whom did you intend it for? Was it not, continued he, for the fair Lady that set so many honest Dogs together by the Ears? No doubt on't, said *Olive*, for those snarling Curs would never have disturb'd such harmonious Musick, had they not been Monsieur *Ragotin's* Rivals, and jealous of him. Another of the Company would needs have his Jest, and therefore said, without doubt he is in his Lady's Favour, and meant nothing but honourable Love, since he could court her in the open Street. In short, every one in the Room had a fling at *Ragotin*, about his Serenade, except *Rancour*, who spar'd him, as having the Honour of being his Confident; and 'tis probable;

this curriſh Raillery had ſtill employ'd the whole Company, if the Poet (who, in his Nature, was as vain and ridiculous a Coxcomb as *Ragotin* could be, and who in every thing endeavour'd to gratifie his Pride,) had not taken them off, by ſaying to them in the tone of a Man of Quality, or rather of a falſe Pretender to it; Now you talk of Serenades, I remember that when I was married, I had one beſtow'd upon me, which laſted a Fortnight together, and conſiſted of a hundred ſeveral ſorts of Inſtruments: It ranged all over the *Marais*: The gentleſt Ladies in the *Place Royal*, took it upon their Accounts; ſeveral *Beaux* aſſum'd the Honour of it; nay, a Man of Quality took ſuch a Fit of Jealouſie upon it, that he order'd his Men to fall foul upon thoſe who beſtow'd it on me only. But they met with their Match, for theſe were all my own Country-men, and as brave Fellows as ever piſs'd; and beſides, moſt of them had been Officers in a Regiment I rais'd, in the late Inſurrection of the Commons in our Parts. *Rancour*, who check'd his bantering Humor in favour of *Ragotin*, could not be ſo civil to the Poet, whom he continually plagu'd. Wherefore taking up the Cudgels againſt this Darling of the Muſes, he ſaid to him, Your Serenade, as you deſcribe it, favour'd more of Bedlam, or a Proceſſion of Rains-horns, than any of Gallantry; and therefore probably proving troubleſom to the Perſon of Quality, he ſent out his Footmen either to ſilence, or drive away the horrid Noiſe. And what confirms me in my Opinion, proceeds *Rancour*, is, the Caſe of your Bride, who died for Age, within ſix Months after your hymeneal Solemnity, as you term it, was over: Nay, but ſhe died of a Fit of the Mother, ſaid the Poet, --- Say rather, of a Fit of the Grandmother, or Great Grandmother, replied *Rancour*: For, added he, in the very beginning of *Henry* the Fourth's Reign, ſhe was paſt having any Fits of the Mother, to my Knowledge; and to let you ſee that I am better acquainted with her, than ever you your ſelf were, tho you tell us daily ſuch Wonders of her, I will now relate to you a Paſſage of her Life, which I'm poſitive never yet came to your Knowledge. *In the Court of Queen Margaret*. --- This beginning of a Hiſtory drew all the Company in a Ring about *Rancour*, whom they knew to be furniſh'd with malicious Memoirs enough againſt all human Kind. But the Poet who dreaded him exceedingly, interrupting him, cry'd out, I'll lay a hundred Piſtoles to the contrary: Which abrupt Deſiance made the Company ſo merry, that they laugh'd him out of the Room. This was his uſual Way, by offering ſuch Wagers of conſiderable Sums, to maintain his daily Hyperboles, which amounted to the weekly *Quantum* of a thouſand or twelve hundred

dred Impertinencies, besides the innumerable downright Lies he vented into the Bargain. Now *Rancour* was the Comptroller-general both of his Words and Actions, and the Ascendant he had over him was so great, that I dare compare it to the Genius of *Augustus* over *Anthony*; that is to say, like to like, without putting a Brace of Strollers in the Scale against two famous *Romans*. *Rancour* having thus begun his Story, and being interrupted by the Poet, as I said before, every one earnestly intreated him to pursue it: But he excus'd himself, promising to give 'em, another time, a faithful account of the Poet's whole Life, wherewith his Wive's should be likewise interwoven. It was now high time to rehearse the Play that was to be acted the same Day in a neighbouring Tennis-Court. Nothing worth Observation occur'd at the Rehearsal. After Dinner they acted their Play, and came off with great Applause. Madam *Star* charm'd the whole Audience with her Beauty; *Angelica* did not want Admirers, and both of 'em acted their Parts to the general Satisfaction. *Destiny* and his Comrades did wonderfully well, infomuch that many of the Audience who had often seen Plays acted at *Paris*, confess, that the King's Players could hardly have outdone them. *Ragotin* in his Heart and Mind, ratified the Donative he had made of his Body and Soul to Madam *Star*, in the Presence of *Rancour*, who promis'd him every Day to persuade his Mistress to accept it. Without this Promise, Despair had soon made this little pitiful Lawyer the noble Subject of some great tragical Story. I cannot tell whether the Men pleas'd as well as the Ladies of *Mans* in their Acting, as the Women did the Men. Nay, if I did know the Truth of it, I think I should hardly discover it; but because the wisest Man is not able at all times to keep his Tongue betwixt his Teeth, I will conclude this present Chapter, to avoid all farther Temptation.

C H A P. XVII.

The ill Success of Ragotin's Civility.

AS soon as *Destiny* had stript himself of his old Embroidery, and put on his ordinary wearing Apparel, *la Rappiniere* carried him to the common Gaol, because the Man they had taken that Day the Curate of *Domfront* was set upon, desir'd to speak with him. In the mean time the Actresses went home to their Inn with a numerous Attendance of Citizens. *Ragotin*

happening to be near *Cave*, as she came out of the Tennis-Court where they had acted, offer'd her his Hand, to lead her home, tho he would rather have paid that civil Office to his dear *Star*; he did the like to *Angelica*, so that he was Squire upon the right and left. This double Civility occasion'd a treble Inconveniency; for *Cave*, who had the upper hand, as in all reason she ought, was crouded to the Wall by *Ragotin*, that *Angelica* might not be forc'd to walk in the Kennel. Besides, this little Dwarf reaching no higher than their Waists, pull'd down their Hands so much, that they could scarce keep themselves from tumbling over him. But that which most troubled them was, his often looking behind to stare on Madam *Star*, who was talking to a Brace of County *Beaux*, that would by all means lead her to her Lodgings against her Will. The poor Actresses endeavour'd many times to get loose from their Gentleman-Usher, but he held so fast, that they thought themselves in Fetters. They desir'd him a hundred times to spare himself that trouble; but he only answer'd, your Servant, your Servant, (his ordinary Compliment) and grip'd their Hands still harder and harder. Therefore they were fain to be patient, till they came to their Chamber-stairs, where they hop'd to be set at Liberty; but *Ragotin* was better bred: And repeating only your Servant, your Servant, to all they could say, he endeavour'd at first to go up with 'em abreast, which he found impossible: Then *Cave* turn'd her Back to the Wall, and crept up side-ways, dragging *Ragotin* after her, who dragg'd *Angelica* in like manner, she dragging nothing, but laughing like a Fool. Now as an additional Inconveniency, when they were within four or five Steps of their Chamber-door, down comes a Servant belonging to the Inn, with a huge Sack of Oats on his Back of an excessive Weight, who with much ado, so heavy was his Load, bid them go down, for that he could not get up again with his Burthen. *Ragotin* would needs argue the case with him; the Fellow swore bluntly, he would let fall his Sack upon 'em. This made them to go down again much faster than they had come up; but *Ragotin* would not however let go his hold. The Man with the Oats prest hastily upon 'em, which caus'd *Ragotin* to miss a Step, so that he hung in the Air, holding still the Players by the Hand, till he pull'd down *Cave* upon him, who supported him more than her Daughter, by reason of the Advantage of the Place. Thus she tumbled down upon him, lighting with her Feet on the Pigmy's Belly and Breast, and knock'd her Head so fiercely against her Daughter's, that they lay all three tumbling on the Floor. The Fellow thinking they could not easily get up time enough, and being no longer able to support his Load, lets his Sack

Sack down upon the Stairs, swearing and cursing lik an Ostler. The Sack bursts open with the Fall, and then came in mine Host, who scolded like mad at the Ostler. But as he was mad at the Fellow, so the Fellow was mad at the Players, and they as mad at *Ragotin*, who was as mad as the maddest of 'em all; because Madam *Star*, coming not far behind, was Witness of this Disgrace, not much inferior to the late Adventure of the deep-crown'd Hat; wherein his Head had been most unmercifully pent up, not to be recover'd till a pair of Cizars had broke the Incantment. *Cave* swore a great Oath, that *Ragotin* should never lead her again, and shew'd Madam *Star*, how black and blew he had squeeze'd her Hands. *Star* told her, 'twas a just Judgment upon her, for robbing her of Monsieur *Ragotin*, who had engag'd himself to bring her back to her Lodgings after the Play; adding, she was glad of the Mischance that had befallen him, for breaking his Word. However, he heard nothing of this, being all the while in Dispute with mine Host, who threatned to make him pay the Waste of his Oats, and had already offer'd to beat his Servant on the same account, who for that reason beat *Ragotin*, and call'd him Petty-fogger. *Angelica* began to banter him in her turn, and reproach'd him with his Infidelity to Mrs. *Star*: In fine, Fortune plainly shew'd how little she was yet concern'd in the Promises made to *Ragotin*, of making him gain her Affection to that Degree, as would render him more happy than any Lover in the whole Country of *Mayne*; nay, *la Parche* and *Leval* added to it. The Oats were swept up again, and the Actresses went into their Chamber one by one, without any farther Misfortune. *Ragotin* did not follow them, nor can I exactly tell what became of him. Supper-time at last came, and to Supper they went: After Supper, every one withdrew to their respective Apartments, and *Destiny* lock'd himself up with the Actresses, in order to pursue his Story.

C H A P. XVIII.

The Continuation of the History of Destiny and Star.

I Made the foregoing Chapter a little of the shortest: perhaps this will prove somewhat longer; however I am not sure of it; but we shall see. *Destiny* took his usual Seat, and resum'd

his Tale after this manner. I shall finish my Story as briefly as I can, fearing I have already tir'd you too much with the Account of my Life and Fortune. *Verville* having given me a Visit, as I said before, and not being able to persuade me to return to his Father's, left me, in all appearance, much troubled at the Resolution I had taken, and went home; where a while after he married *Madam Saldagne*, as *St. Ear* did *Madam Lery*. She had as much Wit as *St. Ear* had Dulness; and I wonder how two Persons of such unequal Talents have been able to live together in the matrimonial Society. In the mean time, I presently recover'd, and the generous *Monsieur de Saint Sauveur*, approving of my Design of leaving the Kingdom, furnish'd me with Money for my Journey; and *Verville*, who did not forget me, tho now married, presented me with a good Horse, and a hundred Pistoles. I took my Journey towards *Lyons* to pass that way into *Italy*, with design to go once more to *Rome*, and after having taken my last Farewel of *Leonora*, to repair with Speed to *Candy*, there to put an end to my wretched Life. At *Nevers* I lodg'd at an Inn which stood near the River; and coming thither very early, and not knowing how to spend my time till Supper, went to take a Walk on a great Stone-bridge, built over the River *Loire*. There were a couple of Women walking there at the same time; one of which, that look'd as if she were sick, lean'd on the other's Shoulder, and had much ado to crawl along. As I pass'd by I pull'd off my Hat to them, without taking notice of their Faces, and continued walking for some time on the said Bridge, still keeping my Thoughts employed upon my Misfortunes, and chiefly about my Amours. I was well enough clad, as all those ought to be, whose Quality cannot excuse an indifferent Habit. When I came again near these Women, I over-heard one of them say, For my part, I should believe it too, had we not heard he was dead. I cannot tell how I came to look behind me, having no Reason to think they talk'd of me; and yet no Man but my self was the Subject of their Discourse. I presently found the first Lady to be *Madam la Boissiere*, grown very pale and wan, and who then rested upon her Daughter *Leonora's* Shoulder. Thereupon I made directly towards them, with more assurance than I had in *Rome*, having improv'd my self, both as to my Person and Wit, during my Stay in *Paris*. I found 'em so surpriz'd and amaz'd, that I verily believe they would have fled from me, had *Madam la Boissiere* been able to run; and this surpriz'd me no less. I ask'd them what happy Chance brought me into the Presence of two Persons whom I esteem'd above all the World. These Words dispell'd their Fears. *Madam la Boissiere* told me, I ought

ought not to wonder at seeing them look upon me with some Astonishment, since Signior *Stephano* had shew'd them a Letter from one of those Gentlemen I waited on at *Rome*, by which he was inform'd of my being kill'd in the War of *Parma*; adding, she was over-joy'd to find that News false, which had been so unwelcome to her. I replied, That Death was not the greatest Misfortune could befall me, and that I was going to *Venice* to court it; and, if possible, to spread the Report of my Death with greater Certainty than before. They grew sad at my Resolution; and the Mother began to express a great deal of Tenderneſs for me; the Cause of which I could not well gueſs at. At laſt I learnt from her ſelf the Ground of her Civility. I was now in a Capacity to ſerve her, and her preſent Condition would not allow her to deſpiſe and look coldly on me, as ſhe had done in *Rome*. They had met with a Misfortune which had put them to great Streights: For having turn'd all their Furniture into ready Money, they had left *Rome*, with a *French* Maid that had ſerv'd 'em a long time, and Signior *Stephano's* Man, a *Fleming* like himſelf, who would needs return to his native Country. This Fellow and the Wench, it ſeems, lov'd each other well enough to venture a Match; and yet they kept their Amour ſo private, that no body ever diſcover'd it. Madam *la Boiſſiere* being come to *Ravenna*, went thence by Water. At *Nevers* ſhe found her ſelf ſo very ill, that ſhe could go no farther. During her Sickneſs ſhe was ſomewhat hard to be pleas'd, and her Maid more unwilling to humour her than ever ſhe had been before. One Morning the Wench and her Paramour were miſſing; and, which was more grievous ſtill, the poor Lady's Money was miſſing alſo. Her Grief increas'd her Diſtemper, and ſhe was forc'd to ſtay at *Nevers* till ſhe had receiv'd Letters from *Paris*, from whence ſhe expected a Supply to proceed on her Journey. Madam *la Boiſſiere* told me this ſad Adventure in few Words. I led 'em back to their Inn, which was the ſame where I had taken up my Quarters. After I had brought 'em to their Chamber, and ſtood a while with 'em, I retir'd to my own, leaving 'em to their Supper. For my part, I could not eat a Bit, but thought it was at leaſt five or ſix Hours while I was at Table. I waited upon 'em as ſoon as they had given me notice that I ſhould be welcome. I found the Mother in Bed, and the Daughter receiv'd me with a Countenance as ſad as it appear'd joyful a Moment before. The Mother was ſtill more ſad than the Daughter, and I griev'd for Company. We ſtar'd a while upon one another without ſpeaking a Word. At laſt Madam *la Boiſſiere* ſhew'd me a Letter ſhe had newly receiv'd from *Paris*, which caſt both her and her Daughter *Leonora* into

into the deepest Affliction in the World. She express'd the Reason of her Grief with a Flood of Tears, and her Daughter *Leonora* wept also most bitterly; which mov'd me so sensibly, that I thought I did not express my Sense of it enough, tho I proffer'd 'em all I could possibly do for their Assistance, with such a Freedom, as put my Sincerity out of all doubt. I am as yet unacquainted with the Cause of your Grief, Ladies, said I; but if my Life can any ways contribute to your Relief, you may set your Minds at rest. Tell me therefore, Madam, said I, applying my self to the Mother, what must I do to serve you: Money I have, if you want any; and Courage likewise if you fear any Enemies; and the Satisfaction of having serv'd you, is the only Recompence I expect. My Words and Countenance gave 'em so full Assurance of the Reality of my Sentiments, that their Affliction was somewhat abated. Madam *la Boissiere* gave me a Letter to peruse, wherein a Gentlewoman of her Acquaintance inform'd her, that a certain Person, who was nameless, but whom I judg'd to be *Leonora's* Father, was commanded to leave the Court, and had retir'd into *Holland*. Thus this poor Lady found her self in a strange Country, without either Money, or the least Hopes of getting any. I made her a second proffer of the small Stock I had, which might amount to about Five hundred Crowns; and told her withal, that I would wait upon her into *Holland*, or any other Part of the World she had a mind to go to. In short, I assur'd her, she had found in me a Person that would do her all the Service she could expect from a Valet, and serve and honour her like a dutiful Son. I blush'd extremely at the word Son: But I was no more that hateful Man, that had been denied Admittance to their House in *Rome*, and to whom *Leonora* was invisible; for now she was much more civil, and her Mother less severe. At every Offer I made she still replied, *Leonora* would be very much oblig'd to me. All was stor'd upon *Leonora's* Account, insomuch that one would have taken her Mother to have been only a Waiting-woman that spoke in her Mistress's Behalf: So true it is, that the Generality of the World respect People only so far as they are subservient to their own Interest. I left them very much comforted, and retired to my Chamber the most contented Man that could be. I pass'd the Night very pleasantly, tho waking frequently, which kept me somewhat late in Bed, for 'twas Break of Day before I began to sleep. *Leonora* appear'd to me the next Day more nicely drest than she had the Day before; and she could not but observe that I had taken a little more care of my self. I led her to Mass without her Mother, who was as yet too weak to go abroad. We dined together, and from that time forward were

but

but as one Family. Madam *la Boissiere* very thankfully acknowledged the good Offices I had tendred them, and often assur'd me, that she would not die in my Debt. I sold my Horfe; and no sooner had the sick Lady recover'd her Strength, but we took a Tilt-boat, and went down the River to *Orleans*. During the time we were on the Water, I enjoy'd my *Leonora's* Conversation; nor was so great a Felicity interrupted by her Mother. I found her Wit as sprightly and charming as her Looks; nor had she Reason to think mine so dull as she had found it in *Rome*. What can I say more? In short, she was as much taken with me, as I was captivated by her; and you may witness ever since you have seen us together, how little our reciprocal Affection is diminish'd. --- What, said *Angelica*, interrupting him, is then Madam *Star* that *Leonora*? Who else? answer'd *Destiny*. At which Madam *Star* was pleas'd to say, her Friend had reason to question whether she were that *Leonora*, whom *Destiny* had made the Heroine of a Romance. 'Tis not upon that Score I start the Question, replied *Angelica*, but rather because we are ever in doubt of what we most desire. Madam *Cave* said, that for her part she had been confident it was so, even from the beginning, but desir'd them to wave any farther Discourse till *Destiny* had made an end of his Story; who went on thus. We arriv'd at *Orleans*; where our Entrance was so pleasant, as well deserves a particular Relation. A Pack of Scoundrels, who always wait at the Water-side in expectation of Strangers, to carry home their Goods, crouded into our Boat. There were at least thirty that offer'd to take up two or three little Bundles betwixt 'em, which however the weakest of these lazy Rogues might have carried singly under his Arm. Had I been alone, perhaps I might not have been so wise as to bear calmly with their Insolence. Eight of them seiz'd upon a little Bundle, not weighing much above twenty Pounds, which they seem'd to lift up from the Ground with much trouble; and having got it betwixt them, held it aloft above their Heads, upon their Fingers ends. All the Mob that stood by on the River-side fell a laughing, and we were fain to do the like. However I blush'd as red as Scarlet to go through the whole Town with such a Retinue: As for the rest of our Goods, which would not have loaden one Porter, they employ'd twenty at least, my very Pistols being carried in State by four lusty Rogues. The Order of our March at our Entrance into the Town was as follows: First eight Hang-dogs, either drunk, or such as ought to have been so, carried the little Box behind 'em, as I told you before. Next follow'd my Pistols and Holsters, each carried by two Fellows. Madam *la Boissiere*, no less vext than my self, went immediately after:

after : She was sitting in a great Wicker-chair, fastned to a couple of Cowl-bats, and carried by four Watermen, who reliev'd one another by Turns, and had a hundred impertinent Jests as they went along. The rest of our Goods came after her, being only a little Portmantle, and a Bundle cover'd with Canvas, which seven or eight of these Rascals tofs'd from one to another all the way. I brought up the Rear of this Triumph, leading *Leonora* by the Hand, who laugh'd so heartily, that I could not but be delighted with their Roguery in spite of my self. As we march'd along, the Passengers stood still, gazing upon us; and the Noise they made on this occasion drew all the People to their Windows and Doors. At last we arriv'd at the Suburbs, which is the Road towards *Paris*, attended by abundance of Mob, and took up our Lodgings at the Sign of the Emperor. I put the Ladies into a Parlour, and afterwards threatned the Rogues so seriously, that they were contented to take a small Piece of Money for their Pains, the Inn-keeper and his Wife taking my part against 'em. Madam *la Boissiere*, whom the Money I had furnish'd her withal sooner cur'd than any Cordials besides could have done, found her self strong enough to bear the Coach; wherefore I took up three places in one that was to go the next Morning; and within two Days after we arriv'd safe at *Paris*. As we alighted at the Inn, I made Acquaintance with *Rancour*, who came from *Orleans* in another Coach at the same time with ours. Hearing me enquire for the Inn to which the *Calais* Coach came, he told me he was just going thither himself, and if we had not hired a Lodging, he would carry us to a Woman of his Acquaintance who let Lodgings ready furnish'd, where we should have a very good Accommodation. We took him at his Word, and found it as he had told us. This Woman was the Widow of one that had all his Life-time belong'd to a Play-house, sometimes as a Door-keeper, and sometimes as a Scene-man, and even had often try'd to act Under-parts, but was generally hiss'd off the Stage. Having scrap'd some Money together at the Play-house, he furnish'd a House, let Lodgings, took Boarders, and by all this made a shift to gain considerably. We took a couple of Rooms, which were pretty convenient. Madam *la Boissiere* receiv'd a Confirmation of the ill News she had concerning *Leonora's* Father, and heard so much besides, tho which she conceal'd from us, that it made her to relapse into her former Disease. This put off our Journey to *Holland* for a while, whither she resolv'd to go under my Conduct; and *Rancour*, who was going for the same Country to a Company of Players, was contented to stay for us, upon my promising to defray his Charges. Madam *la Boissiere* receiv'd frequent Visits from

from one of her Friends, that had waited at the same time with her upon the Ambassador's Lady at *Rome*, and had likewise been her Confident, whilst *Leonora's* Father made Love to her. This Woman acquainted her with her pretended Husband's Retirement, and did us several good Turns during the time we staid in *Paris*. I went out of Doors as seldom as I could, for fear of being seen by some of my Acquaintance; nor did I find it a great Trouble to stay within, so long as I enjoy'd my *Leonora's* Company; whose Favour I gain'd more and more by my constant Care of her Mother. Upon this Woman's Persuasion, who, as I told you, came often to visit us, we went one Day to *St. Clou*, to air and refresh our sick Lady. Our Landlady came in for one amongst us, and *Rancour* for another. We took a Boat when we came to the Water-side; afterwards walked in the best Gardens; and having had a small Collation, *Rancour* reconducted the Women towards the Boat, whilst I staid behind to scan the Reckoning with an unreasonable Hostess, who kept me longer from 'em than I intended. I got off as cheap as I could, and hastned to rejoin my Company. But I was not a little astonish'd, to find the Boat gone a good way off from the Shore, carrying my Company towards *Paris*, and leaving me behind, without any notice, or so much as my Foot-boy that had my Sword and Cloak. Standing at the Water-side, very much troubled at their not waiting for me, I heard a great Up-roar in another Tilt-boat that lay hard by, when drawing somewhat near, I perceiv'd two or three Gentlemen, or Persons that look'd like such, who would needs fall foul on a Waterman because he would not follow our Boat. I leap'd at a venture into that Boat, just as it was launching forth, the Waterman fearing he should be roughly handled. But if I was troubled that my Company had left me at *St. Clou*, I was no less perplex'd to find that he that had offer'd this Violence was the same *Saldagne*, whom I had so much Reason to hate. At the instant I discover'd him, he remov'd from the Place he sat in, and came just by me. I did not know which way to look, and hid my Face from him the best I could. But finding him so near, that it was impossible to conceal my self long, and knowing I had no Sword, I took the most desperate Resolution that could be, which Hatred alone could not have suggested, had it not been attended with Jealousie. I seiz'd him by the Middle at the same time he began to know me, and threw my self into the River with him. He was not able to keep hold of my Clothes, whether his Gloves hindred him, or his sudden Surprise, I cannot tell. Never was Man nearer drowning. A great many of the neighbouring Boats came in to save us, every one thinking we had fallen into the

Water

Water accidentally, except *Saldagne*, who knew the Truth, but was not in a Condition to discover, or to pursue me. I got on Shore again without much difficulty, having only a thin Sute on, which did not much hinder my swimming; and thinking it worth my labour to make haste, I got far enough off from St. Clon before *Saldagne* was fish'd up. As they had not a little ado to save him, so, I dare say, they could hardly believe his Relation how I threw him into the Water, when he affirm'd I ventur'd my own drowning to procure his: For I cannot imagin why he should hide it from 'em. I was forc'd to go a great way about to get into *Paris*, and durst not enter the City till Night, having no need to dry my Clothes, the heat of the Sun, and my violent Exercise, having left but little Moisture in them. At length I got to my dear *Leonora*, whom I found in great Affliction. *Rancour* and our Landlady were overjoy'd to see me again, and so was Madam *la Boissiere* likewise, who the better to make her think I was her Son, acted the Part of a distress'd Mother: She excus'd her self in private to me for their not staying; assuring me the fright *Saldagne* put 'em into, hindred them from thinking on me; besides, that except *Rancour*, the rest of our Company would have rather embarrass than help'd me, if I had engag'd *Saldagne*. They told me, that at their going from the Tavern, this Spark follow'd 'em to the Water-side, where he very uncivilly press'd *Leonora* to unmask; when her Mother discovering him to be the same Man that had attempted the like at *Rome*, shuffled into the Boat in a fright, and made the Waterman put off from the Shore, without staying for me. *Saldagne* in the mean time having a couple of Rakes like himself with him, got into the next Boat with his two Comrades, where I found him threatening the Waterman, to make him follow *Leonora*. This Adventure made me to keep more within Doors than I had done formerly. A little while after Madam *la Boissiere* fell sick, her Melancholy contributing much to her Malady; which made us to remain part of the Winter at *Paris*. We were inform'd, that an *Italian* Prelate, who came from *Spain*, was going to *Flanders* thro *Peronne*; whereupon *Rancour* made Interest to have us comprehended in the Passport, in the Quality of Comedians. One Day, after we had waited upon this *Italian* Prelate, who lodg'd in the *Rue de Seine*, we supp'd in a Frolick in the Suburbs of St. *Germain*, with some Players of *Rancour*'s Acquaintance. He and I going over the *Pont-neuf* afterwards very late, were set upon by five or six Rogues. I made the best Defence I could, and to give *Rancour* his due, he did as much as any brave Man could have done; insomuch that he sav'd my Life, tho he could not keep me from being seized by these Robbers,

bers, my Sword being unhappily fallen from my Hands. *Rancour* got very stoutly out of their Clutches, with the loss of a sorry Cloak only. As for me, I was plunder'd of all I had, except my Doublet and Breeches. And to aggravate my Misfortune, they rifled me of an enamell'd Box with *Leonora's* Father's Picture in it, which *Madam la Boissiere* had left with me, to try what I could get for some Diamonds it had round the Case. I found *Rancour* at the Bridge-foot, wounded in the Arm and Face, as I my self was, tho' slightly, in the Head. *Madam la Boissiere* was very much concern'd for the loss of the Picture; but the Hopes of seeing the Original shortly comforted her. In fine; we went from *Paris* to *Peronne*; from *Peronne* to *Brussels*, and from *Brussels* to the *Hague*; from whence *Leonora's* Father had been gone about a fortnight before over into *England*, where he intended to serve the King against the *Parliamentarians*. *Leonora's* Mother was so deeply afflicted at his Departure, that she fell suddenly sick and died. As she was going to breath her last, and seeing me to grieve as much as if I had been her own Son, she recommended her Daughter to me, and made me to engage that I would not forsake her, but endeavour to find out her Father, and restore her to his Possession. Not long after, a *Frenchman* robb'd me of all the rest of my Money, which reduc'd both *Leonora* and my self to that Necessity, that we were forc'd to get into your Company, who, you know, accepted of us thro' the Recommendation of *Rancour*. You are acquainted with the rest of my Adventures, which since that time have been common to us all, at least as far as *Tours*, where I think I saw the Devil *Saldagne*; and, if I be not very much mistaken, I believe it will not be long before I meet him again in these Parts, which I fear less for my own part than for *Leonora's*, who would lose a most faithful Servant, if I should happen to miscarry, or be forc'd to part from her by my unlucky Stars. Thus *Destiny* ended his Story; and after having comforted *Madam Star* a while, whom the Relation had a little disorder'd, by renewing the Remembrance of her Misfortunes, which made her to weep exceedingly, as if they had but newly happen'd, he took his leave of the Actresses, and so went to Bed.

C H A P. XIX.

Some Reflections which are not amiss. Ragotin's new Disgrace, and other Things, which you may read if you please.

LOVE, which makes the young to undertake any Thing, and the old to forget every Thing; Love, which occasion'd the Wars of *Troy*, and many others besides, which I do not think worth while to mention here, would needs make it known in the City of *Mans*, that he is as much to be dreaded in a pitiful Inn, as in the brightest Palace whatsoever. He was not therefore contented with depriving the amorous *Ragotin* of his Appetite, but likewise inspired *la Rappiniere* with a thousand irregular Desires, a Man very susceptible of them, and made *Roquebrune* likewise to languish for the Operator's Wife, adding a fourth Folly to his Vanity, Bravery and Poetry; or rather obliging him to commit a double Infidelity: For he had made his amorous Addresses a long while before, both to *Star* and *Angelica*, who often advis'd him to d list, and not thro away his Courtship. But all this is nothing to what I shall now relate: Love triumphed likewise over the insensibility and Misanthropy of *Rancour*, who became enamour'd on the Operator's Wife too, and by Consequence a Rival to the Poet *Roquebrune*, a Punishment for his Sins, and an atonement for the cursed Writings he had publish'd. This Woman's Name was *Donna Inizella del Prado*, a Native of *Malaga*, and her Husband, or he that was reputed such, *Signior Ferdinando Ferdinandi*, a Gentleman of *Venice*, born at *Caen* in *Normandy*. There were several others in the Inn besides the above-nam'd, who where infected with the same Disease, as dangerously, if not more than those whose Secrets I have revealed; but they shall be discover'd too in due Time and Place. *La Rappiniere* fell in Love with *Madam Star* when she acted *Climene*, and intended then to have declar'd his Distemper to *Rancour*, whom he thought capable of doing any thing for Money. The Heavenly Bard *Roquebrune* design'd the Conquest of a Spanish Lady worthy his Courage. But as for *Rancour*, I cannot imagine by what potent Charms this Foreign Lady could inflame the Heart of one with Love, who hated all the World. This worn-out Stroller, being in Hell before his time, I mean in Love before his Death, was still in Bed, when *Ragotin* troubled him with his Passion, as it were the Belly-ake, came to desire him to mind his Business and take pity on him. *Rancour* assur'd him,

that

that e'er that day were over, he would do him a notable piece of Service with his Mistress. *La Rappiniere* entred *Rancour's* Chamber at the same time, who was still dressing himself. Having taken him aside, he confest his Infirmary to him, and vowed, that if he could bring him into favour with Madam *Star*, there was nothing in his Power, but he would do for him, even to the making him one of his Assistants, and bestowing his Neece in Marriage on him, whom he design'd to make sole Heirefs after his Death, because he had no Children of his own.

The cheating Rogue promis'd him yet more than he had done *Ragotin*, which put this Hangman's Purveyor in good Hopes. *Roquebrune* came likewise to consult the same Oracle: He was the most incorrigible presumptuous Coxcomb, that ever came from the Banks of *Garonne*, and one who thought every Body believ'd what he Romanc'd about his good Family, Riches, Poetry and Valour; insomuch, that he slighted all the dry Jest and Bobs that *Rancour* perpetually cast at him, presuming that what he did, was only for Conversation's sake: And besides, he understood Raillery as well as any Man alive, and bore it like a Christian Philosopher, even when it touch'd to the very quick. He therefore imagin'd he was admir'd by all the Players, nay, even by *Rancour* himself, who had experience enough to admire but few things; and was so far from having a good Opinion of this poor Brother of the Quill, that he made a full enquiry into his Extraction, thereby to discover whether those Bishops and great Lords, his Countrymen, whom he quoted ever and anon for his Relations, were the true Branches of that Genealogick Tree, this Fool of Noble Alliances, and Coats of Arms, together with many other things, had caus'd to be drawn in an old Roll of Parchment. He was very sorry to find *Rancour* in Company, tho he had less need to be troubled at that time than any one besides, it being his ill Custom, to be ever whispering in Peoples Ears, and to make a Secret of every thing, sometimes of nothing. However he took *Rancour* in a Corner, and at first very gravely desir'd to know whether the Operator's Wife was a Person of a great deal of Wit, or not; because he had lov'd Women of all Nations but *Spaniards*, and if she were worth his Labour, he should not be much the poorer, if he presented her with a hundred Pistoles, which he as often mention'd upon every trifling occasion, as the great Family from whence he was descended. *Rancour* told him, he was not so well acquainted with *Donna Inezilla*, as to answer for her Wit, tho he had often met her Husband in the chiefest Cities of the Kingdom, where he sold his Antidotes; but if he desir'd so much to be inform'd about it, 'twas but joining Conversation with her, since she began

to speak *French* tolerably well, and he might soon be satisfy'd. *Roquebrune* would needs entrust him with his Pedegree in Parchment, that he might dazle the *Spanish Donna* with the splendor of his Race; but *Rancour* told him, his Pedegree would sooner make him a Knight of *Malta*, than a happy Lover. Whereupon *Roquebrune* with a smiling Countenance added; Well, Sir, you know what I am. Yes, replied *Rancour*, I know well enough what you are now, and what you will ever be to your dying Day. The Poet went away as he came, and *Rancour*, his Rival and Confident at the same time, drew near to *La Rappiniere* and *Ragotin*, who were Rivals also, tho unknown to each other. As for old *Rancour*, besides that we naturally hate any one that endeavours to rob us of what we design for our selves, and the general quarrel he had against all Mankind; besides all this, I say, he ever had a particular Aversion to the Poet, which this Discovery was not likely to abate. *Rancour* therefore absolutely resolv'd, from that time forward, to do him all the mischief he possibly could, to which moreover his apish Nature prompted him, and fitted him for it: And not to lose time, he began that very day, by basely borrowing Money of him, wherewith he new cloathed himself from top to toe, and besides stock'd himself well with Linen. He had before been a Sloven all his Life-time; but Love, which works far greater Miracles than any thing else, now made him more curious of his Dress in his declining Days. In a word he chang'd his Linen oftner than became a Stroller, and began to wash, powder, and colour his gray Hairs, and likewise to trim himself so carefully, that his Comrades took notice of it. The Players had that day a Play bespoke, at one of the chiefest Citizens of *Mans*, who made a great Treat, and gave a Ball at his Neece's Wedding, whose Guardian he had been. The Nuptials were kept at a very fair Country-House of his, about a League from the City; but whether *Eastward*, *Westward*, *Northward*, or *Southward*, I cannot tell. The Decorator belonging to the Strollers, and a Carpenter were sent in the Morning early to erect a Stage. The whole Company of Players follow'd in two Coaches, about eleven a Clock, that they might get thither by Dinner-time. *Donna Inezilla*, the *Spanish Lady*, made one, at the earnest intreaty of the Actresses and *Rancour*. *Ragotin* being inform'd of the Business, went to an Inn at the end of the *Suburbs*, where he waited the coming of the Coaches, and tyed a very fine Steed which he had borrow'd, to the Grate of the Parlour that lookt into the Street. He was scarce set down to Dinner, when word was brought him, that the Coach was in sight. He flew to his Horse on the wings of Love, with a great Sword by his side, and a Carabine dangling at his Breech like a Bandaleer.

Bandaleer. He would never confess what his fancy was, to go to a Wedding with such store of offensive and defensive Weapons; neither could *Rancour* his Confident ever persuade him to discover it. By that time he had untied his Horse's Bridle, the Coaches were so near, that he had not time to look for a Jossing-block, that he might appear in State on his Steed like pretty *St. George*: And being none of the best Horsemen, and unprepared to shew his nimble Disposition, he did it but very awkwardly; for his Horse's Legs were as much too long, as his were too short. However, he stoutly rear'd himself in the Stirrup, and threw his right Leg over the Saddle; but the Girths being loose, it occasion'd a strange Disaster; for this made the Saddle to turn round, while he was bestriding the Steed. Yet all things went hitherto well enough, but the cursed Carabine which hung on a Belt about his Neck like a Collar, got so unfortunately betwixt his Legs before he was aware, that his Breech could not reach the Saddle, which was an old-fashion'd one, the Carabine lying a cross from the Pommel to the Crupper. Thus he sat in a very uneasy Posture, as not being able with the tip of his Toe, so much as to touch the Stirrups: Therefore his Heels being arm'd with Spurs, he kick'd the Horse's side in a place he was never us'd to be prick'd in, which made him to start more briskly than was necessary for a little Rider in that Posture, having nothing but the Carabine to rest upon. This made him to cling his Legs close to the Horse's sides, which made the Horse to fling up his hinder Legs; when *Ragotin* following the Nature of all heavy Bodies, fell into the Horse's Neck, whereby he got a bruised Nose, the Steed lifting up his Head suddenly at a jerk he gave him with the Bridle very preposterously: Now thinking to repair his Oversight, he let go the Reins; but giving the Horse his Head, he at that very instant gave such a great leap, as cast his Rider quite over the Saddle upon the Crupper, with the Carabine still between his Legs. The Horse not being us'd to carry any thing behind, makes a *Crospade*, which places *Ragotin* in the Saddle again. The unskilful Horseman clapt his Heels close to his sides afresh, and then the Horse flung up his hinder Legs more than at first, which pitch'd the unfortunate *Ragotin* just upon the Pommel, where we must leave him as on a Pinacle, to rest our selves a while; for upon the Honour of a Gentleman, this Description has cost me more Pains, than all the Book besides, and yet I am not well satisfied with it neither.

C H A P. XX.

The shortest in this present Book. Ragotin's Fall off his Horse, and something of the like Nature which hapned to Roquebrune.

WE left *Ragotin* planted on the Pommel of a Saddle, not knowing how to behave himself, and much perplex'd how he should get off. I scarce believe the defunct *Phaeton*, of unhappy Memory, was ever more troubled with his Father's four fiery Steeds, than was at this time our little Lawyer, with this one Titt, on which he nevertheless sat as quiet as a Lamb. That it did not cost him his Life, as it did *Phaeton*, he was beholding to Fortune, whose Caprices would be a fit Subject for me to expatiate on, were I not in Conscience oblig'd to release *Ragotin* from the imminent Danger he is in, having besides, many more things to treat of concerning our Strollers, during their Residence at *Mans*. As soon as the disastrous *Ragotin* felt what an uneasy Cushion he had under the two most fleshy parts of his Body, on which he us'd to sit, as all other rational Creatures are wont; I mean, as soon as he found how narrow his Seat was, he quitted the Bridle like a Man of Discretion, and laid hold of the Horse's Mane, who at the same time ran away full Speed. Thereupon the Carabine went off: *Ragotin* thought he had been shot, his Horse undoubtedly believ'd the same, and therefore made such a foul Stumble, that the little Man lost his Seat; insomuch, that for a time, he hung by the Horse's Mane, with one Foot entangled by his Spur in the Saddle-cloth, and the other with the rest of his Body, hanging dangling towards the Earth in expectation of a Fall, as soon as his Spur should break loose; together with his Sword, Carabine, and Bandaleer. At length his Foot being disingag'd, his Hands let go the Mane, and down he tumbled, tho with more Grace and Skill than he had got up. All this happen'd in sight of the Coaches, that stopt on purpose to see what would become of him; or rather to have the pleasure of laughing at him. He cursed the Horse, who stood stock still, as soon as he had laid down his Load: But to comfort him, they took him into one of the Coaches in the Poet's room, who was willing to ride, that he might flutter about the Coach, and court *Inezilla*, who sat in the Boot. *Ragotin* resign'd his Sword and Fire-arms to him, which he put on as dextrously as any Son of *Mars* could have done. He lengthned his Stirrups,

fitted

fitted the Bridle, and without doubt went to get up more methodically than *Ragotin* had done. But surely there had some Spell been cast upon that unlucky Horse that Day, for the Saddle being too loosely girted, as before, turn'd round with the Poet, as it had done with *Ragotin*; and the String of his Breeches breaking, the Horse ran a pretty way with him, whilst he had but one Foot in the Stirrup, his other serving the Beast as a fifth Leg, whereby his back-parts became expos'd to all the Company, his Breeches dangling all the way about his Heels. None of the Spectators laugh'd much at *Ragotin*'s Mishap, because they were afraid he would hurt himself, but *Roquebrune*'s Accident was attended with loud Shouts and Laughter from the Coaches: The Coachmen stopt to laugh their Bellies full, and all together hollowed at *Roquebrune*, which drove him, having disingag'd himself, into a House for Shelter, leaving the Horse to his own Discretion, who very wisely trotted back again to the Town. *Ragotin* knowing he was responsible for the Beast, alighted out of the Coach and went after him; when the Poet having cas'd up his Posteriors, return'd to the Coach much troubled, and no less troublesome to the Company by *Ragotin*'s Martial Equipage, who had undergone this third Disgrace in his Mistress's Presence, with which we shall conclude the twentieth Chapter.

C H A P. XXI.

Which perhaps will not be found very Entertaining.

THE Players were very well receiv'd by the Master of the House, who was a good honest Man, and one of the most considerable in those Parts. They had two Chambers allotted them to lay their Cloaths in, and make themselves ready for the Play, which was put off till after Supper. They dined in private, and after Dinner, those that had a mind to walk, had the choice of a Grove and a fine Garden to do it in. A young Counsellor of the Parliament of *Reenes*, and near Kinsman to the Master of the House, accosted our Players, having discover'd *Destiny* to be a Person of more than vulgar Judgment, and the Actresses, besides their great Beauty, to be such as could say more than just the Parts they had learnt by Heart. They discoursed of Matters relating to their Profession, as Plays, dramatick Writers, &c. This young Counsellor said amongst other things, that there was scarce any remarkable Subject for the Stage, that had not been blown upon; that all History was almost exhausted;

and that modern Authors would be at last constrain'd to wave those nice Rules of Unity of Time, and stretch it beyond four and twenty Hours: That the generality of People did not apprehend what those severe Rules of the Stage were good for, being rather pleas'd with Action and Representation than Recitals; and therefore such Plots might be contriv'd as would meet with Applause, without either falling into the Extravagancies of the *Spaniards*, or being tied up to the strict Precepts of *Aristotle*. From Plays, they proceeded to talk of Romances. The Counsellor said, that nothing could be more diverting, than our modern Romances; that the *French* alone knew how to write good ones; however, that the *Spaniards* had a peculiar Talent to compose little Stories, which they call'd *Novelas*, which are more useful, and more probable Patterns for us to follow, than those imaginary Heroes of Antiquity, who grow oftentimes tedious and troublesome, by being over-civil, and over-virtuous. In short, that those Examples which may be imitated, are at least as beneficial, as those that exceed all probability and belief; from all which he concluded, that if a Man could write as good *Novels* in *French*, as those of *Miguel de Cervantes*, they would soon be as much in Vogue, as ever heroick Romances have been. *Roquebrune* was not of the same Opinion: He affirm'd very positively, that there could be no Pleasure in reading Romances, unless they contain'd the Adventures of Princes, nay, and of great Princes too, and that for that reason, *Astrea* only pleas'd him here and there. In what Histories can one find Kings and Emperors enough to make new Romances, said the Counsellor? We must feign 'em, replied *Roquebrune*, as they usually do in fabulous Stories, which have no Foundation in History. I perceive then, return'd the Counsellor, that *Don Quixot* is very little in your Favour? 'Tis the silliest Book that ever I read, replied *Roquebrune*; tho it be cried up by a great many Men of Wit. Have a care, said *Destiny*, it be not rather for want of Wit in you, than any Defect in the Book, that you entertain so indifferent an Opinion of it. *Roquebrune* would not have fail'd to answer *Destiny*, had he but heard what he had spoke: But he was so taken up with telling his Feats to some Ladies, who were come near the Players, that he minded him not, but promis'd that fair Sex, he would write a Romance in five Parts, every Part to contain five Volumes, which should eclipse all the *Cassandra's*, *Cleopatra's*, and *Cyrus's* in the World, tho this last had the Surname of *Great*, as well as the Son of *Pepin*. During this the Counsellor was telling *Destiny* and the Actresses, that he had writ some Novels in Imitation of the *Spaniards*, and promis'd he would communicate 'em to them. Thereupon *Inezilla* told

told them, in a sort of *French* that had more of the *Gascon* than the *Spanish* in it, that her first Husband had the Character of a tolerable Writer in the Court of *Spain*, having compos'd several Novels that were much esteem'd; some whereof she had in Manuscript, which, in her Opinion, deserv'd to be translated into *French*. The young Counsellor being extremely curious in such kind of Compositions, told the *Spanish* Lady, she would do him a great Favour in letting him have the Perusal of 'em, which she very civilly consented to do; adding withal, that no body was better stor'd with Novels than her self; for as some Women in her Country would sometime attempt to write both in Verse and Prose, so she had made it her Pastime, and could entertain 'em with some Novels of her own making. *Roquebrune* confidently, according to Custom, offer'd to turn 'em into *French*. *Inezilla*, who was perhaps the sharpest *Spaniard* that had ever come over the *Pirenees*, replied, that to do as he pretended, it was not only requisite he should understand the *French* Tongue well, but be equally acquainted with the *Spanish* also; and that therefore she could not give him her Novels to translate, till she was so well acquainted with the *French*, as to be able to judge whether he was qualified for the Undertaking. *Rancour*, who had been silent all the while, said, there was no doubt to be made of his Ability, since he had been Corrector to a Printing-house: He had no sooner popp'd out these words, but he remembred *Roquebrune* had lent him Money, which made him pursue his Jest no farther; to which the Poet, dash'd out of Countenance at *Rancour*'s Words, reply'd, that he could not deny but that he had corrected some few Sheets, but then they were nothing but what he had publish'd of his own. Madam *Star*, to shift the Discourse, told *Donna Inezilla*, that since she was Mistress of so many fine Stories, she could not be angry if she often importun'd her to relate some of 'em. The *Spanish* Lady replied, she was ready to give her Satisfaction presently: They took her at her Word; and all the Company having seated themselves round her, she began a Story, tho not in the very same Words you will find in the following Chapter; yet so intelligibly, as made 'em to guess she was Mistress of a great deal of Wit in *Spanish*, since she discover'd so much in a Language, to whose Delicacies she was a perfect Stranger.

C H A P. XXII.

The Impostor Out-witted. A Novel.

A Young Lady of the City of *Toledo*, nam'd *Victoria*, descended from the ancient Family of *Portocarrero*, had retir'd to a House she had on the Banks of *Tagus*, about half a League distant from that City, in the Absence of her Brother, who was a Captain of a Troop of Horse in the Low-Countries. She became a Widow at Seventeen, having been wedded to an old Gentleman that had got a great Estate in the *Indies*, but who six Months after his Marriage, perish'd in a Storm at Sea, leaving much Wealth to his Wife. This fair Widow after the Death of her Husband, kept House constantly with her Brother, where she liv'd in such Repute, that at the Age of Twenty, all the Mothers propos'd her for a Pattern for their Children, the Husbands to their Wives, and the Lovers to their Desires, as a Conquest worthy their Ambition. But as her Retirement had cool'd the Love of many, so on the other hand it increas'd the Esteem the whole World had for her. In this Country-house she enjoy'd at Liberty all the Innocent Pleasures of a rural Life; when one Morning her Shepherds brought to her a couple of Men, whom they had found stript of all their Clothes, and bound fast to a Tree, to which they had been tied the whole Night. They had lent each of them a scurvy Shepherd's Coat to cover their Nakedness; and in this fine Equipage they appear'd before the fair *Victoria*. So mean a Habit did not hide from her the noble Mien of the younger, who made her a genteel Complement, and told her he was a Gentleman of *Cordona*, *Don Lopes de Gongora* by Name; who travelling from *Sevil* to *Madrid* about Business of great Importance, and having over-stay'd his time at Play, about half a Days Journey from *Toledo*, where he had dined the Day before, the Night surpriz'd them; and both he and his Man falling asleep, expecting a Mule-driver who staid behind; some Thieves finding them in that Condition, tied them to a Tree, having first stript them. *Victoria* doubted not the Truth of his Relation, his good Mien pleading in his Favour; however thought it would be a great piece of Generosity in her to relieve a Stranger reduced to this sad Extremity. It happen'd by good luck, that amongst the Clothes her Brother had left in her Custody, there were some Suits, for the *Spaniards* never part with their old Clothes, tho they make new ones. They chose the finest, and that which fitted best the Master's Shape; and his

his Man was also clothed with what they could find next at hand. Dinner-time being come, this Stranger, whom *Victoria* had invited to her Table, appear'd so accomplish'd, and entertain'd her with so much Wit, that she thought the Relief she had afforded him, could never have been better bettow'd. They convers'd together the remaining part of the Day, and were so much taken with each other's Perfections, that neither of them slept so quietly that Night, as they had done before. The Stranger would needs send his Man to *Madrid*, to fetch him Money, and buy him some Clothes, or at least he pretended to do so; but the fair Widow would by no means suffer him, promising to lend him as much as would carry him to his Journey's end. He made some Overtures of Love to her the very same Day, and she gave him a favourable Audience. In fine, in a Fortnight's time, the Opportunity of the Place, the equal Merit of these two Persons, a great many Oaths and Vows on one side, too much Frankness and Credulity on the other, a Promise of Marriage tendred, and their reciprocal Faith plighted in the Presence of an old Gentleman-Usher, and Waiting-woman, made her to commit a Fault she had hitherto been thought incapable of, and put this happy Stranger in Possession of the most beautiful Lady of *Toledo*. For eight days together it was nothing but Love and Dear, Fire and Flames, and the like, betwixt these two Lovers. But now part they must, and Tears will succeed: *Victoria* indeed had right to stay him, but the Stranger pretended he lost a great deal by not going; however profess'd, that since he had been so happy as to win her Heart, he would mind no more either his Law-suit at *Madrid*, or his Preferment at Court. Hereupon she grew impatient to have him gone; her Passion it seems not having blinded her Reason so much, as to make her prefer the Pleasure of his Company, to that of his Advancement. She got new Clothes made for him and his Man at *Toledo*, furnish'd him with as much Money as he desir'd; and so he set forward on his Journey to *Madrid*, mounted on a good Mule, and his Man on another. The poor Lady was full of real Grief at his Departure, and he was no less afflicted, or at least pretended to be so, with the greatest Hypocrisie in the World. The same Day he took his Journey, the Chamber-maid making his Bed, found a Picture-case wrapt in a Letter; she carried them immediately to her Mistress, who found in the Case the Portraiture of a most beautiful young Lady, and reading the Letter, it contain'd these Words, or others to the same effect,

Dear

Dear Cousin,

Here inclos'd I send you the Picture of the beautiful Elvira de Sylva, but when you shall see her, you will be apt to confess how infinitely the Resemblance falls short of the Original; and how much brighter her Beauty is, than that the Painter could draw for her. Her Father Don Pedro de Sylva expects you with Impatience: The Articles of Marriage betwixt you and her are already drawn up according to your Wishes, and in my Opinion, very much to your Advantage. All this, I hope, will be sufficient to hasten your Journey. Farewel.

Madrid, &c.

Don Antonio de Ribera.

This Letter was directed to *Ferdinand de Ribera* at *Sevil*. Now imagin, I beseech you, *Victoria's* Astonishment at the reading of this Epistle, which, in all probability, could be written to no other than her false *Lopez de Gongora*. She now perceiv'd, but too late, that this Stranger, whom she had so highly and so hastily oblig'd, had disguis'd his Name; and thereby was fully assur'd of his Infidelity and Treachery. The Beauty of the Lady in the Picture made her to feel all the Torments of Jealousie, and the Articles of Marriage already drawn up, almost distracted her with Despair. Never was any mortal Creature more sensibly afflicted; her Sighs went near to burst her Heart, and she shed such a Flood of Tears, that her Head aaked most intolerably. Miserable, abandon'd Woman that I am, said she to her self, (and sometimes would also bemoan her self before her old Gentleman-Usher, and Waiting-woman, who had both been Witnesses of her Marriage) Have I thus long been so discreet and reserv'd, to commit at last a most irreparable Fault? And have I refus'd so many Men of Quality of my Acquaintance, who would have thought themselves but too happy in the Enjoyment of me, to throw my self away upon a Stranger, who perhaps laughs at my easie Credulity; now he has ruin'd my Fame, and made me for ever miserable? What will they say of me at *Toledo*? Nay, what will they say over all *Spain*? Can a young, base, cheating Pretender, be discreet? Why did I let him know I lov'd him, before I was assur'd of the Sincerity of his Heart? Would he have chang'd his Name, if he had meant to keep his flattering Promises? Or can I hope, after all this, that he will not reveal his easie Conquest over me? What will not my Brother be provok'd to do to me, for what I have done against my self? And to what purpose is he now courting Glory and Fame in *Flanders*, if I must disgrace him thus in *Spain*? No, no, *Victoria*, thou must do any thing to repair this Crime: But before I proceed to Vengeance,

and

and desperate Remedies, I must try to regain by Craft, what I have lost by my Imprudence: It will then be time enough to have recourse to desperate Methods, when all other Means prove ineffectual. *Victoria* had, it seems, a great Spirit, and Presence of Mind, since she could fix on so good a Resolution at such a Plunge. Her old Gentleman-Usher, and her Waiting-woman, would have both given her Advice; but she told them, she knew as much as they could say, and that Actions, and not Words, must now do her Business. The very same Day, a couple of Carts were laden with Household-stuff and Necessaries, *Victoria* giving out amongst her Domesticks, that she had pressing Occasions concerning her Brother, which call'd her to Court. She took Coach with her Squire and Woman, and hasten'd to *Madrid*, whither her Goods were appointed to follow. As soon as she arriv'd there, she enquir'd for *Don Pedro de Sylva's* House, and being inform'd whereabouts it was, hired one for her self in the same Street. Her Gentleman-Usher's Name was *Roderigo Santillane*, who from his Youth had been bred by *Victoria's* Father, which made him to love his Mistress, as if she had been his own Sister. Having much Acquaintance in *Madrid*, where he had spent his youthful Days, he soon discover'd that *Don Pedro de Sylva's* Daughter was to be wedded to a Gentleman of *Sevil*, named *Ferdinand de Riberia*, which Match had been made up by a Cousin of his of the same Name, and was so near a Conclusion, that *Don Pedro* was already providing Servants for his Daughter. The very next Day *Roderigo Santillane*, in a plain, but decent Garb, *Victoria* in the Habit of a Widow of mean Condition, accompany'd by *Beatrice* the Waiting-woman, who was to personate her Mother-in-Law, and *Roderigo's* Wife, went all together to *Don Pedro's*, and desir'd to speak with him. *Don Pedro* receiv'd them very civilly, whom *Roderigo* acquainted with much assurance, that he was a decay'd Gentleman of the Mountains of *Toledo*, and having but one only Daughter by his first Wife, which was *Victoria*, whose Husband died not long since at *Sevil*, and finding his own, and his Daughter's Fortune very low, he had brought her to Court to get some good Service; and moreover, having been inform'd that he was about settling his Daughter's Family upon her Marriage, he hoped he would not take't unkindly, that he came to proffer the young Widow's Service to him, she being a Person very fit to be a *Duenna* to the Bride; adding, his Daughter's Merit gave him the greater Confidence to present her to him, not doubting but that her Breeding and good Qualities would procure her a little better Title to her Mistress's Favour, than the small stock of Beauty she had to recommend her. Before I proceed any farther, I must advertise those that are unacquainted with

with it, that the Ladies in *Spain* keep *Duenna's* in their Houses, and that those *Duenna's* are much the same with our *Governantes* or Ladies of Honour belonging to Persons of Quality: I must add to this, that the *Duenna's* in *Spain* are severe and troublesome Animals, no less dreadful, than a domineering Mother-in-Law is esteem'd among us. To go on with my Story, *Roderigo* plaid his part so well, and *Victoria* beautiful as she was, appear'd so agreeable in her modest and plain Attire, and had such a promising Look in her Face, that *Don Pedro de Sylva* accepted of her immediately to govern his Daughter. He proffer'd *Roderigo* and his Wife an Employment in his House likewise; but he excus'd himself, and told him, he had some Reasons not to accept of the Honour he intended him; but having a House in the same Street, he would be ready to wait on him at any time he should command it. Thus was *Victoria* entertain'd in *Don Pedro's* House, infinitely belov'd both by him and his Daughter, and no less envied by all the other Servants. *Don Antonio de Ribera*, who had contriv'd the Match between his faithless Cousin, and *Don Pedro de Sylva's* Daughter, came often to bring *Don Pedro* News, that his Kinsman was on his Journey, and had written to him of his setting forth from *Sevil*; and yet this Cousin did not appear: This very much perplex'd him, nor could *Don Pedro* and *Elvira* tell what to make of it: but still *Victoria* was the most concern'd. However, *Don Ferdinand* was not able to come so soon: For the very same Day he parted from *Victoria*, Heaven had in some measure punish'd his Treachery; for as he pass'd thro' *Illescas*, a fierce Dog running out of a House unawares, affrighted his Mule so terribly, that his Leg was forely bruise'd against a Wall, he thrown down, and his Knee put out of Joint, which pain'd him so exceedingly, that he could not prosecute his Journey. He was seven or eight Days under the Surgeon's Hands, who were none of the most skilful; when his Ailment growing worse and worse, he at length acquainted his Cousin with his Misfortune, desiring him withal to send him a Horse-Litter. The News of his Friends Fall afflicted no less, than the Knowledge of his being so nigh pleas'd them. *Victoria*, who still lov'd him, was not a little disquieted. *Don Antonio* sent a Litter to convey *Don Ferdinand* to *Madrid*, where being arriv'd, whilst they were providing Clothes for him and his Retinue, which was to be very magnificent, he being the eldest Son of the Family, and wealthy enough, the Surgeons of *Madrid*, more skilful than those at *Illescas*, cur'd him perfectly well. *Don Pedro de Sylva*, and his Daughter *Elvira* had notice of the Day when *Don Antonio de Ribera* was to bring his Cousin *Don Ferdinand* to them. It is probable the young *Elvira* did not neglect her self upon that Occasion, nor that

Victoria

Victoria was without Concern at this intended Interview. She saw her faithless Lover enter, trickt up like a Bridegroom; and if he was so charming in a poor naked *Deshabille*, what must he be now in his Wedding-clothes? *Don Pedro* was very well satisfied with him, and his Daughter must have been very nice, had she not been fully pleas'd. All the Servants of the House stared with all the Eyes they had upon their young Lady's Bridegroom, and every one of the Family was over-joy'd at the Match, except the poor *Victoria*, whose Heart you may imagine was oppress'd with Grief. *Don Ferdinand* was charm'd with *Elvira*'s Beauty, and confest to his Cousin, that she was yet more beautiful than her Picture, according to what he had hinted in his Letter. His first Complements display'd a great deal of Wit, and he very skilfully avoided those impertinent Fooleries, and starch'd Nonsense, which most Men are guilty of, in their first Addresses to a Father-in-Law, and a Mistress. *Don Pedro de Sylva* lockt himself up in a Closet with the two Kinsmen and a Lawyer, to adjust somewhat that was left unfinished in the Articles. In the mean time *Elvira* staid in her Chamber, surrounded by her Women, who all express'd their Joy at the good Mien, and noble Air of her Lover: Only *Victoria* stood cold and silent, whilst the rest were in their Raptures. *Elvira* observ'd this, therefore took her aside to tell her, that she admir'd she said nothing of the happy Choice her Father had made of a Son-in-Law, who seem'd so deserving: Adding, that either out of Complaisance or Civility, she ought at least to wish her Joy. Madam, replied *Victoria*, your Lover's Mien speaks so much to his Advantage, that it were needless for me to add my Commendations; the Coldness you have taken notice of, does not proceed from any Indifference; and I were unworthy of the Favours you have vouchsafed me, should I not share in every thing that concerns you; and therefore should be no less transported with Joy at your Marriage, than all the rest about you are, were I not so well acquainted with the Gentleman you are about to wed. My own Husband was an Inhabitant of *Sevil*, whose House was not far off from your Lover's. He is, I confest, of a good Family, rich, handsome, and, I believe, a Man of Wit. In fine, he is worthy a Lady, such as you are: But withal, I must tell you, Madam, you desire a Man's entire Affection, which he cannot bestow on you, because his Heart is divided. I could wave a Discovery, which may perhaps displease you: But I should be wanting to my Duty, should I not reveal all I know of *Don Ferdinand*, in a Business which so nearly concerns the Happiness or Unhappiness of your whole Life. *Elvira* was amaz'd at her *Duenna*'s Words, and intreated her, not to defer any longer the clearing those Doubts she had started.

Victoria

Victoria replied, it was neither to be done before her Women, nor in few Words. *Elvira* pretended she had some Business of Privacy in her Chamber, when as soon as they were alone, *Victoria* told her, That *Ferdinand de Ribera* was in Love at *Sevil*, with one *Lucretia de Monsalva*, a very beautiful Lady, tho of a very mean Fortune, by whom he had three Children, upon promise of Marriage; and that during *Ribera's* Father's Life, it was kept secret; after whose Death, *Lucretia* having claim'd his Promise, he grew indifferent to her, whereupon she had left the Business to the Management of two Gentlewomen, her Relations, who had made so much noise in *Sevil*, that *Don Ferdinand*, thro his Friends Persuasion, absented himself for a while, to shun the Rage of *Lucretia's* Kindred, who sought for nothing so much as Blood and Revenge. In this posture were his Affairs, added she, when I left *Sevil*, which is about a Month ago, at which time it was also reported, that *Don Ferdinand* was going to *Madrid* to be married. *Elvira* could not forbear asking, whether that *Lucretia* were a great Beauty? *Victoria* told her, she wanted nothing but a Fortune: so left her extreme pensive, and firmly resolv'd to give her Father instantly an account of the Discovery. At the same Moment, she was call'd to entertain her Lover, the Business for which he had retir'd into the Closet with her Father, being concluded. *Elvira* went to him, whilst *Victoria* staid in the Withdrawing-room, where the same Fellow came to her that attended on him, when she so generously receiv'd them into her House near *Toledo*. This Servant brought a Packet of Letters for his Master, which he had taken up at the Post-Office from *Sevil*; and not knowing *Victoria*, so much her Widows Weeds disguis'd her, he desir'd to be admitted to the Speech of his Master, to deliver him his Letters. She told him, it would be a good while before he could conveniently speak with him; but if he durst trust her with his Packet, she would be sure to give it him as soon as possibly she could. The Fellow made no Scruple in the Matter, but having left the Packet in her Custody, went about his Business. *Victoria*, who was resolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to revenge her self, goes up to her own Chamber, opens the Packet, and in a Moment seals it up again, together with a Letter of her own, which she writ in haste. In the mean time, the two Kinsmen made an end of their Visit, and took their Leaves. *Elvira* espying the Packet in her Governante's Hands, ask'd what it was? *Victoria* coldly answer'd, that *Don Ferdinand's* Servant had left a Packet of some Letters with her to deliver to his Master, which she was going to send after him; not being in the way when he went out. *Elvira* said, it would give 'em some farther Light about the Discovery she had made,

made, and therefore she would open them. This being what was desir'd, *Victoria* breaks open the Seal a second time: *Elvira* lookt upon all the Letters, and fixing her Eye upon one which seem'd to be writ by a Woman, address'd to *Don Ferdinand de Ribera at Madrid*, she read the following Lines.

Your Absence, and the News I hear of your Marriage at Court, will soon deprive you of a Person that valued you above her own Life, unless you suddenly return, and make good your Promise; which you can neither deser any longer, nor deny me, without a manifest Indifference, or Breach of Faith. If what I hear be true, that you regard your Vows and Promises so little, which you have made both to me and our Children, I advise you to take care of your Life; which my Relations are resolv'd to take for your Treachery, whenever your ungrateful Usage shall prompt me to call upon 'em for my just Revenge, since you enjoy it now only at my Request.

Sevil, &c.

Lucretia de Monsalva.

Elvira having read this Letter, was throughly perswaded of the Truth of what her Governante had told her. Moreover she shew'd it to her Father, who could not but admire, that a Gentleman of his Quality could be so base, as to be treacherous to a Lady of equal Birth with him, after he had had so many Children by her. Thereupon he went to a Gentleman of *Sevil* for farther Information, being a Friend of his, and one that had before given him an account of *Ferdinand's* Wealth and Circumstances. He was scarce gone out of Doors, when *Don Ferdinand* came to inquire for his Packet, attended by his Servant, who told him that his Mistress's Governante had promis'd to deliver it into his Hands. He found *Elvira* alone in the Parlour, and told her, that tho the Engagement which was between her and him, might excuse two Visits in one Day, yet he now only came for the Letters his Man had told him he had left with her Duenna. *Elvira* freely told him, that she had taken them from her, and had had the Curiosity to break them open; not doubting but a Man of his Years had some amorous Engagements in so great a City as *Sevil*; and tho her Curiosity afforded her but little Satisfaction, yet had she met with this Caution in Recompence; That it was dangerous for People to be married together, before they were throughly acquainted; adding, she would not debar him any longer of the Pleasure of perusing his Letters; and therefore immediately restor'd him his Packet, together with the counterfeit Letter; and after making him a slight Curtesie, left him without waiting for his Answer. *Don Ferdinand* was strangely surpris'd

at

at his Mistresses Discourse. He perus'd the suppos'd Letter, and quickly perceiv'd it was a Trick to hinder his Marriage. He address'd himself to *Victoria*, who remain'd in the outward Room, and told her without taking much notice of her Face, that either some Rival, or malicious Person had contriv'd that Letter to abuse him. I a Wife in *Sevil*! cry'd he with Amazement: I Children! if this be not the most impudent Imposture that ever was set on foot, I'll forfeit my Head----*Victoria* told him he might possibly be innocent; however *Elvira* in common Discretion could do no less than make a farther enquiry into the Truth; and that therefore the Marriage would certainly be put off, till her Father *Don Pedro* could be convinc'd by a Gentleman of *Sevil*, a Friend of his, (whom he was then gone to seek on purpose;) that this was only a pretended Intrigue. With all my Heart, answer'd he; and if there be but a Lady of the Name of *Lucretia de Monsalva* in all *Sevil*, let me forfeit the Honour and Reputation of a Gentleman: And let me intreat you, added he, to let me know, if you are so far in your Lady's Favour as I suppose you to be, that I may bespeak your good Offices on this Occasion. Truly answer'd *Victoria*, I believe, without Vanity, that she will not do a thing upon any Body's Account, that she has refus'd to do on mine: But withal, I know her Humour to be such, that she is not easily pleas'd, when she thinks her self disoblig'd: And as all the hopes of mending my Fortune depend on the kindness she has for me, I shall never offer to contradict her out of Complaisance to you, nor hazard her Displeasure by endeavouring to work her out of the ill Opinion she has of your Sincerity. I am but poor, added she, and not to get any thing, were to lose a great deal: If what she has promis'd to give me in case I marry a second time, should fail, I might live a Widow all the rest of my Days, tho I am yet young enough, and not so deform'd but that some body or other may like me. But 'tis an old Saying, and a true one, *That without Money*--- She was thus going on with a true *Governante's* tedious Tale; for to act her Part to the Life, she must talk a great deal: When *Don Ferdinand* interrupting her, said: Do me but one piece of Service I shall require of you, and I will put you above the Hopes of your Mistress's Reward: And, added he, to convince you that my Promises are not empty Words, give me but Pen, Ink and Paper, and you shall immediately have what you will under my Hand. Jesu! Signior, said the feign'd *Governante*, a Gentleman's Word is as good as his Bond-----But to obey you, I will fetch you what you desire. She return'd again with Materials enough to have drawn a Bond for a Million of Gold, and *Don Ferdinand* was so gallant, or at least had such a Month's

mind

mind to *Elvira*, that he sign'd her a Blank, leaving her to fill it up as she pleas'd, thereby to engage her to serve him with the greater Zeal. This rais'd *Victoria* up to the Clouds: She promis'd Wonders to *Don Ferdinand*, and moreover told him, she wish'd her self the unhappiest of all her Sex, if she did not act in this Business, as if she her self had been a Party concern'd. In this she spoke a great Truth. *Don Ferdinand* left her full of Hopes; and *Roderigo Santillane*, who went for her Father, being come to visit her, to learn how her Intrigue advanc'd, she gave him an Account of all, and shew'd him the Blank Paper subscrib'd; for which he with her gave Thanks to Heaven, finding now that all things seem'd to contribute to her Happiness. To lose no time, he went home to the House that *Victoria* had hir'd, not far from *Don Pedro's*, as I have before related, where he fill'd up the Blank *Don Ferdinand* had given, with a Promise of Marriage attested by Witnesses, and dated about the same time that *Victoria* receiv'd this faithless Man into her Country-House. He was as skilful a Pen-man as any in *Spain*, and had studied *Don Ferdinand's* Hand so exactly well in a Copy of Verses of his own Writing, that even *Don Ferdinand* himself would have been mistaken in the Forgery, and thought it to have been his own Hand. *Don Pedro de Sylva*, could not meet with the Gentleman he sought to be inform'd by, about *Don Ferdinand's* Amours, therefore left a Note for him, and so came back to his House; where that same Night *Elvira* unbosom'd her Secrets to her *Governante*, and vow'd she'd sooner disobey her Father, than ever marry *Don Ferdinand*, confessing withal, that she had been pre-engaged to one *Don Diego de Maradas* a long while before, and had in all reason complied enough with her Father's Commands and her own Duty, by putting a Constraint on her Inclinations, to satisfy him; but since Heaven had order'd it so, that *Ferdinand's* Treachery was discover'd, she thought, by refusing him, she obey'd the Divine Pleasure, which seem'd to allot her another Husband. You may imagine *Victoria* fortified *Elvira* in these good Resolutions, and spoke quite contrary to *Don Ferdinand's* Expectations. *Don Diego de Maradas*, said then *Elvira* to her, is much dissatisfied with me, for having paid this Obedience to my Father; but the least inviting Look from me will however be sure to bring him back, were he at as great a distance from me, as *Don Ferdinand* is from his *Lucretia*. Write to him, Madam, quoth *Victoria*, and I will willingly be your Messenger. *Elvira* was overjoy'd to find her *Governante* so favourable to her Designs; she commanded the Coach to be made ready for *Victoria*, who immediately went away with a Billet-doux for *Don Diego*; and being alighted at her Father *Santillane's*, sent the

I

Coach

Coach back again, telling the Coachman, she would walk the rest of the Way, whither she design'd to go. Honest *Santillane* shew'd her the Promise of Marriage he had drawn up, whereupon she immediately wrote two little Notes, one to *Don Diego de Maradas*, the other to *Don Pedro de Sylva*, her Lady's Father; wherein she entreated both of 'em to repair to her House about Business, with the Direction where she dwelt, and subscribed her self *Victoria Portocarrero*. Whilst these Notes were carrying, *Victoria* strips off her black Weeds, puts on very rich Clothes, pulls out her Locks, (which I have been told were of the finest colour'd Hair that could be) and dress'd her Head as nicely as if she had been going to Court. *Don Diego de Maradas* came a while after, to know what Concern a Lady, to whom he was a perfect Stranger, could have with him. She receiv'd him very civilly; and they were scarce set down, when it was told her, that *Don Pedro de Sylva* was come likewise to wait upon her. She entreated *Don Diego* to conceal himself in her Alcove, assuring him, it concern'd him very much to hear the Discourse she should have with *Don Pedro*. He easily comply'd with the Desire of a Lady of so much Beauty, and so good a Mien, and *Don Pedro* was admitted into *Victoria's* Chamber, not knowing her, so much had her Head-dress and rich Attire chang'd her Face, and heightned her majestick Air. She desir'd him to place himself in a Chair, whence *Don Diego* might easily hear all they said, and then she began in these Words: I think, Sir, I ought in the first place to inform you who I am, because in all probability you are impatient to know it. I am of the Family of the *Portocarrero's*, born in the City of *Toledo*, where I was married at the Age of Sixteen, and became a Widow about six Months after. My Father was a Knight of the Order of *St. Jago*, and my Brother of the Order of *Callatrava*. *Don Pedro* interrupted her, to let her know her Father was his intimate Friend. What you tell me rejoices me extremely, answer'd *Victoria*, for I shall have occasion for a great many Friends in the Affair I design to acquaint you with. After this she inform'd *Don Pedro* of all that pass'd between her and *Don Ferdinand*, and put into his Hands the Promise of Marriage counterfeited by *Santillane*. He had no sooner read it, but she went on thus: You know, Sir, what Honour obliges Persons of my Quality to do in these Cases: For tho' Justice should be partially denied me, yet have my Friends Power and Credit enough to prosecute my Interest to the highest. I thought, Sir, it became me to let you know my Pretensions, that you might put a stop to that Match you had design'd for your Daughter. She deserves better than to be thrown away upon a faithless Man; and I believe you

are more discreet, than to procure her a Husband, whom another has a right to dispute with her. Were he a Grandee of Spain, replied *Don Pedro*, I would have nothing to do with him if he were unjust and false, as you say he is: I shall therefore not only refuse him my Daughter, but likewise forbid him my House: As for your self, Madam, continued he, both my Friends and Interest are at your Service. I had notice given me before, that he was a Man that pursu'd his Pleasure, even to the Hazard of his Reputation; and being of that Temper, tho you had no Title to him, yet should he never have my Daughter, who, I hope in God, shall not want a Husband in the Court of Spain. *Don Pedro* took his Leave of *Victoria*, perceiving she had no more to say to him; and then she call'd *Don Diego* out of the Alcove, where he had over-heard all the Conversation she had with her Mistress's Father. This spar'd her the Labour of repeating her Story to him: She deliver'd *Elvira*'s Letter to him, which transported him with Joy; and lest he should be in Pain to know how she came by it, she entrusted him with her Metamorphosis into a *Duenna*, knowing he was as much concern'd as her self to keep it secret. *Don Diego*, before he left *Victoria*, wrote an Answer to his Mistress's Letter, wherein the infinite Joy he express'd for his reviv'd Hopes, plainly discover'd the real Affliction he had been in ever since he thought them quite lost. He parted from the fair Widow, who presently put on her *Governante*'s Habit, and return'd to *Don Pedro*'s. In the interim *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* was come to wait on his Mistress, and had taken his Cousin *Don Antonio* along with him to endeavour to set all to rights again, which had been charg'd against him by *Victoria*'s feign'd Letter. *Don Pedro* found 'em with his Daughter, who knew not what to answer, when they both desir'd no better Justification, than only a due Enquiry, whether there ever were in *Sevil* such a Lady as *Lucretia de Monsalva*. They renew'd the same Plea to *Don Pedro*, to clear *Don Ferdinand*; to which he answer'd, That if that Engagement with the Lady of *Sevil* was a Supposition, it was so much the easier to be cleared; but that he came from a Lady of *Toledo*, nam'd *Victoria Portocarrero*, to whom *Don Ferdinand* had promis'd Marriage, and to whom he was still more engag'd, by having been so generously assisted by her, when a meer Stranger to her; which he could not deny, since she had under his Hand and Seal a Promise of Marriage; adding withal, that a Person of Honour ought not to court a Wife at *Madrid*, whilst he had one already at *Toledo*: At these Words he shew'd the two Cousins the Promise of Marriage in due Form. *Don Antonio* knew his Cousin's Writing, and *Don Ferdinand* mistaking it, tho

he were confident he had never given any such, yet was quite confounded at the sight of it. The Father and Daughter withdrew, after they had coldly bid them farewell. *Don Antonio* quarrell'd with his Cousin for employing him in this Treaty, when he had another on foot before. They took Coach together, where *Don Antonio* having made him confess his unhandson Proceeding with *Victoria*, reproach'd him a thousand times with the Heinousness of the Fact, and withal, represented to him the evil Consequence that was like to attend it. He told him, he must not think of getting a Wife, either at *Madrid*, or in any part of *Spain* after this rate; and that he were happy if he could but get off by marrying *Victoria*, without forfeiting his Life with his Honour, *Victoria's* Brother being a Person not us'd to put up so foul Affronts without full Satisfaction. It was *Don Ferdinand's* part to be silent, whilst his Cousin continued his Reproaches. His Conscience sufficiently accus'd him of Treachery and Falshood to a Lady that had so highly oblig'd him; but this Promise of Marriage however almost distracted him, not knowing by what strange Inchantment they had made him to grant it. *Victoria* being come back to *Don Pedro's* in her Widow's Weeds, deliver'd *Don Diego's* Letter to *Elvira*, who told her how the two Kinsmen had been there to justify themselves; but that *Don Ferdinand* had been charg'd with other-guess Practices, than his Amour with the Lady of *Sevil*; she afterwards related what *Victoria* knew better than her self; tho she pretended to admire at, and detest *Don Ferdinand's* Baseness. The same Day *Elvira* was invited to a Play at one of her Relations. *Victoria*, whose Thoughts still ran upon her own Affairs, hop'd, if *Elvira* would follow her Counsel, that this Play might prove favourable to her Design. She told her young Lady, that if she had a mind to meet her Lover *Don Diego*, there was nothing more easie, her Father's House being the most convenient that could be; and that since the Play was not to begin till Midnight, she might go out a little earlier, and have time enough to speak with *Don Diego*, and after go to her Relations. *Elvira* who really lov'd *Don Diego*, and had consented to marry *Don Ferdinand*, meerly out of respect to her Father's Commands, shew'd no Reluctancy to do what *Victoria* had propounded. They therefore took Coach as soon as ever *Don Pedro* was gone to Bed, and went to *Victoria's* House. *Santillane*, as Master of the Family, and *Beatrix*, who personated the Mother-in-Law, welcom'd them very kindly. *Elvira* wrote a Billet to *Don Diego*, which was deliver'd immediately; whilst *Victoria* dispatched another privately to *Don Ferdinand* in *Elvira's* Name, to let him know it was in his Power to complete the Match, on which his extraordinary Merit

engag'd

engag'd her to adventure, as not desiring to make her self unhappy for ever by losing him, only to please a Father's crabbed suspicious Humour. In the same Note she gave him such particular Directions how to find the House, that it was impossible he should miss it: This Note was carried a little while after that other from *Elvira* to *Don Diego*. *Victoria* wrote a third likewise, which *Santillane* carried himself to *Don Pedro de Sylva*, by which she inform'd him, as a trusty *Governante*, that his Daughter, instead of going to the Play, would needs stop at her Father's House, and had sent for *Don Ferdinand* to consummate her Nuptials with him; which she believing to be contrary to his Consent, thought her self oblig'd to give him notice of it, to the end he might be sensible he was not at all mistaken in the good Opinion he had entertain'd of her Honesty, when he chose her for his Daughter's *Governante*. *Santillane* likewise told *Don Pedro*, that his Daughter had charg'd him not to come thither by any means without bringing an *Alguazil* with him, which is an Officer much like to a *Commissary* in *Paris*. *Don Pedro* being then in Bed, hasten'd to put on his Clothes in a great Passion. But whilst he is dressing, and sending for a *Commissary*, let us go back and see what they are doing at *Victoria's*. By good Fortune the Notes came safe to the Brace of Lovers Hands. *Don Diego*, who had receiv'd his first, came first to the Assignment. *Victoria* met him at the Door, and conducted him into a Chamber, where she left him with *Elvira*. I will not trouble you with the Relation of all the Endearments that pass'd betwixt these two young Lovers; and if I would, *Don Ferdinand's* knocking at the Door will not give me time to do it. *Victoria* lets him in her self, after having magnified the great Service she had done him on this Occasion; for which the amorous Spark return'd her a thousand Thanks, promising he would yet do more for her than all his former Promises engag'd him to. She leads him into a Chamber, where she desir'd him to stay a while for *Elvira*, who was coming, and so lock'd him in without Light; telling him, his Mistress would needs have it so, but that 'twould not be long before he should be visible again; adding, that a young Lady's Modesty would not suffer her to bear, without blushing, the Sight of a Man for whom she had committed so bold an Action. This done, *Victoria*, with all the haste she could, attir'd her self as well and as nicely as the short time would permit. She goes into the Chamber where *Don Ferdinand* was, who had not the least Suspicion but that she was *Elvira*, being no less young than she, and having such Perfumes about her, according to the *Spanish* Fashion, as would have made a Chamber-maid pass for a Woman of Quality. In this

interim *Don Pedro*, the *Alguazil*, and *Santillane* arrive. They enter the Chamber where *Elvira* was in private with her Lover; at which they both were not a little surpriz'd. *Don Pedro*, blinded by the first Transports of his Passion, was ready to run the Person thro, whom he took for *Don Ferdinand*. The *Commissary* discovering it was not he, but *Don Diego*, held his Arm, bidding him to have a care what he did, since it was not *Don Ferdinand de Ribera* that was with his Daughter, but *Don Diego de Maradas*, a Person of no less Quality and Riches. *Don Pedro* at this behav'd himself like a discreet Gentleman, and rais'd his Daughter, who had cast her self at his Feet. He wisely consider'd, that if he should cross her Inclination, by opposing this Match, he would create both her and himself a great deal of Trouble; and besides, could not pitch upon a better Son-in-Law, tho he had the chusing of one himself. *Santillane* desir'd *Don Pedro*, the *Alguazil*, and all that were with 'em in the Room to follow him, when he led them to the Chamber where *Don Ferdinand* was shut up with *Victoria*. They commanded the Door to be open'd in the King's Name: *Don Ferdinand* letting them in, and seeing *Don Pedro*, attended by the *Commissary*, told 'em, with a great deal of Confidence, that he was with his Wife *Elvira de Sylva*. *Don Pedro* answer'd, he was mistaken, his Daughter being married to another; and as for you, added he, you cannot deny but that *Victoria Portocarrero* is your lawful Wife. *Victoria* then discover'd her self to her faithless Gallant, who remain'd full of Confusion. She expostulated his Ingratitude with him; to whom his Silence was his only Plea, as well as to the *Commissary*, who told him he could do no less than carry him to Prison. In short, his Remorse of Conscience, and Fear of Imprisonment, together with *Don Pedro's* Exhortations, who minded him of his Honour and Reputation, join'd to *Victoria's* Tears and Beauty, nothing inferior to that of *Elvira*, and above all the rest, some Sparks of Generosity still remaining in his Heart, notwithstanding his Debaucheries and youthful Follies, made him at length, with Reason and Justice, to yield to *Victoria's* bright Charms. He tenderly embrac'd her, she being likely to swoon in his Arms, which no doubt but his warm Kisses preserv'd her from. *Don Pedro*, *Don Diego*, and fair *Elvira* shar'd in *Victoria's* Happiness, and *Santillane* and *Beatrix* were ready to die for Joy. *Don Pedro* very much commended *Don Ferdinand* for thus nobly repairing the Wrongs he had committed. The two young Ladies embrac'd each other with as great Testimonies of Love, as if they had hugg'd their own Husbands. *Don Diego de Maradas* made a thousand Protections of his Obedience to his Father-in-Law, or he that should

be so in a short time. *Don Pedro*, before he went home with his Daughter, made them to promise that they would all come and dine the next Day at his House, where for fifteen Days together he endeavour'd, by solemn Rejoicings, to dispel the Thoughts of their past Troubles. The *Alguazil* was invited too, who promis'd to be there: *Don Pedro* took him along with him; and *Don Ferdinand* remain'd with *Victoria*, who now had as much Reason to bless her good Fortune, as she formerly had to curse her evil.

C H A P. XXIII.

An unexpected Misfortune, which prevented the acting of the Play.

IN *Nezilla* having recounted her Novel with so admirable a Grace, *Roquebrune* was so pleas'd with it, that he caught up her Hand, and kist it whether she would or not. She told him in *Spanish*, That great Men and Fools had the Liberty to do any thing; for which *Rancour* gave her Thanks in his Heart. This *Spanish* Lady's Face began to break, yet there were many fine Remains of her former Beauty to be seen. But had she been less handsom, her Wit had made her to be prefer'd to a younger Person. All that heard the Story agreed in this, That she had made it very entertaining in a Language she was yet but a Novice in, being often oblig'd to intermix *Spanish* and *Italian* with it to express her meaning. Madam *Star* told her, that instead of begging Excuse for putting her to the trouble of speaking so long, she expected her Thanks for giving her so fair an occasion to shew her extraordinary Wit. The rest of the Afternoon was spent in Conversation, the Garden being full of Ladies, and many Citizens of Note till Supper-time. They sup'd after the manner of *Mans*; that is to say, made very good Cheer; which being over, every one took their Places to see the Play: But Madam *Cave* and her Daughter were missing. They sent to seek them out; and it was above half an Hour before any Tidings came. At last they heard a great Noise without the Hall; and presently after in comes *Cave*, with dishevelled Hair, her Face bloody, and bruised, and crying out, like a distracted Creature, that her Daughter had been stolen. Her Sobs and Sighs so interrupted her Speech, that it was a long time before she could make the Company understand how a couple of

Strangers, being got thro a Back-door into the Garden, where she and her Daughter were rehearsing their Parts, one of 'em seiz'd upon her, whose Eyes she had almost scracht out, while two others took away her Daughter by force; the same Villain having put her into that sad Condition they saw, and who afterwards mounting on Horseback follow'd his Comrades, one of whom held *Angelica* before him. She told 'em likewise, she had pursu'd 'em as far as she could, crying out, a Rape; but finding no body to be within hearing, she had hasted back again to the House to beg their Assistance. With these last words she shed such a Flood of Tears, as mov'd all the Beholders with Pity. *Destiny* got presently on the Back of a Horse, on which *Ragotin* was just then arriv'd from *Mans*, (but whether or no it was the same that threw him in the Morning, I cannot justly tell.) Many other young Men mounted the Horses they could lay their Hands on, and rode after *Destiny*, who was got a good way before 'em. *Rancour* and *Olive* march'd on Foot, with their Swords in their Hands, in the Rear of the Horse; and *Roquebrune* staid with *Star* and *Inezilla*, who were endeavouring to comfort *Cave* as well as they could. Some found fault with him, for not going along with the rest, ascribing it to want of Courage; but others more favourable, have commended his Discretion, for staying with the Women while there was the least probability of Danger. In the mean time, the Guests were reduc'd to change their Comedy to Dancing, and having no Fiddlers, because they had expected a Play, they trip'd it about to the singing of some of the Company. Poor *Cave* found herself so disorder'd, that she went to Bed in one of their Dressing-chambers; *Star* took as much Care of her, as if she had been her own Mother, and *Inezilla* was likewise very officious. The indispos'd Woman at length desir'd they would leave her to herself; whereupon *Roquebrune* led the two Ladies into the Hall to the rest of the Company. They were hardly set down, but one of the House-maids came and told *Star*, that *Cave* desir'd to speak with her; she promis'd the Poet and *Spanish* Lady to return immediately, and so went to her. 'Tis probable that if *Roquebrune* had any Wit in him, he made use of that Opportunity to acquaint the fair *Inezilla* with his Necessities. As soon as *Cave* saw *Star*, she desir'd her to make the Door fast, and come to her Bed-side. *Star* having seated herself as she desir'd, the first thing she did was to weep afresh, and then she laid hold on her Hands, bathing 'em with Tears, and groaning and sobbing after a lamentable manner. *Star* endeavour'd to comfort her, giving her hopes, that her Daughter would soon be recover'd again, her Ravishers being persued by so many People.

I wish

I wish she may never return, said she, weeping still more and more; I wish she might never be found, repeated she again, and that this were all my Grief: But I must blame her most; nay, I must, and curse the hour I brought her into the World. Look here, said she, putting a Paper into *Star's* Hands: Look, and satisfy your self, what a fine Companion you have had, and read in this Letter the Sentence of my Death, and my Child's Infamy. *Cave* fell a weeping again, while *Star* perus'd the following Note, which you may read if you think fit.

You ought not to doubt the Truth of what I have often told you, my Quality and Fortune, since there is no probability that I should deceive a Person, to whom I cannot recommend my self, but by my Sincerity. This, fair Angelica, is the only way by which I can merit your Favour. And therefore you may safely promise to grant my Request, which I cannot, nor shall not desire to obtain, till I have convinc'd you of my Reality.

As soon as she had perus'd the Letter, *Cave* ask'd her, if she knew the Hand? As well as my own, replied *Star*: It is *Leander's*, my Brother's Servant, that writes out all our Parts. This is the Traytor that will break my Heart, said the poor Woman; see if he have not contriv'd it fairly, added she, giving another Letter of the same *Leander's* Writing into Madam *Star's* Hands; which you may read as follows, Word for Word.

It rests only in you to complete my Happiness, by continuing in the same Resolution you were in two days since. My Father's Tenant, who is us'd to supply me with Money, has sent me a hundred Pistoles, and a Brace of good Horses, which will be more than sufficient to carry us both into England; and being there, I am much deceiv'd, if a Father, who loves his only Son more than his own Life, do not quickly condescend to all his desires, to make him return again.

Well, said *Cave*, what think you now of your Companion, and your Brother's Servant? What think you of that Girl, I had bred up with so much Care; and that young Fellow, whose Wit and Discretion we have so often admired? My greatest Wonder is, that they were never observ'd to speak to one another; and that my Daughter's sprightly Humour, seem'd not in the least to incline her to Love; and yet she's in Love, my dearest *Star*, and so desperately, as argues as much Madness as Affection. I found her this very day writing to her *Leander*, in such passionate Expressions, that if I had not surpriz'd her my self, I could never have believ'd it. You never have heard
her

her speak such Language yet: Ah! had I not torn her Letters in my Fury, you would have been convinc'd that at Sixteen she knows as much, as those who have practis'd Cocquetry all their Lives. I carried her aside into the Grove, whence she was taken from me, to chide her for the ill Returns she had made me, for all the Pains and Trouble I had undergone on her Account. I will acquaint you with my Sufferings; added she, and then judge you, whether ever any Daughter were more oblig'd to love her Mother. *Star* knew not what to answer to these just Complaints; and besides, 'twas Wisdom to let her Affliction take its Course. But, continu'd *Star*, if he were so fond of the Daughter, why should he abuse the Mother? Nay, I cannot tell, answer'd *Cave*: For one of his Company, who had laid hold on me, beat me unmercifully; nay, struck me several times, after I had done struggling with him. Moreover, if this unlucky Fellow be so rich as he brags, why does he spirit away my Child like a Thief? *Cave* thus bemoan'd her self for a long while, *Star* still comforting her as well as she could. The Master of the House came to know how she did, and to acquaint her that there was a Coach ready at her Service, if she desir'd to return to *Mans*: But however she begg'd the Liberty to remain there that Night, to which he readily condescended. *Star* staid there also to keep her Company, while some Ladies of *Mans* took *Inezilla* into a Coach with 'em, she being unwilling to stay longer from her Husband. *Roquebrune*, who could civilly leave the two Actresses, was very sorry he could not wait upon *Inezilla*, but we cannot have every thing we desire in this World, therefore he must be contented.

SCARRON'S

S C A R R O N's

Comical Romance.

P A R T II.

C H A P. I.

Which is but an Introduction to the rest.

THE radiant Sun shone perpendicularly upon our *Antipodes*, and lent no more Light to his Sister, than she had need of, to guide her Steps in a very dark Night. A profound Silence o'er-spread all the Earth, unless it were those Places where Criticks, Owls, or Serenading-Fops are found. In short, all Nature lay hush'd in Sleep, (or at least, all Nature ought to have been asleep) except some Poets, who had crabbed Verses to turn into Measure and Rhime, some of those unfortunate Lovers, whom we call damn'd Souls, and all other Animals both rational and irrational, who had that Night any thing else to do. 'Twere needless to tell you, *Destiny* was one of those that did not sleep, no more than the Ravishers of Mrs. *Angelica*, whom he pursued as fast as he could gallop a Horse, whose Way was often obscur'd by the inofficious Clouds, which robb'd the Earth of the feeble Light of the Moon. *Destiny* had a tender Love for Mrs. *Cave*, both because she deserv'd it, and because he was secure of her Affections; nor was her Daughter less dear to him, for his Mrs. *Star* being necessitated to follow the Stage, he could not have found in all the strolling Companies throughout the Kingdom,

dom, two Women more vertuous than they, and fitter for her Companions. Not but that some of that Profession are vertuous, yet according to the general Opinion of the World, who perhaps however may be mistaken, they are more light of Vertue, than of old Embroidery or Paint. But to go on with our proper Business: Our generous Stroller gallop'd after those Ravishers, with more swiftness and animosity, than the *Lapithe* did after the *Centaur*s. He went first thro a long Walk, into which open'd the Garden door, from whence *Angelica* had been carried away, and having gallop'd a while, struck at a venture into a little hollow Lane, as are most Lanes in *Mayne*. This Lane was full of Wheel-tracks and Stones, and tho'twas Moon-shine, yet the Darknes was such, that *Destiny* could not perswade his Steed to go faster than a broken Pace. He was inwardly cursing this crabbed Way, when he felt either a Man or a Devil leaping on horseback behind him, and clasping his Hands about his Neck. *Destiny* was terribly frighted, and his Horse so much startled, that he had certainly thrown his Rider, had not the Phantom who invested him within his Arms, kept him firm on the Saddle. His Horse rode away with him, like a Horse in a Fright, and besides *Destiny* put him on with his Spurs, not knowing what he did, being very much dissatisfied, to feel two naked Arms about his Neck, and next his Cheek a cold Face, which breathed Time to the cadence of the galloping Nag. The Race prov'd long, by reason the Lane was not a short one: At last, at the entrance upon a Heath, the Horse abated his impetuous Course, and *Destiny* his Fear; for Custom brings us by degrees to bear with the most frightful things. The Moon now shone with a clearer Light, on purpose to let him see, that he had a large Man stark naked behind him, and moreover a very homely Face next to his. He did not ask who he was, (whether out of good manners or not I cannot tell) but still kept his Horse on a gallop, tho by this time he too began to breath short and thick; but when it was least expected, the Hind-Rider dropt off on the Ground, and fell a laughing. *Destiny* put on his Horse amain, and looking behind him, saw his Phantom running as fast as he could drive towards the Place from whence he came. *Destiny* confest since, that no Man could be more frighted than he was at that time. About a Hundred Steps farther, he came to a great Road, that led him to a Hamlet, where he found all the Dogs awake, which made him to think that those he pursued might have gone that way. In order to be inform'd, he did all he could to rouse the Inhabitants of three or four Houses that stood on the Road, but could not prevail, and was insulted and bark'd at by the Dogs to boot.

At length, hearing a Child cry in the last House he met with; he caus'd the Door to be open'd with severe Threats; and there learnt of a Woman, trembling in her Smock, that some Troopers had gone thro their Town just before, carrying with them a Woman who wept like a Child, and that they had much ado to still her noise. He told the same Woman the Adventure he had with the naked Man, and she inform'd him, that he was a Peasant of their Village who was run mad, and rov'd up and down. What this Woman had told him about those Troopers who went thro that Town, encouraged him to go farther, and made him to request his Steed to mend his Pace. I will not recount how often he stumbled, and was frighted at his own Shadow: 'Tis enough to inform you, that *Destiny* lost his Way thro a Wood, and riding sometimes in the Dark, and sometimes in the Moon-shine, at last met with break of Day near a Country Farm, where he thought fit to let his Horse feed, and where we will for the present leave him.

C H A P. II.

Of the Boots.

WHilst *Destiny* grop'd out his Way in the dark, in pursuit of those that had stolen *Angelica Rancon*, and *Olive*, who did not take that Rape so much to Heart, did not run so fast as he after the Ravishers; and besides, you must consider they were on Foot, and therefore could not be expected to go far; wherefore having found in the next Village, an Inn that was open, they went in there and asked for a Bed. The House being full, they were shewn up into a Room, where one lay, (either a Gentleman or a Plebeian, I can't tell which) who had supp'd in the Inn, and being upon Business which required haste, (but which never came to my Knowledge) reckon'd to be gone by break of Day. The Arrival of our Strollers did not favour his Design of getting betimes on horseback; for they wak'd him out of his first Sleep, for which perhaps he curs'd 'em in his Heart; yet the sight of two Men that look'd something like, was undoubtedly the Reason why he did not complain aloud. *Rancon*, who had a genteel Behaviour, first begg'd his Pardon for their interrupting his Repose, and then ask'd him whence he came? He told them from *Anjou*, and

was

was going to *Normandy*, about Business that requir'd haste. *Rancour* went on with his Questions while he was undressing himself, and the Sheets airing: But as they were all impertinent, and of no Benefit to either, especially the poor Man whom they had waked, he was desired to forbear, and suffer him to go to sleep. *Rancour* begg'd his Pardon heartily, and at the same time Self-Love banishing the Love of his Neighbour out of his Breast, he resolved to appropriate to his use a Pair of new Boots, which the Ostler's Boy had brought into the Room, after having clean'd them. *Olive*, who at that time had only a mind to a sound Sleep, went into Bed, whilst *Rancour* sat by the Fire, not so much to see the Faggot they had lighted burnt out, as to satisfy his noble Ambition, of having a new Pair of Boots at another Man's cost. Now as soon he thought the Man whom he was about to rob, was fast asleep, he took his Boots which stood at his Bed's-feet and having put them on without Stockins, not forgetting the Spurs, went thus Booted and Spur'd, into Bed to *Olive*. 'Tis probable he lay as near the Bed side as he could, lest his armed Legs might touch the naked ones of his Bed-fellow, who would in such Case undoubtedly have rais'd a Noise about this new Way of lying betwixt two Sheets, and by that means make his Plot miscarry. The remaining part of the Night was pretty quiet: *Rancour* slept, or at least dissembled Sleep, The Cocks crew; Day came, and the Man who lay in the same Room, having order'd a Fire to be kindled, rose and began to dress. When he went to put on his Boots, a Maid offer'd him *Rancour's* old ones, which he flung down with Contempt; the Maid obstinately maintain'd they were his; whereupon he fell into a great Passion, and made a devilish Noise. The Inn keeper came up upon this occasion, and swore upon the Faith of an honest Host, that there were no other Boots besides his, not only in his House, but also in all the Village, the Parson himself never going on Horseback. Thereupon he began to entertain him with the good Qualities of the Parson, and to tell him how he came by his Living, and how long he had been in Possession of it. The Inn-keeper's idle Talk, made him to lose all Patience. Now *Rancour* and *Olive*, who had waked at the Noise, took cognizance of the Matter; *Rancour* exaggerated the enormity and hainousness of the Fact, and told the Inn-keeper, 'twas a very foul thing. I care no more for a Pair of new Boots, than for an old Pair of Shoes, said the poor Bootless Man to *Rancour*, were it not that I am upon a Business of great Importance, for a Man of Quality, whom I'd chuse to serve before my own Father; and if I could
buy

buy other Boots, I'd give any Price for 'em, were they never so bad. *Rancour* who sat up in the bed, shrugg'd up now and then his Shoulders, and answer'd him nothing, keeping his Eyes still fixt on the Inn-keeper and his Maid, (who lookt for the Boots to no purpose) and the Wretch that lost them, who in the mean time began to fret like a Mad-man, and perhaps design'd to hang himself, when *Rancour* out of an unexampled and unwonted Generosity cry'd aloud, thrusting himself into the Bed, like one who was almost dead for want of Sleep; Zounds, Sir, don't keep such a Noise about your Boots, but rather take mine, upon Condition you will let us sleep, which is no more than what you desired last Night. The unfortunate Man, who now ceas'd to be so, since he had found a Pair of Boots, had much ado to believe his own Ears. He mustered up a deal of Nonsense to return him Thanks, and which he uttered so passionately, that *Rancour* fear'd lest he should come at last and embrace him a bed. Wherefore he cryed out in a great Passion, swearing most learnedly: Zounds, Sir, what a troublesome Man you are, both when you lose your Boots, and when you thank those that furnish you again. Once more, take mine in God's Name, and all I ask for 'em, is only that you would let me sleep, or else give me my Boots again, and after make as much Noise as you please. He began to open his Mouth in order to reply, when *Rancour* cry'd out, Good God! let me sleep, or let me have my Boots, one of the two. The Inn-keeper, who by this time had a great Respect for *Rancour*, from his imperious way of speaking, thrust his Guest out of the Chamber, well knowing that he would have the last word, like one who was highly thankful for Pair of Boots so generously bestow'd: However he was fain to leave the Room, and go into the Kitchen to put on his Boots, when *Rancour* began to sleep with more Tranquillity than he had done in the Night, his sleepy Faculty not being now disturbed either by his wakeful Desire of Stealing a Pair of Boots, or the Fear of being taken in the Fact. As for *Olive*, who had made a better use of his time, he got up betimes, call'd for some Wine, and fell a drinking, which was the best thing he could do. *Rancour* slept till Eleven of the Clock, and as he was dressing, *Ragotin* happen'd to come into the Room. He had been that Morning visiting the Actresses at their Toilet, and Mistress *Scar* having told him she had but little Reason to think him one of their Friends, since he did not go after her Companion as well as the rest, he promis'd not to return to *Mans* before he had learnt News of her: But not finding a Horse, either for Love or Money, could never have kept his Promise, had not a Miller lent him his

his Mule, which he mounted without Boots, and so arrived (as I said before) at the Village where the two Strollers had lain. *Rancour* had a strange ready Wit; for he no sooner saw *Ragotin* in Shoes, but he thought Fortune had favour'd him with an opportunity of concealing his Theft, which he was before much in pain how to do. Wherefore he presently desired him to lend him his Shoes, and to take his Boots, which being new, hurt one of his Feet. *Ragotin* accepted his Proposal with much joy, for as as he rid along, the Tongue of the Stirrup-buckle had torn his Stockings, which made him heartily to wish for a Pair of Boots. Now to acknowledge the Favour in some measure, he paid for the Player's Dinner, as well as his own and his Mules. And because since his late Fall, (when his Carrabine went off betwixt his Legs) he had made an Oath never to bestride again the back of any Saddle-beast, without first taking care of his Safety, he therefore made use of a jossing-block; yet with all this Precaution, had much ado to get into the Pack-saddle. His Brain was too full of Quick-silver to be judicious; a sign of which was his turning up the Tops of his Boots to his Waste, which hindred him from having the free use of his Hams, that were none of the most vigorous in the Province. However *Ragotin* being mounted, and the Strollers on Foot, they set forwards on their Journey, and followed the next Road they came at. As they were going along. *Ragotin* opened his Mind to the Strollers, and told them his Design by turning Player, and acting in their Company; protesting that tho he did not doubt but in a short time he should prove the best Actor in the Kingdom, yet he did not expect any profit from his Profession, but what he did was only out of Curiosity, and to let the World know, that he was fit for any thing he had a mind to undertake. *Rancour* and *Olive* fortified him in his noble Design, and what with commending and encouraging him, they put him at last into so good a Humour, that from his high Station, he began to repeat Verses out of *Theophilus's Píramus* and *Tisbe*. Certain Peasants who attended a loaden Cart, and were going the same way, hearing him speak with the Emphasis of an Enthusiast, thought he could do no less than preach the Word of the Lord; and therefore as long as he rehears'd his Heroicks, they walk'd Cap in Hand by his side, and respected him like a High-way Preacher.

C H A P. III.

The History of Cave.

THE two Women-Strollers, whom we left in the House, from whence *Angelica* had been stolen, had no better Nights rest than *Destiny*. Mrs. *Star* went into the same Bed with Mrs. *Cave*; both not to leave her alone in her Despair, and to endeavour by gentle Persuasions to alleviate her Affliction. At last finding so just a Grief did not want Reasons to defend it self, she us'd no Arguments to oppose it; only to make a Diversion, began to complain of her own hard Fate, as much as her Bed-fellow did of hers, and thus cunningly engag'd her to relate her Adventures, the more easily, because at that Juncture *Cave* would not allow any body to be more unfortunate than her self. She therefore wiping off those Tears that trickled down her Cheeks in abundance, and fetching a sound and deep Sigh, that she might not have the trouble to sigh so soon again, thus began to tell her Story. I was born a Player, Daughter to a Player, of whom I never heard that he had any other Relations but Players. My Mother was Daughter to a Merchant of *Marseilles*, who had bestow'd her in Marriage on my Father, as a Recompence for venturing his Life to defend his against a Gally-Officer (as much in Love with my Mother, as he was hated by her) who had attack'd him to his Disadvantage. This was an extraordinary Fortune to my Father; for without being put to the trouble of suing and wooing, he married a Wife young, beautiful and richer than a Stroller could ever pretend to. His Father-in-Law endeavour'd to persuade him to leave his Profession, and betake himself to the Business of a Merchant, as the more profitable and creditable Employment of the two. But my Mother, who was a great Lover of Plays, hindred him from leaving the Stage; tho to give him his due, he was inclin'd to follow his Wife's Father's Advice, as one that knew much better than she, that a Player's Life is not so happy as it appears to be. My Father left *Marseilles* soon after his Marriage, and carried away my Mother to make her first Campagne, she being more impatient than he, and of whom, in a little time, he made an excellent Player. She proved with Child the first Year of their Marriage, and was brought to Bed of me behind the Scenes; A Year after I had a Brother whom I loved dearly, and by whom I was much belov'd. Our Company was made up of our Family, and

three other Players, one of which had a Wife who acted under Parts. Upon a Holy-day, going thro a small Town in *Perigord*, my Mother, the other Player and I, on the Cart that carried our Baggage, and our Men on foot to guard us, our little Caravan was on the sudden attack'd by seven or eight ugly Fellows, so very drunk, that meaning only to fright us with shooting off a Gun, I felt their shot all over me, and my Mother receiv'd a dangerous Wound in the Arm. They seiz'd my Father and two of his Companions, before they were in a Posture to defend themselves, and beat them unmercifully. My Brother, and the youngest of our Men fled away, and ever since I could never hear of my Brother. The Inhabitants of the Town joined with those that had offer'd us this outrageous Violence, and caus'd our Cart to go back. This eager Mob ran fiercely, like People who have got a great Booty, and are willing to secure it, and made such Noise that they did not hear one another speak. After an Hours March they carried us into a Castle, which we had no sooner entred but we heard several People cry out with great Joy, that the Gypsies were taken; whereby we found their Mistake, which gave us not a little Comfort. The Mare that drew our Cart fell down dead with Weariness, having been hard put to it, and soundly beaten. The Player to whom the Mare belonged, and of whom the Company had hired her, fell a roaring after as lamentable a manner as if her Husband had been dying: At the same time my Mother felt such violent Pain in her Arm, that she fainted away, which made me to roar also so loud, that my Cries drowned those of the Player's, upon account of her Mare. The Noise we made, together with the hallowing of the rude Rabble, and of the drunken Scoundrels who brought us thither, caus'd the Lord of the Castle to come out of a Parlour, attended by four or five ill-look'd Fellows in red Coats or Cloaks. His first Question was, *Where, where are the thieving Gypsies?* Which put us in a terrible fright; but seeing none but fair Faces among us, he then askt my Father who he was; and had no sooner heard that we were a wretched Company of Players, but with an impetuous Passion, at which we all wonder'd, and swearing after as furious a manner as ever I heard Man, he charg'd with his Sword those that had seiz'd us, and caus'd them to disappear in a moment, some wounded, and the rest in a terrible Fright. The Mob being thus dispers'd, he command'd my Father and his Companions to be unbound, the Women to be carried into a Room, and our Goods to be laid up safe. Some Chamber-maids came to wait upon us, and got a Bed ready for my Mother, who found her self very
ill

ill of her Wound in her Arm. Soon after, a Man that looked like a Steward came to express his Master's Concern for the rude Usage we had received. He told us that the Scoundrels who had made so unlucky a Mistake, sneaked away most of 'em soundly beaten, or lame, and that a Surgeon had been sent for from the next Town to dress my Mother's Arm; afterwards he asked us very earnestly, whether they had taken any thing from us, and advised us to view our Goods, and see if there were any thing wanting. At Night they brought us our Supper into our Room; the Surgeon came, my Mother's Wound was dress'd, and she went to Bed in a violent Favour. The next Day the Lord of the Castle sent for the Players, enquired of them how my Mother did, and told them he would not suffer her to go out of his House before she was perfectly recover'd. He was so obliging as to send Men up and down the Country to enquire after my Brother and the young Player, with whom he fled away, but they could not be found; which Misfortune encreased my Mother's Distemper. A Physician and a Surgeon (more skillful than he who dress'd her Wound first) were sent for from a Neighbouring Town, and in a short time our good usage in the Castle made us to forget the Violence we had suffered. The Lord at whose House we were entertained, was a very rich Man, more fear'd than lov'd thro' all the Country; as violent in all his Actions as a Governour of a Frontier Town, and one who had the Reputation of being as brave as *Hercules*. His Name was the Baron *de Sigognac*; at this present he can be no less than a Marquis, but in those Days he was only a petty Tyrant of *Perigord*. A Company of Gypsies who had lain in his Lordship's Barn, stole away some Horses out of a Park where he kept Mares for breed, at a League distance from his Castle, and the Men that were sent to pursue them mistook us for 'em, to our cost. My Mother being now perfectly well, my Father and his Companions to express their Gratitude for their kind Entertainment, as far as poor Strollers were able, offer'd to act in the Castle as long as the Baron *de Sigognac* should desire it. An over-grown Page, at least four and twenty Years old, who was undoubtedly the Dean of all the Pages in the Kingdom, and a sort of Gentleman Waiter, studied the Parts of my Brother, and of the Player with whom he ran away. And now busie Fame proclaim'd through all the Country, that a Company of Strollers were to act a Play at the Baron *de Sigognac's*; abundance of *Perigordine* Gentry were invited to the Show, and when the Page was perfect in his Part, which he found so difficult to

learn, that they were fain to cut and reduce it to two Lines; we acted *Garnier's Roger and Bradamante*. The Assembly was very fine, the Room well lighted, the Stage convenient, and the Scenes adapted to the Subject. We all endeavour'd to do our best, and we acted with a general Applause. My Mother in the Habit of an *Amazon* appeared as beautiful as an Angel, and tho her late Indisposition made her to look a little pale, yet the Brightness of her Complexion obscur'd all the Lights in the Room. Tho I have great Reason to be very melancholy, yet cannot I forbear laughing whenever I think how ridiculouſly the Page acted his Part; neither muſt my ill Humor rob you of this pleasant Paſſage; perhaps you may not find it ſuch, but I can aſſure you it made all the Company laugh heartily, and I have laugh'd at it an hundred times ſince; but whether it were laughable, or becauſe I am one of thoſe who laugh at a very ſmall matter, I ſhan't pretend to determine. He acted the Duke of *Aymon's* Page, and had but two Lines to ſpeak in all the Play; when the old Man reprimanded his Daughter *Bradamante* for reſuſing to marry the Emperour's Son, (becauſe ſhe was in Love with *Roger*) the Page ſays to his Maſter,

*Monſieur, rentrons dedans, je crains que vous tombiez,
Vous n'êtes pas trop bien aſſeuré ſur vos P I E D S.*

This great Oaf of a Page, tho his Part was eaſie enough to remember, yet murder'd the ſecond Verſe, and ſaid very awkwardly, and trembling like a Malefactor,

*Monſieur, rentrons dedans, je crains que vous tombiez,
Vous n'êtes pas trop bien aſſuré ſur vos J A M B E S.*

This falſe Rhime ſurpriz'd every Body; he that acted *Aymon's* Part buiſt out a laughing, and was no longer able to repreſent an angry old Man. All the Audience laugh'd as well as he; and I my ſelf, who was then peeping thro the Hangings to ſee and be ſeen, laugh'd alſo to that degree that I was ready to drop down. The Maſter of the Houſe, who was one of thoſe melancholy Perſons who laugh but ſeldom, and never at a ſmall Matter, found his Page's want of Memory, and his awkward way of reciting Verſes ſo laughable a Subject, that he was like to burſt by endeavouring to preſerve his Gravity; but at laſt he was fain to laugh as well as the reſt; and his Men told us ſince, thar they never knew him ſo well pleas'd in all their Lives. Now as he was a Perſon of great Authority

rity in that Country, there was not one Person of the whole Audience but laugh'd as much as he, or perhaps more, either out of Complaisance, or a natural Inclination. I am very much afraid, added *Cave*, I have now done like those who tell People, *I'll tell you a Story that will make you die with laughing*, and who seldom or never are as good as their Words: For I must confess I rais'd your Expectation too high about the silliness of my Page. Not at all, answer'd *Star*, I have found it such as you made me to expect it; 'tis true, the thing might have seem'd more ridiculous to those that saw it, than it will to such as shall only hear it related, the awkwardness of the Page contributing much to make it so; and besides, the Time, the Place, and the natural Inclination we have to laugh for Company's sake, are all Advantages it cannot have now. *Cave* made no farther Apology, and resum'd her Story where she had left off. After, continued she, that both the Actors and the Audience had laughed as much as their risible Faculty would give them leave, the Baron *de Sigognac* order'd his Page to come again on the Stage, in order to mend his Fault, or rather to make new Sport for the Company: But the Page (the greatest Looby that ever I saw) refus'd to obey the positive Commands of the severest Master in the World. The Baron took his Denial as he was prompted by his hasty Temper, that is to say, very ill; and his Repentment, which ought to have been small, had he been rul'd by Reason, prov'd afterwards the fatal Cause of the greatest Misfortune that could befall us. Our Tragedy was honour'd with the Applause of the whole Audience; and the Farce was still better receiv'd than the Tragedy, as it generally happens every where, except in *Paris*. The Baron *de Sigognac*, and the rest of the Gentlemen his Neighbours, were so well pleas'd with it, that they desired to see us act again. All the Gentlemen clubb'd to make a Present to our Company, every one according to his Generosity; the Baron shew'd them the way, and the Play was given out for the next Holy-day. We play'd a whole Month before this *Perigordine* Gentry; during which time we were treated and caress'd both by Men and Women, and besides, our Company was presented with some old Clothes half worn out. The Baron entertain'd us at his own Table; his Servants were extremely officious in waiting upon us, and often told us how much they were oblig'd to us for their Master's good Humour, whom they found quite alter'd since Plays had civiliz'd his rough Manners. The Page alone look'd upon us as People that had blasted his Reputation for ever; and the Line he had spoiled,

and which every body in the House, even to the very Scullion, repeated to him often in Railery, was a cruel Stab to him, of which he at last resolv'd. to be reveng'd upon some body or other of our Company. Upon a certain Day, when the Baron *de Sigognac* had assembled his Neighbours and Tenants, to rid his Woods of a great number of Wolves that harbour'd there, and by which the Country was very much annoy'd; my Father and his Fellow-Strollers accompanied him each with his Gun, as did also his Servants. The unlucky Page went along with them, and having found the opportunity he lookt for, to put his ill Design against us in Execution, he no sooner espied my Father, and his Comrades separated from the rest, and giving one another Powder and Shot to load their Guns; but he let fly his Piece at them from behind a Tree, and shot my unhappy Father with two Bullets: His Comrades were so busie in supporting him, that they never thought at first to pursue the Murtherer, who made the best of his Way, and has since run the Country. Two Days after my Father died of his Wounds: My Mother repented her Loss to that Degree, that it almost broke her Heart; she fell sick again, and I was as much afflicted as 'twas possible for a Girl of my Years. My Mother's Illness proving a lingring Disease, the Men and Women that belong'd to our Company, took their Leaves of the Baron *de Sigognac*, and went to seek their Fortune with some other Strollers. My Mother lay sick for above two Months, but at last recover'd, having during that time receiv'd such Tokens of Generosity and Kindness from the Baron *de Sigognac*, as were little to be expected from a Man who had the Reputation of being the greatest Tyrant that ever made himself fear'd in a Country where every Squire pretends to huff and domineer. His Servants, who never found any Humanity or Civility in him before, wondred to see him converse with us, after the most kind and obliging manner in the World. One might have thought he was in Love with my Mother, but that he seldom spoke to her, and never came into our Room, (where we us'd to take our Meals, after my Father's Death) and only sent often to know how she did: However, the Country talk'd as if he was great with her, as we have been since inform'd. But at length my Mother, considering she could not with Decency stay any longer in the House of a Person of his Quality, had already design'd to leave it, and retire to her Father's at *Marseilles*. She therefore acquainted the Baron with her Intentions; return'd him Thanks for all his kind Usage to us, and desired him to add a new Favour to those

we had already receiv'd, which was, to lend us Saddle-horses for her self and me, till we came to a certain Town, and a Cart to carry our little Baggage, which she design'd to sell to the first Man that would give her any thing for it. The Baron was much surpriz'd at my Mother's Request. Nor was she in a less Surprise than he, finding he would neither grant it nor deny her. The next Day, the Curate of one of the Churches within his Lordship, came to visit us in our Chamber, accompanied by his Niece, a good-natured and agreeable Girl, with whom I was intimately acquainted. She and I went out to fetch a Walk in the Garden of the Castle, and left her Uncle alone with my Mother: The Curate had a long Conversation with her, and did not leave her till Supper-time. When I came back I found my Mother melancholy and full of Thought; I ask'd her three or four times what was the matter, but could get no answer from her, only she fell a weeping, and so I wept for Company, not knowing why nor wherefore. At last she bid me shut her Chamber-door, and then told me, (weeping still more than before) that the Curate had inform'd her, that the Baron *de Sigognac* was desperately in Love with her, and assur'd her besides, that he had so great a Respect for her, that he never durst declare (either by himself or others) his Passion for her, without offering her Marriage at the same time. Here she stopt, being almost suffocated with Sighs and Sobs: I ask'd her once again, What ail'd her? What! Daughter, said she to me, have I not said enough to let you understand that I am the most wretched Woman in the World? I told her I did not think it so great a Misfortune for a Player to become a Lady of Quality. Alas! dear Child, said she, you talk like a young Girl that knows nothing of the World. What, (added she) if he should deceive the Curate in order to deceive me? If he does not design to marry me, as he would persuade me he does, have I not Reason to fear all manner of Violence, from a Man so much a Slave to his Passions? And if he really designs to marry me, and I consent to it, What Woman in the World can be more miserable than my self will in all probability be, when his Fancy is over? How great is his Hatred like to prove, if ever he should repent loving me? No, no, Daughter, continu'd she, Fortune is not so favourable as thou imaginest: Nay, rather she designs to aggravate my Load of Woe; for having depriv'd me of a Husband whom I lov'd, and by whom I was beloved, she now would force one upon me, who perhaps will hate me, and oblige me to hate him too. Her Grief, which I

thought unreasonable, encreas'd to that degree, that she was like to be stifled with it, whilst I helpt her to undress her self. I comforted her as well as I could, and endeavour'd to combat her Affliction, with all the Arguments a Girl of my Years was able to frame, not forgetting to tell her, that the obliging and respectful Behaviour which the roughest of all Men had ever shewn in conversing with us, seem'd to be a good Omen, and especially his want of Assurance in discovering his Passion to a Woman, whose Profession is rather apt to embolden a Man in his Addresses, than inspire him with awful Respect. My Mother suffer'd me to speak all I thought fit, went to Bed very much afflicted, and cherish'd her Grief all Night long, instead of sleeping. I endeavour'd for the sake of good Manners to resist Sleep, but at last was fain to yield, and so I slept for us both; she got up early in the Morning, and when I awak'd I found her ready dress'd, and her Mind pretty well compos'd. I was in great Pain to know what Resolution she had taken; for to tell you Truth, I flatter'd my self with my Mother's future Greatness, in case the Baron was sincere and honourable in his Addresses, and my Mother willing to grant his Sute. The Thoughts of hearing my Mother call'd my Lady Baroness, filled my Mind with Delight, and Ambition began to inflame my youthful Breast-----

Cave was thus recounting her Story, and *Star* listning to her with great Attention, when they heard somewhat tread in their Chamber, which startled them the more, in that they remembred they had made the Door fast with the Bolt. The Noise continued, and so they cried, Who's there? No Answer was made; but a moment after, *Cave* saw at the Bed's-foot, (the Curtains being open) the Figure of a Person whom she heard sigh, and who leaning on the Bed, rested on her Feet. She sat up, to view the thing nearer that had begun to fright her. Being fully resolved to speak to it, she reach'd her Head out of the Bed, when presently the thing disappear'd. The being in Company with any body gives often an Assurance, but sometimes our Fears are never the less for being shar'd with another. *Cave* was frightened because she had seen nothing, and *Star*, because she saw her Companion frightened. They both thrust themselves into the Bed, cover'd their Heads with the Bed-clothes, and lay close, not daring almost to speak to each other for Fear. At last *Cave* told *Star*, that her poor Daughter must be dead, and that 'twas her Ghost that came to sigh by her. *Star* was perhaps going to reply, when they heard the Thing walk again in the Room. *Star* thrust her self deeper into the Bed

Bed than she had done before; but *Cave*, embolden'd by the Thought that it was her Daughter's Ghost, sat up again in the Bed, and seeing the same thing appear, sighing as before, and leaning on her Feet, reach'd her Hand and felt a very rough one; which made her to give a hideous Shriek, and struck her down with the Fright. At the same time they heard a barking in the Room, as when a Dog is afraid of any thing that he meets in the Night. *Cave* had once more Courage enough to look what it was, and then she saw a great Grey-hound that barked at her. She threatned him with a loud Voice, at which time he retired barking towards one Corner of the Room, where he vanished out of Sight. The courageous Player rose out of her Bed, and by the Moon-shine which came thro the Window, discovered in that Corner of the Room, where the Phantom and the Grey-hound had disappear'd, a little Door which open'd unto a little Pair of Back-stairs. By that she easily imagin'd that a Grey-hound belonging to the House had crept thro that Door into their Room; and that having a mind to lay himself on their Bed, but not daring to do it without the consent of those who were in it, he had sighed like a Dog, and the Bed being high, as are all old Beds, he had lean'd his Fore-legs on her Feet, and afterwards crept under the Bed, when *Cave* first reached her Head out of it: However the Belief of a Ghost being in the Room, had so possess'd *Star*'s frighted Soul, that 'twas a long time before she could persuade her that 'twas but a Grey-hound. As afflicted as *Cave* was, she jeer'd her Companion about her Cowardise, and reserv'd the Continuation of her Story to another time, when they should not want Sleep so much as they did then. 'Twas now Break of Day, they fell asleep, and got up about Ten of the Clock, when Word was brought them, that the Coach which was to carry them to *Mans* was ready to set out as soon as they pleas'd.

C H A P. IV.

Destiny meets with Leander.

D*estiny* in the mean time went from Town to Town, still enquiring after those he pursued, but could learn no News, nor Tidings of 'em. Thus he rambled up and down till two or three a Clock in the Afternoon, when Hunger and his Horse's Weariness oblig'd him to return to a great Village which he had left a while before. Here he found a pretty good Inn, because it stood upon the Road, and where he did not forget to ask whether they had heard of a Company of Horsemen who stole a young Woman. *There's a Gentleman above who can give you an account of 'em, said the Surgeon of that Village, who happen'd to be there ; for, added he, I believe he has been a quarrelling with 'em, and has got many a Wound for his Pains. I just now applied to him an Anodyne and resolute Cataplasim on a livid Tumour he has on the Vertebrae of the Neck, and dress'd a great Cut he received in the Occiput. I would have let him Blood, because he is full of Contusions, but he would not let me, tho he has great occasion for it. He must needs have got a heavy Fall, or else have been beaten unmercifully.* This Country Surgeon took such Delight in mustering the learned Terms of his Art, that tho *Destiny* was gone from him, and no body left to give him the hearing, yet went he still on with his Discourse till he was fetch'd away to let a Woman Blood, who was dying of an *Apoplexy*. In the mean time *Destiny* went up to the Person's Chamber of whom the Surgeon had spoke, where he found a young Man well clad, with his Head bound, and lying upon a Bed to take his Rest. He was meditating a Complement to excuse his intruding into his Chamber, before he knew whether he was willing to admit of his Visit ; but he was not a little surpriz'd when at the first Words he spoke, the other rose from his Bed, and ran to embrace him, discovering himself to be his Servant *Leander*, who was gone from him without taking Leave four or five Days before, and whom *Cave* had suspected to be the Ravisher of her Daughter. *Destiny* was at a stand, not knowing in what sort of Tone he should speak to him, by reason he saw him look like a Gentleman, both in Person and Dress. Whilst he was thus viewing him, *Leander* had time to compose himself, for he seem'd something disorder'd at first : I am asham'd (said he to *Destiny*) I dealt not so frankly and sincerely with you, as I should have done with one whom I value

value so much ; but you must excuse an unexperienc'd young Man, who before he was well acquainted with you, thought you to be of the same Make, as are generally those of your Profession, and therefore upon that Score durst not to trust you with a Secret, on which depends the Happiness of his Life. *Destiny* told him, he could not imagine in what particular he had distrusted him, so desir'd he would let him know it. I have a great many things besides to tell you, if you are not already acquainted with 'em, answer'd *Leander* ; but first of all let me know what brought you hither ? *Destiny* told him how *Angelica* had been stolen, that he had pursued her Ravishers, and was inform'd as he came into the Inn, that he had met with one in him, that could give him an account of them. 'Tis true I met with 'em (reply'd *Leander* with a Sigh) and I did as much against 'em, as a single Man could do against many ; but my Sword happening to break in the Body of the first Man I wounded, I could neither rescue Mrs. *Angelica*, nor die in her Defence, tho I was fully resolv'd to do one. They left me in the Condition you see me, and thinking they had killed me with a Back-stroke they gave me on the Head, (but which did only stun me for a while) they went on their way in great haste. This is all I know of Mrs. *Angelica*, but we shall hear more anon from a Servant of mine, who is to meet me here, and whom I sent to follow 'em at a distance, after he had helped me to mount my Horse, which they left me, because, I suppose, they did not think him worth stealing. *Destiny* ask'd him, why he went from him without giving him Warning ? From whence he came ? and who he was ? Not doubting but that he conceal'd his Name and Condition from him. *Leander* confest there was some such thing, and having laid himself down, because the Blows he had receiv'd gave him cruel Pain, whilst *Destiny* sat at the Bed's Feet, *Leander* recounted to him what you may read in the following Chapter.

C H A P. V.

The History of Leander.

I Am a Gentleman, of a Family pretty well known in the Province where I was born, and hope one Day to be worth at least four thousand Crowns a Year, provided my Father be at last pleas'd to die; for tho' tis now fourscore Years since he has plagu'd all those that have any dependance upon him, yet is he so well in Health, that I have more reason to fear he will never die, than to hope to inherit three fine Lordships, which make up his Estate. He design'd to make me Counsellor in the Parliament of *Brittany*, tho' against my Inclination, and for that purpose sent me to School betimes. I was at the College of *La Fleche*, when your Company came to act there; there I saw Mistress *Angelica*, and fell in Love with her to that degree, that I could mind nothing else. Nay I went farther, for I had the assurance to acquaint her with my Passion, at which she was not much offended; I writ to her, she receiv'd my Letter, and did not look more coldly than before upon me, the next time I saw her. Afterwards Mistress *Cave* being fallen sick, and therefore oblig'd to keep her Chamber, whilst you were at *La Fleche*, her Daughter and I had frequent Opportunities of conversing, which she would have prevented had she not been ill; for you know how severe and reserv'd she is for a Woman of her Profession, which seems to dispense with its Followers not being over nice or scrupulous. From the first Moment I fell in Love, I never went to School more, nor mist a Play. The *Jesuits* endeavour'd to bring me back to my Duty, but having chosen the most charming Mistress in the World, I refused to obey those troublesome Masters. Your Servant, you may remember was kil'd at the Play-house Door, by the Scholars of *Brittany*, who made that Year a great Disturbance at *La Fleche*, because they were very numerous, and that Wine happen'd to be cheap; which was in some measure the reason why you went from *La Fleche* to *Angiers*. I did not take my leave of *Angelica*, because her Mother was always with her; all I could do, was to appear before her as she went away, with Despair in my Face, and Tears in my Eyes. A pitying melancholy Look which she cast on me, was like to break my Heart. I lockt my self up in my Room, wept bitterly the remaining part of the Day, and all the Night, and
the

the very next Morning changing Cloaths with my Man, (who was about my Size) I left him at *La Fleche* to sell my School-boys Equipage, and gave him a Letter for a Tenant of my Fathers, who supplys me with Money whenever I ask him for it, with orders to come to me at *Angiers*. I began my Journey thither after you, and overtook you at *Duretail*, where several Gentlemen who were then hunting a Stag, oblig'd you to stay seven or eight Days. There I offer'd my Service to you, and you entertain'd me as your Man, either because you were loth to be without one, or by reason my Face and Mien, which you seem'd to like, had engaged you to hire me. My Hair, which I had cut very short, hindered me from being known again by those who had often seen me with *Angelica*: Besides my Man's bad Coat, which I had put on to disguise my self, made me to look like quite another Man, than what I was in my own Cloaths, which were finer than a School-boy's generally are. However Mistress *Angelica* knew me at first sight, and has own'd to me since, that she did not doubt, but my Passion was very violent for her, since I could abandon all to follow her. She had the Generosity to dissuade me from it, and advis'd me to recall my wandering Reason. She made me to feel those Rigours, which would have been sufficient to have cool'd a Man less amorous than my self, but by my constant Love, I insensibly engag'd her to love me as much as I did her. As you had the Soul of a Man of Quality, (of such a one, I mean, as is truly Noble) 'twas not long before you found out that I was not of the Temper of a Servant; I soon gain'd your favour, and besides, the esteem of all the Gentlemen of your Company; nay even *Rancour* did not hate me, tho he had the Character among ye of loving no body. I shall not waste my time in relating all the fine things, which two Persons equally in Love might say to one another, as often as they happen'd to come together, you know that well enough from your own Experience. I will only tell you, that Mistress *Cave* suspecting our private Correspondence, or, rather having certain Proofs of it, charg'd her Daughter never to speak to me more; her Daughter however did not obey her; yet having surpris'd her writing to me, she us'd her so roughly, both before People and in private, that after that time, I found no great difficulty to persuade her to consent to be stolen. I am not affraid to make this plain Confession to you, knowing you to be as generous as any Man, and at least as amorous as my self. *Destiny* blush'd at these Words of *Leander*; who went on with his Discourse, and told *Destiny*, that he had left the Company in order to put his Design in Execution;

tion; that one of his Father's Tenants had promis'd him to furnish him with a sum of Money, and that he hop'd to receive some more at St. *Maloës*, from a Merchant's Son, his intimate Friend, who was lately come to his Estate, by the death of his Parents. He added, that by the assistance of this Friend, he did not question but to get over into *England*, and from thence to make his Peace with his Father, without exposing to his Anger, either his Mistress *Angelica* or her Mother, whom in all probability he would otherwise prosecute, with all the advantage that a Man of Wealth and Quality could have over two poor Players. *Destiny* made *Leander* sensible, that by reason of his Youth and Quality, his Father would certainly have indicted Mrs. *Cave* for a Rape, in case he had not thought of this way to prevent it. He did not endeavour to make him forget his Mistress; for he was sensible, that Persons in Love, were not capable to follow any Counsel but what was suggested by their Passion, and in a word are more to be pitied than blamed; but he highly disapproved his Design of going over into *England*; and represented to him what People might think of two young Strangers in a foreign Country; the hazards and fatigue of a Sea-voyage; the difficulty of being supplied with Money, in case he should want, and lastly, the Attempts to which they will be exposed by Mistress *Angelica's* Beauty, and the Youth of both. *Leander* did not endeavour to defend a bad Cause: He ask'd once more *Destiny's* Pardon, for having conceal'd himself so long from him? and *Destiny* in return promis'd to use all his Interest with Mistress *Cave*, to incline her to be favourable to him. Moreover he told him, that if he was fully resolv'd never to marry any any Woman but Mistress *Angelica*, he ought not to leave their Company; adding, that in the mean time his Father might die, or his Passion abate, or perhaps, be quite extinguish'd----- Oh! never, never, cry'd *Leander*. Well then, (said *Destiny*) to secure your Mistress's Heart, your best way is never to lose Sight of her: Be a Player still with us, for you are not the only Man that treads the Stage, when he could follow a better Employment: Write to your Father; make him believe you are in the Army, and try to get Money from him; in the mean time I will converse with you as if you were my own Brother, and by that means endeavour to make you forget the indifferent Usage you receiv'd from me, whilst I was unacquainted with your Quality and Merit. *Leander* would have thrown himself at his Feet, if the violent Pain he felt all over his Body upon account of his Bruises, would have given him leave: However, he return'd him Thanks after so oblig-

ing

ing a manner, and made him such hearty Protestations of Friendship, that from that very moment he had as great an esteem for him as one Gentleman would possibly have for another. They discours'd afterwards which Way they should go in search of *Angelica*; but a great Noise interrupted their Conversation, and caus'd *Destiny* to go down into the Kitchen, where was transacting what you shall hear in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

A bloody Fight at Fifty-Cuffs: The Death of the Inn-keeper, and other memorable Occurrences.

TWO Men, one of which was in Black like a Country School-Master, and the other in Gray, who look'd like a Catch-pole, had laid hold of one another by the Hair and Beard, and now and then box'd it highly after a most cruel manner. Both were indeed what their Habits and their Looks shew'd 'em: He in black the School-master of the Town, Brother to the Curate; and the other in Gray, a Bailif of the same Town, and Brother to the Inn-keeper. This Inn-keeper was then in a Chamber next the Kitchen, ready to give up the Ghost, being sick of a violent Fever, which had so disorder'd his Senses, that he broke his Head against the Wall; and this Wound join'd to his Distemper, had brought him so low, that when his Frenzy left him, he was fain to part with Life, which perhaps he regretted less than his ill-gotten Money. He had been a long time a Soldier, and was at last come home, laden with Years, and so light of Honesty, that he might be said to have less of it than Money, altho he was extraordinary Poor. But because Women are very often catch'd by those very things they ought least to be caught by; his twisted Hair, longer than any Peasant's in Town, his cursing and swearing like a true Son of *Mars*, a bristling Feather which he wore on his Hat upon Holy-days, when the Weather was fair, and a rusty long Sword that flap'd against the old Boots he had on, altho he never bestrid a Horse, all these I say, gain'd him the Heart of an old Woman that kept an Inn. She had been courted by the richest Tenants in the Country, not so much on account of her Beauty, as because she got an Estate with
her

her first Husband by exacting upon People, and cheating in the Measure, both of Wine and Oats; yet she courageously resisted all the Assaults of her Woers, but at last an old Weather-beaten Soldier triumph'd over this old Hostess. This Tavern-Nymph had the least Face, and the biggest Belly of any Woman in *Mayne*, tho which Province abounds in Big-bellied People. I leave to the Naturalists to find out the Reason of this as well as of the fat Capons of this Country. To return to this short Big-woman, whom I fancy to see as often as I think on her; She married our Warriour, without acquainting her Relations, and having liv'd to a crazy old Age, and undergone great Hardships with him, had at last the Satisfaction to see him die of a broken Scull, which she look'd upon as a just Judgment for his repeated Attempts of breaking hers. When *Destiny* came into the Kitchen, mine Hostess and her Maid, helpt the old Curate of the Town to part the Combatants, who had grappled one another like two Ships in a Sea-fight; but the Threats of *Destiny*, and his magisterial way of speaking, brought about what the Curate's Exhortations could not before effect: Whereupon the two mortal Enemies let go their hold, spitting half of their bloody Teeth out at their Mouths, bleeding at their Noses, and with their Hands full of each others Hair both from their Heads and Beards. The Curate being an honest, well-bred Person, return'd *Destiny* Thanks very civilly; *Destiny* to do him farther Pleasure, caus'd those two very Persons to embrace in a friendly manner, who a moment before had endeavour'd to strangle one another. During the Reconcilement, the Inn-keeper ended his obscure Life, without so much as giving notice of it to his Friends; insomuch, that when they entered his Room after the Conclusion of the Peace, they found there was no more to be done than to bury him. The Curate pray'd over the dead Body, and did it very well, for he was short. His Vicar came to relieve him, and in the mean time the Widow bethought her self to roar and cry, which she did with a great deal of Ostentation and Vanity. The Brother of the deceased, dissembled being sorrowful, or was so indeed; and the Men and Women-servants perform'd their Parts as well as he. The Curate follow'd *Destiny* into his Chamber, offering to serve him to the utmost of his Power, as well as *Leander*; and in requital, they invited him to eat a bit with 'em. *Destiny* who had eaten nothing yet all that Day, and had used a great deal of Exercise, fell to it with a greedy Appetite; *Leander* fed more upon amorous Thoughts than Victuals; and the Curate talked more than he eat. He told them a hundred pleasant Stories about the Avarice of the deceased; and acquainted them with
the

the comical Quarrels which this reigning Passion had often caus'd him, both with his Wife and his Neighbours. Among the rest, he related to them how he took once a Journey to *Laval* with his Wife: Now as they came back, the Horse that carried them both having lost two of his Shoes, he left his Wife holding him by the Bridle, at the Foot of a Tree, while he went back as far as *Laval*, to look for his Horse's Shoes; however he got nothing but his Labour for his Pains, whilst his Wife lost almost all Patience with waiting for him; (for they were come two Leagues from *Laval*.) She began to be in great Pain about him, when she espied him coming bare-foot; with his Boots and Hose in his Hands. She was not a little surpriz'd at this Novelty, but still durst not ask the reason of it; for by obeying his Officers in the Wars, he had made himself capable to domineer at home. Neither did she dare to contradict him, when she was commanded by him to pull off her Stockins, or so much as to ask him why she did it, only she thought 'twas out of Devotion. He then caus'd his Wife to lead his Horse by the Bridle, whilst he walk'd behind and drove him: Thus the Man and Wife, without either Shoes or Stockins, and the unhod Horse, after a tedious and troublesom March, came home at last, late at Night, and all three very much tired; both the Inn-keeper and his Wife had their Feet so gall'd and sore, that they could not walk for almost a Fortnight after. He never was more pleas'd with any thing he had ever done, and when ever he thought on't, told his Wife laughing, that if they had not come bare-foot from *Laval*, they had been at a great Expence for Shoes, both for themselves and their Horse. *Destiny* and *Leander* took not much notice of the Story, tho the Curate had promis'd a good one, either because they did not find it so pleasant as he said it was, or by reason they were not then in the Humor to laugh. The Curate who was a great Talker, was not contented with this, but had still a mind to proceed to another, and told *Destiny* that what they had heard was nothing in comparison of what he had to tell 'em, about the Inn-keeper's preparing himself for Death. 'Tis now four or five Days, continued he, since he knew he was past Recovery; and yet he never was more sparing: he grudged himself all the new laid Eggs he eat during his Illness; had a mind to know to a Farthing the charge of his Burial, and even would have abated something of my Fees, the Day I heard his Confession; in short, to end as he began, two Hours before he died, he order'd his Wife, in my hearing, to bury him in an old Sheet which he knew was somewhere about the House, and which had above a hundred Holes in it. His Wife represented to him

L

how

how undecent a thing it would be for him to be buried in it ; but he grew obstinate, and would have no other. His Wife could not find in her Heart to consent to it, and because she saw him unable to beat her, maintain'd her Opinion with more assurance than she had ever done, however without breaking in upon that Duty which an honest Wife owes her Husband, whether he be kind or not. At last she askt how he could pretend to appear in the Valley of *Jehosaphat* in that Equipage, and in what pickle he thought he should rise from the Dead ? The sick Man fell into a Passion at this, and swearing as he used to do when he was in Health, Zounds, cry'd he, I never intend to rise again. I had as much ado to forbear laughing, as to make him understand that he had offended God by thus falling into a Passion, and much more by what he had said to his Wife, which was a piece of Prophaneness and Impiety. He made an act of Contrition for it, tho somewhat against the Grain, but not without a Promise on our side, that he should be buried in no other Sheet than what he had pitch'd upon. My Brother who burst out a laughing when he heard him so loudly and plainly renounce his Resurrection, could not forbear laughing still, as often as it came into his Mind ; this the Brother of the deceas'd took exceptions at, and from Words advancing to Blows, my Brother and he, both equally sturdy and passionate, had laid hold of one another, and perhaps would have still been cuffing and fighting, if you had not parted them. Thus the Curate made an end of his Relation ; having all the while address'd himself to *Destiny*, because *Leander* did not give him any Attention. He took his leave of the Strollers with repeated offers of Service ; and *Destiny* endeavour'd to administer some Drops of Comfort to the afflicted *Leander*, and bid him to hope the best. As bruised as the poor Youth was, he now and then lookt out at the Window to see if his Man came, as if his looking would make him come ever the sooner. But when People wait with Impatience for any body, the Wisest are Fools enough to look towards the place from whence they expect them ; which Reflection shall be the close of my sixth Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

Ragotin's panick Fear, attended with Disasters ; the Adventure of the dead Body ; a Shower of Cuffs, and other surprizing Accidents worthy to have a place in this true History.

L *Leander*, as I said before, was looking out at the Window towards the Place from whence his Man was to come, when turning his Head to the other side, he saw little *Ragotin* just arriving, booted up to his Waste, mounted on a little Mule, and accompanied by *Rancour* and *Olive*, holding his Stirrups, one on one side, and the other on t'other, like two great Footmen that walk'd by the side of a new Sheriff's Horse on a Lord Mayor's Day. They had heard from Town to Town which way *Destiny* went, and by often enquiring found him at last. *Destiny* went down to meet 'em, and carried them up into his Chamber. They did not at first know young *Leander*, his Looks it seems being changed with his Clothes; yet lest they should find out who he was, *Destiny* ordered him to go down and see that Supper was got ready, with the same Authority with which he used to speak to him; and because the Strollers by that began to know him again, and wondred at his being so fine, *Destiny* told them, that an Uncle of his in the Lower *Mayne* had equip'd him from Head to Foot, just as they saw him; and besides, had given him Money to make him leave off the Stage, which he nevertheless had refused to do, and therefore came away from him without so much as taking his leave. *Destiny* and the rest asked one another News about what they all had been looking after, however were never the wiser for their Questions. *Ragotin* assur'd *Destiny* he had left the Women in good Health, tho much afflicted for Mrs. *Angelica's* Rape. At last, Night being come, they went to Supper, the new Comers drank hard, and the rest like sober Men. *Ragotin* began to be merry, challenged every body to drink, like a true Toper; broke many a silly Jest, and fell a singing in spite of the Company: But no body caring to second him, and the Hostess's Brother-in-Law having learnedly represented, that it did not look decent for them to make a Debauch so near a dead Corps, *Ragotin* made less noise, but however drank a great deal more Wine. Afterwards they went to Bed, *Destiny* and *Leander* in the Room they had already taken, and *Ragotin*, *Rancour*, and *Olive* in a

little Room next the Kitchen, and by the Chamber where lay the Corps of the deceased. The Hostess took up her Quarters in an upper Room, near that of *Destiny* and *Leander*, both to avoid the ghastly sight of a dead Husband, and to receive the consolatory Visits of her Friends; who came to her in great numbers; for she was one of the topping Women of the Village, and was as much belov'd by every body, as her Husband was hated. All things were in a profound Silence in the Inn; the Dogs were asleep, since they did not bark; all the other Animals slept likewise, or ought to have done, and this Tranquillity lasted till between two and three a Clock in the Morning, when all on a sudden *Ragotin* cry'd out as loud as he could bawl, that *Rancour* was dead. Now at once he had wak'd *Olive*, rouz'd *Destiny* and *Leander*, and got them to come down into the Kitchen in order to weep, or at least to see *Rancour*, who, he said, died suddenly by his side. *Destiny* and *Leander* followed him, when the first thing they saw as they entred the Room, was *Rancour* walking up and down like a Man in good Health, which, you know, is no such easie matter after sudden Death. *Ragotin* who went in first, no sooner spy'd him, but he flew back as if he had been going to tread on a Serpent, or step off a Precipice, He gave a great Shriek; turned pale as Death, and knock'd his Head so fiercely against *Destiny's* and *Leander's*, as he flew out of the Room, that he was like to have thrown 'em to the Ground. His Fear made him to run as far as the Garden that belong'd to the Inn, where he was like to catch cold. *Destiny* and *Leander* ask'd *Rancour* the Particulars of his Death; to which he answer'd, that he could not give so good an account of it as *Ragotin*, adding, that he was a little crackt brain'd. In the mean time *Olive* was splitting his Sides with laughing, *Rancour* stood speechless and unconcern'd, as he used to do upon such Occasions, and neither of them would discover what they knew of the Matter. *Leander* made after *Ragotin*, and found him lurking behind a Tree, trembling with Fear more than Cold, tho he was only in his Shirt. His Fancy was so full of dead *Rancour*, that he presently took *Leander* for his Ghost: and was going to run away as he advanced towards him: Next arriv'd *Destiny*, whom he took for another Ghost, both ask'd him several Questions, but could get no manner of Answer from him; at last they took him under the Arms, in order to carry him back to his Chamber; but as they were stepping out of the Garden, and *Rancour* advancing to come into it, *Ragotin* disingag'd himself from those that held him, and looking behind with wild staring Eyes,

Eyes, thrust himself into a Thicket of Rose-bushes. where he was intangled from Head to Foot, and not able to get out time enough to avoid the encounter of *Rancour*, who called him Mad-man a thousand times, and told him he must be shut up. They all three pulled him out of the Rose-bushes; *Rancour* gave him a sound slap on the Breech, to let him feel he was not dead, and at last our frightened little Man was carried back to his Room, and put to bed again. But he scarce was got into it, when a great noise of Female Voices, which they heard in the next Room, put them to a stand to know what was the matter: These were not the Complaints of one afflicted Woman alone, but the hideous Cries of several together, as when they are in a fright. *Destiny* went into the Room, where he found four or five Women with the Hostess, who were looking under the Beds, and in the Chimny, and were terribly frightened. He asked them what the matter was? when the Hostess, half howling, half speaking, told him, she did not know what was become of her poor Husband's Corps. She had scarce uttered these Words but she began to howl, all the other Women, as if it had been a howling Consort, answer'd her in a Chorus, and together made so great and lamentable a noise, that every body in the Inn came into that Room, and all the Neighbours and Goers by into the Inn. In the mean time an arch Pilferer of a Cat, seiz'd upon a Pigeon, which an unwary Maid had left half larded on the Kitchen-dresser, and retiring with her Prey into *Ragotin's* Chamber, hid her self under the Bed where he lay with *Rancour*. The Maid followed Puss with a Faggot-stick in her Hand, and looking under the Bed to know what was become of her Pigeon, cried out as loud as she could, that she had found her Master, which she repeated so often, that the Hostess and the rest of the Women came to her. The Maid fell about her Mistress's Neck, and told her she had found her Master, with such a Transport of Joy, that the poor Widow was afraid her Husband was come to Life again, for they took notice that she immediately turned as pale as a Malefactor upon receiving his Sentence. At last the Maid bad 'em look under the Bed, where they espied the Corps they had been so much in pain about. Altho it was very heavy, the greatest difficulty was not to get it from thence, but to know who had put it there; however they carried it into its Chamber again, where they began to dress it for Burial. The Players withdrew up Stairs to *Destiny's* Room, who all this while did not know what to make of these strange Accidents. As for *Leander*, his Head ran upon nothing but his dear *Angelica*, which made him as fullen and pensive, as *Ragotin* was

sorry that *Rancour* was not dead; by whose Raillery he was so mortified, that he had not a Word to say, contrary to his Custom of talking continually, and intruding upon all Conversations right or wrong. *Rancour* and *Olive* were so little surpriz'd, both at *Ragotin's* panick Terror, and the Transmigration of a dead Corps from one Room to another without any human Assistance, at least that any body knew of, that *Destiny* began to suspect they had no small share in the Prodigy. In the mean time they were debating the Case in the Kitchen, in order to know the truth of the matter. One of the Plough Men, who just then came from the Field to eat his Dinner, hearing one of the Maids relate in a great fright, that her Master's Corps had got up of its self and walked, told her, that as he went thro the Kitchen by break of Day, he saw two Men in their Shirts, who carried it on their Shoulders into the Room where 'twas found. The Brother of the deceased hearing what the Fellow had said, and highly resenting so foul an Action, the Widow and her Friends were presently made acquainted with it; all were very much offended at it, and with one Voice concluded that those Men must certainly be Sorcerers, and that they designed to do some Wicked thing or other with the Corps. Whilst they were passing this untoward Judgment upon *Rancour*, he happen'd to come into the Kitchen, to bid 'em carry up something for Breakfast into the Strollers Chamber. The Brother of the deceased ask'd him, Why he had carried his Brother's Body into his Room? But *Rancour* was so far from returning an Answer, that he did not so much as exchange a Look with him. The Widow put the same Question to him; he shewed her the like indifference, which the good Dame did not him; for she at the same time flew in his Face as furiously as a Lionsess bereft of her Whelps would have done. (I fear the Simile is a little too magnificent) Her Brother-in-Law gave *Rancour* a sound Cuff, the Hostess's Friends did not spare him; the Maids put in for their Share, as did also the Men. But a single Man could not afford room for the Blows of so many Strikers, who rather hindred one another; *Rancour* alone against so many, and by consequence so many against him, was not daunted at the Number of his Enemies, and therefore making a Virtue of Necessity, began to use all the Strength and Activity that God Almighty had put into his Hands, leaving the rest to Fortune. Never was an unequal Fight so obstinately maintain'd; for *Rancour* preserving his Judgment amidst the greatest Dangers, made use of his Policy as well as Strength, dealt his Blows with Prudence, and improv'd 'em to the best Advantage. He gave many a Box, which not falling full upon the

the first Cheek it met, glane'd upon a second, and some times a third, because he generally whirl'd about when he was going to strike, so that with one single Blow he often extracted three different Sounds, out of three differing pair of Chops. At the noise of the Combatants, *Olive* came down into the Kitchen, and had scarce time to discern his Comrade amidst all those that belaboured him, but he felt himself more fiercely attackt even than *Rancour*, whose Valour and vigorous Resistance now began to strike his Foes with Terror; therefore two or three of those whom *Rancour* had abused most, fell foul upon *Olive* only perhaps to get their Revenge. The noise increased, and at the same time the Hostess received such a huge Cuff on her little Piggs-nyes, that she saw a hundred thousand Lights at the same time, (this is a certain number for an uncertain one) and was intirely disabled. She howl'd and roar'd more fiercely, and perhaps more heartily than she had done at her Husband's Death. Her howling brought all the Neighbours to her House, and *Destiny* and *Leander* into the Kitchen: Tho these last came with a Spirit of Peace, yet they presently had War made upon 'em, without saying why or wherefore; they did not want Cuffs and Boxes, neither were they so uncivil as to suffer those to want them, who had been so bountiful as to give to them so freely. The Hostess, her Friends, and her Maids cry'd out Thieves, and were now only bare Spectators of the Fight, some with Eyes black and blew, others with bloody Noses, others again with broken Chops, and all of 'em with their Head-clothes torn to pieces. The Neighbours espous'd the Quarrel of the Hostess against those she called Thieves; and 'twould require a better Pen than mine must pretend to be, to describe the noble Cuffs that were afterwards given and received on both sides. At last Animosity and Fury had so possess'd their Breasts, that they began to seize on the Spits, and all other Moveables that one might sling at another's Head. When the Curate coming accidentally into the Kitchen, endeavour'd to make the Battel cease. To speak the Truth, altho they all had a mighty Respect for his Character, yet would he in all probability have had much ado to have parted the Combatants, if their weariness had not inclin'd them to hearken to his Advice. Thus tho all acts of Hostility ceased on both sides, yet the Noise continued as before; for every one pretended to be heard first, the Women especially before the Men with their false treble Voices; whereupon the poor good Man was fain to stop his Ears and run to the Door for Relief. This having silenc'd the most obstreperous, he faced about, enter'd the Field of Battel, and commanded the Inn-keeper's Brother to speak: He first of all

complain'd of the dead Corps being carried from one Room to another, and had so exaggerated the Enormity of the Fact, had he had less Blood to spit out of his Mouth, besides the bleeding at his Nose, which he could not stop. *Rancour* and *Olive* pleaded guilty to the Indictment, protesting withal, that they had not done this with any ill intent, but only to fright one of their Comrades, as they really did. The Curate blam'd 'em very much for it, and shew'd 'em the ill Consequence of such an Action, which was carrying a Jest too far. However being a Man of Parts, and of great Interest among his Parishioners, he found no difficulty in adjusting the Quarrel, and so all parted upon even Terms. But wild Discord with her hissing Snakes instead of Hair, had not yet compleated the Mischief she design'd to do in that House, for now there was heard in the upper Room such roaring, as little differs from that of a Hog when he is going to be stuck, and yet he that roared at this rate was no other than *Ragotin*. The Curate, the Strollers, and several others ran up to him, and found him sunk up to the Ears in a great Wooden-chest, where the Hostess kept her Linen; and what was yet more grievous to the poor entrapp'd *Ragotin*, the Lid of the Trunk which was thick and heavy, had fallen upon his Legs, and squeez'd 'em so, that it griev'd ones Heart to see it. A lusty Chamber-maid, who stood by when they entred the Room, and look'd very much concern'd, was suspected of having put the little Man into so ill a Place. This was the Truth of the business; and she was so proud of what she had done, that whilst she was making one of the Beds, she did not vouchsafe to mind how they could get *Ragotin* out of the Trunk, nor so much as answer those who ask'd her the occasion of the Noise they heard. In the mean time the little Man was got out of the Trap, and had no sooner the use of his Feet but he ran to his Sword. They hindred him from laying hold on cold Iron, but could not keep him from closing with the tall Maid, whom he could not prevent giving him such a fierce Blow on the Pate, that all the vast Seat of his narrow Reason was shaken by it. This made him to start three Steps back, but it had been but a Spring towards a Leap, had not *Olive* held him by the Breeches, as he was going to shoot like a Serpent against his dreadful Adversary. The Effort he made (tho to no purpose) was so violent, that the Waist-band of his Breeches was broken by it, as was likewise the Silence of the Company, who then all fell a laughing. The Curate forgot his Gravity, and the Inn-keeper's Brother his Affliction. *Ragotin* alone was not dispos'd to Merriment, and therefore turned his Anger against *Olive*; who being offended at it,

truss'd

truss'd him up, and carried him (brandishing his Legs) to the Bed which the Ma'id was making, where with the Strength of a *Hercules*, he pull'd down his Breeches, (whose Waistband was already broken) and then lifting up his Hands, and letting them fall quick and amain on his Thighs, and Places adjacent, in the twinkling of an Eye, made them to look as red as Scarlet. Bold *Ragotin* flung himself with great Courage from the Bed on the Ground, but this venturous Action was not attended with the Success it deserv'd. His Foot got into a Chamber-pot, which to his great Misfortune had been left by the Bed-side, and went in so deep, that not being able to get it out by the help of the other Foot, he durst not step from the Bed-side where he was, for fear of making yet more Sport for the Company, and bringing their Raillery upon him, which he bore more impatiently than any Man could. Every body wonder'd to see him so quiet, after so great an Emotion. *Rancour* suspected there was something more than ordinary in the matter, and therefore having caus'd him to come out from the Bed-side, half willing, half not, all the Company then perceiv'd where the Shoe wrung him, and no body could forbear laughing at the Pewter-foot our Dwarf had made for himself. We shall leave him treading the Metal with Pride and Contempt, that we may go and welcome a new Company which came at the same time into the Inn.

C H A P. VIII.

What became of Ragotin's Foot.

HAD *Ragotin* by his own Strength, and without the help of his Friends, been able to *unpot* his Foot, I mean, to get it out of that scurvy Chamber-pot it had so unluckily got into, his Anger would have lasted at least all the remainder of the Day: But he was fain to abate somewhat of his natural Pride, and be submissive; humbly beseeching *Destiny* and *Rancour* to procure the Liberty of his Foot, right or left, I know not whether, for it never came to my Knowledge which of the two it was. He did not address himself to *Olive*, by reason of what had pass'd betwixt 'em: Nevertheless, *Olive* came to his Aid, without Entreaty, and both his Comrades and he us'd

us'd their endeavours to release him. The repeated Efforts the little Man had made to get his Foot free, had caus'd it to swell, and those which *Destiny* and *Olive* us'd swell'd it yet a great deal more. *Rancour* put his Hand to it first of all, but so aukwardly, or rather maliciously, that *Ragotin* thought he had a mind to make him lame for ever. He desir'd him very earnestly to let it alone, as also his Comrades, and so laid himself down upon a Bed, till the Smith they had sent for, could come to file the Pot off his Foot. The remaining part of the Day past pretty quietly in the Inn, tho somewhat melancholy betwixt *Destiny* any *Leander*, the one being very much in Pain about his Man, who did not come to bring him news of his Mistress, according to Promise; and the other not finding in his Heart to be merry without his dear Mistress *Scar*; and besides, he was concern'd at the Rape of *Angelica*, and pitied poor *Leander*, in whose Face he saw all the Marks of deep Affliction. *Rancour* and *Olive* soon made a Match with some of the Inhabitants of the Village, who were at Bowls; and *Ragotin*, the Operation on his Foot being over, compos'd himself to rest, whether he was really sleepy, or because he was asham'd to appear in publick, after his unlucky Adventures, I won't pretend to satisfy you. The Corps of the Inn-keeper was carried to his long home, and mine Hostess, notwithstanding the pious Thoughts her Husband's Death ought to have suggested to her, exacted soon after upon two *English* Men, who were going to *Paris*, with as much Barbarity, as if she had been a *Dutch*-Inn-keeper. The Sun was just set, when *Destiny* and *Leander*, who could not stir from their Window, began to spy a Coach with four Horses, attended by three Men on Horseback, and four Foot-men. Soon after, a Maid came to desire 'em to resign their Chamber to the new Company, whereupon *Ragotin* was oblig'd to shew himself, altho he had a mind to keep his Apartment, yet he was forc'd to follow *Destiny* and *Leander* into that, where the Day before he fancied he had seen *Rancour* die. *Destiny* was known in the Kitchen by one of the Gentlemen in the Coach, who was the same Counsellor of the *Parliament* of *Rennes*, with whom he got acquainted at the Wedding, so fatal to poor *Cave*. This *Briton* Senator, enquir'd of *Destiny* after *Angelica*, and express'd a concern that she was not found. His Name was *la Garouffiere*, which makes me believe he was rather *Angevin* than *Briton*, for we find as few *Briton* Names begin with *Gar*, as we see many *Angevin* ones ending in *lere*; *Norman*, in *Ville*; *Picard*, in *Cour*; and of the People living near the River *Garonne*, in *ac*. To return to Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, he

was

was a Man of Wit, as I said before, and did not think himself a Country-Wit neither, because when his attendance was not required at *Rennes*, he generally came to *Paris* to spend a Sum of Money in the Publick Houses, and put on black when the Court went into Mourning. This being duly verified and recorded, ought to be as good as a Patent, if not of Nobility, at least of Gentility; besides, he was a Wit by the same Reason that most People pretend to have their share in ingenious Diversions, as well those that have skill in 'em, as proud, brutish and ignorant Coxcombs, who pass their rash censures both upon Verse and Prose, tho at the same time they think it a dishonour to write well, and would upon occasion reproach a Man as much for making Books, as for counterfeiting the King's Coin. However, Strollers are the better for these Pretenders, and are the more carested in all the Towns in which they act: For being the Parrots of the Poets, and some among 'em who have Wit, writing sometimes Plays, either out of their own stock, or what they borrow from several others, People are in a manner ambitious of knowing them or being in their company. In our Days the World has done justice to their Profession, and shew'd a greater esteem for 'em than was done formerly: And to speak truth, Plays in themselves are a most innocent Diversion, and may be as Instructive as entertaining. They are now a-days, at least at *Paris*, purged from their former Licentiousness; and 'twere to be wished the Play-houses were as well cleared of Pick-pockets, Pages, Foot-men, Whores, Orange-wenchies, and such other Vermine, who haunt those Places rather to nimb a Purse, or pick up a Cull, than to hear the silly Jests of Farces: But now Farces are in a manner exploded, and I am sure there are many private Assemblies where they laugh heartily at low and smutty Equivocations, at which the Front Boxes would be offended in the * *Hôtel de Bourgogne*: But here let's make an end of this Digression. Monsieur *la Garouffiere* was over joy'd to find *Destiny* in the Inn, and made him promise to Sup with the Company of the Coach, which consisted of the Bridegroom of *Mans*, his Bride, whom he was carrying to her own Country *Laval*, the Bridegroom's Mother, a Gentleman of that Province, an Advocate of the Council, and Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, all related to one another, and whom *Destiny* saw at the Wedding where *Angelica* was stolen away. Add to all these I have named, a Chamber-maid or Waiting-woman, and you

* As much as to say the Theatre-Royal in London.

may find that the Coach was pretty well cramm'd; not to mention that Madam *Bouvillon* (for so was the Bridegroom's Mother call'd) was one of the largest Women in *France*, tho perhaps the shortest, for I am credibly inform'd, that one year with another, she wore *thirty Stone of Flesh, besides all other heavy and solid Matters which enter the Composition of a humane Body. By this Description you will easily believe she was very Juicy, as all short Women generally are. Supper was served up: *Destiny* appear'd at Table with that good Mien which was inseparable from him, and which at that time was not in the least lessen'd by dirty Linnen, *Leander* having furnish'd him with a clern Shirt and Cravat. He spoke but little, according to his Custom; yet had he talk'd as much as the rest, who all did it very much, he would not perhaps have said so many impertinent things as they. *La Garouffiere*, help'd him to a bit of every thing that was good on the Table; Madam *Bouvillon* did the same, in Emulation of *la Garouffiere*, and with so little Consideration, that in one Moment all the Dishes were empty, and *Destiny's* Plate so full of Wings and Legs of Fowls, that I have often wonder'd since, how they could raise by chance such a high Piramid of Meat on so narrow a Basis as the bottom of a Plate. *La Garouffiere* did not mind what he did, so very busie was he about talking of Poetry to *Destiny*, to bespeak his good Opinion of his own Wit; Madam *Bouvillon*, who had also a Project in her Head, continued her good Offices to the Player, and finding no more Pullets to carve, was reduc'd to help him to some swinging slices of a Leg of Mutton. He was at a loss what to do with 'em, and was looking for a place where to put two Slices he had in both his Hands, when the Country Gentleman, who was unwilling to hold his Tongue to the prejudice of his Stomach, ask'd *Destiny* with a smile, whether he could eat all the Meat he had on his Plate? *Destiny* cast his Eyes upon it, and was not a little surpris'd to see, almost level with his Chin, the heap of carv'd Pullets with which *la Garouffiere* and *Bouvillon* had erected a Trophy to his Merit. He blush'd, and could not forbear laughing; *Bouvillon* was dash'd out of countenance; *la Garouffiere* laugh'd heartily, and put all the Company in so good a Humour, that they broke out into Laughter four or five several times successively. The Servants began where their Masters left off, and laugh't in their turns;

* The French has it Thirty hundred weight, but I fancy Thirty Stone sufficient to describe a Woman monstrously Fat.

which the Bride found so comical, that breaking out into immoderate Laughter as she was going to drink, she spurted the greatest part of the Wine which was in her Glass, on her Mother-in-law, and her Husband's Face, and distributed the rest either on the Table, or the Clothes of those that sat at it. They all began to laugh again, except *Bowillon*, who colour'd at it, and cast an angry Look upon her poor Daughter-in-law, which pall'd a little their Joy. At last they made an end of laughing, because 'tis not possible to laugh for ever; Madam *Bowillon* and her Son wip'd off the Wine which trickled down their Eyes and Cheeks, and the young Bride ask'd their Pardons, having still much ado to forbear laughing. *Destiny* laid his Plate on the middle of the Table, and every one took his own share out of it. They talk'd of nothing else during the Supper, and Raillery good or bad was carried on to a high pitch, tho the serious Air, which Madam *Bowillon* put on preposterously, did in some measure disturb the Mirth of the Company. As soon as Supper was over, and the Cloth taken away, the Ladies retired to their Chamber, the Advocate and the Country Squire called for Cards, and went to Pickett; *la Garouffiere* and *Destiny*, who were none of those that know not what to do when they do not Play, had together a very ingenious Conversation, and perhaps the best that ever was held in an Inn of Lower *Mayne*. *La Garouffiere* discours'd with design, on all he thought most remote from the knowledge of a Player, whose Wit and Judgement have generally narrower Limits than his Memory; but *Destiny* talk'd of every thing like a Man of great skill, and who understood the World. Among the rest, with all the nicety of Discernment imaginable, he distinguished those Women who have a great deal of Wit, and never use it but upon occasion, from those who use it only to be thought Witty. Likewise those Women who endeavour to imitate silly Buffoons, that can laugh at, and even make themselves licentious Allusions and paltry Equivocations; in a Word, that set up for being the Jesters of their Parish, from those who make up the most lovely and agreeable Part of the *Beau-Monde*, and are the choicest Company. He spoke also of those Women who write as well as those Men that make it their Profession, and who do not publish the Productions of their Brain, merely out of a principle of Modesty. *La Garouffiere*, who was an accomplisht Gentleman, and knew how to discern a Man of nice Breeding, wondred how a Stroller could be so well acquainted with true Politeness and civil Conversation. Whilst he admires him within himself, and
the

the Advocate and Gentleman, who by this time had given over playing, upon a Dispute about a fac'd Card, yawn'd and gap'd frequently, which probably might proceed from an Inclination to sleep, three Beds were got ready for 'em in the Chamber where they had supt, and *Destiny* retir'd to that of his Comrades, where he lay with *Leander*.

C H A P. IX.

Another Disaster which befel Ragotin.

R*ancour* and *Ragotin* lay in the same Bed; as for *Olive*, he spent part of the Night in stitching up, and darning his Clothes, which had been torn in several places while he grappled with passionate *Ragotin*. Those who were particularly acquainted with this Dwarf of *Mans*, took notice that when he cuffed with any body, which he did frequently, he ever tore or unstitcht the Clothes of his Adversary, either totally, or in part. This was his surest Stroke, and whoever was to fight a pitcht Battel at Cuffs with him, might have barred tearing of Clothes, as People are wont to do pushing at the Face in Fencing. *Rancour* ask'd him as they were going to Bed, if he was well, for he thought he lookt very ill; to which *Ragotin* answered, he never was better in all his Life. 'Twas not long e'er they fell asleep; and *Ragotin* may thank the Respect which *Rancour* had for the honourable Company that were come to the Inn, whose Repose he car'd not to disturb; otherwise the little Man had had but a sorry Night on't. In the mean time *Olive* was busie about his Clothes, and having put them in good repair, took *Ragotin's* also, and with the Dexterity of a nice Botcher, made both the Doublet and Breeches straiter, and then laid them again in their Places. Now having past the greatest part of the Night in sowing and unsowing, he went to Bed with *Ragotin* and *Rancour*. They got up betimes, as is usual in all Inns, where the Noise begins with the Day. *Rancour* told *Ragotin* again that he lookt very ill; *Olive* told him the same, so he began to believe 'em, and finding at the same time his Clothes above four Inches too strait, did not question but that he was swoln so much during that little time he had been asleep, and was not a little frighted at so sudden a Change. *Rancour* and *Olive* still continued to remember him how ill he lookt, and *Destiny* and *Leander*, whom they had acquainted with

with the Plot, told him likewise he was strangely alter'd. Poor *Ragotin* was very much concern'd, and wept at it: *Destiny* could not forbear smiling, which made the little Man very angry. He went into the Kitchen, where every body told him of his ill Looks; the like did the Company that belong'd to the Coach, who having a great way to go, were in like manner got up betimes. They invited the Strollers to Breakfast, and all drank sick *Ragotin's* Health, who instead of thanking them went out grumbling, and in a heavy taking repair'd to the Surgeon of the Town, to whom he gave an account of his swelling. The Surgeon made a long Descant upon the Cause and Effect of his Disease, which he understood however no better than *Algebra*, and for above a quarter of an Hour entertain'd him with the obscure Terms of his Art, as little to the purpose, as if he had discoursed about *Prester-John*. *Ragotin* at length grew impatient, and ask'd him, swearing to Admiration for a little Man, whether he had nothing else to say. The Surgeon would have gone on in his Reasoning, but *Ragotin* threatened to beat him, and had certainly done it, had not the Operator humbled himself before his angry Patient, from whom he drew twelve Ounces of Blood, and cup'd him on the Shoulders at a venture. The Operation was just over when *Leander* came to tell *Ragotin* that if he would promise him not to be angry, he would acquaint him with a piece of *Roguery* had been contriv'd against him. He promis'd more than *Leander* could desire, and swore as he hop'd to be sav'd, that he would be as good as his Word. *Leander* told him he desir'd to have Witness of his Oath, and therefore carrying him back to the Inn, he there, in the Presence of all, both Masters and Servants, made him to swear anew, and after told him some body had made his Clothes straiter. At first *Ragotin* redden'd for Shame, and then turning pale with Anger and Indignation, was about to break his dreadful and solemn Oath, when seven or eight Persons at once began to preach to him with such vehemence, that tho he swore like a Mad-man, yet could he not be heard. He ceased to bluster; but the Company did not however give over rounding him in the Ears, which they continued doing so long, that the poor Man was like to lose his hearing upon it. At last he came off better than could have been expected, for falling a singing as loud as ever he could, what Songs came first into his Head, that chang'd the great Noise of confus'd Voices into repeated Peals of laughing, which from the Masters were eccho'd by the Servants, and so pass'd from the Place of Action, to all other Places in the Inn, whither different Business had called different Persons. Whilst the Noise of so many People's laughing

diminishes

diminishes by degrees, and is lost in the Air, somewhat like the found of distant Echoes, the faithful Chronologer shall make an end of this present Chapter, under the gracious Favour of the Reader, whether courteous or uncourteous, or such as God Almighty had made him, signifies not much.

C H A P. X.

How Madam Bouvillon could not resist a certain Temptation; and besides, how she got a Bunch in her Forehead.

THE Coach that was to go a great Journey the next Morning, was got ready betimes for that purpose; the seven that were to go in it crowded together as close as possible. At the time appointed it went out, but had not gone above ten Yards before the Axel-tree broke. This made the Coachman to curse his Misfortune, and the Passengers to curse him, as if he could have warranted the Strength of his Wood. Now were his People to be drawn forth one by one, and oblig'd to return to the Inn from whence they came; but this did not vex them so much as when they heard that there was no Coach-maker to be met with, nearer than at a large Town three Leagues off. Hereupon they immediately called a Council, but came to no Resolutions, plainly perceiving their Caravan was not likely to be fit for Action till the next Day. Madam *Bouvillon*, who had preserv'd to her self a great Authority over her Son, by reason that the whole Estate of the Family came by her, commanded him in the mean time to take one of the Servants Horses, and mount his Wife on another, and so go visit an old Uncle of hers, who was then Curate of the same Town whence this Coach-maker was to come. The Lord of that Town was likewise a Relation to the Councillor, and moreover an Acquaintance of the Advocate and Gentleman, and therefore they also resolv'd to take a Vagary to the same place, and on the same Account. For this end their Landlady was to furnish them with Horses, which she did, tho at very great Rates. Madam *Bouvillon* being thus left alone, either because she was tired, or that she feigned to be so, or else by reason that no Horse was able to carry her Weight, sent her Servant to *Destiny* to desire him to come and dine with her, and whilst Dinner was getting ready

ready spent her time in dressing. First she curl'd and powder'd, then put on a lac'd Apron and Nightrail, and afterwards took to pieces a *Point de Venise* Cravat of her Son's to make her a *Commode*. After this she opened her Daughter-in-Law's Trunk, and took thence her Wedding Gown and put it on: In a word, thus trickt up and adorn'd, she look'd like to any little *Venus* in a Cloud, tho that somewhat of the fattest. Now, notwithstanding all these Preparations of hers, *Destiny* had, no doubt, much rather have dined with his Companions; but then how could he have obey'd the Commands of his very humble Servant *Madam Bourvillon*? He therefore not knowing how to get free, was forced to comply; but was not a little surpriz'd when he saw his Paramour so youthfully dress'd. She receiv'd him with a smiling Countenance, took him by the Hands to have him wash them, and squeez'd him after a manner that meant something more than ordinary. He for his part was less solicitous of his Invitation, than the occasion of it, and therefore often neglected eating, which gave her an opportunity to press it. He knew not what to say to her, being naturally no great Talker; but which defect she plentifully supply'd by her never ceasing Clack. She was but too ingenious to suffer any Chasm in Conversation for want of something to say. When a Woman that talks much, meets with a Man that says little and does not answer her, she always talks the more, for judging of her Friend by her self, and perceiving that he has not *reparteed* to what she advanced, she presently believes he has not been pleased with what was said: and therefore to mend the matter, proceeds to say a great deal more, which commonly proves as impertinent as her first Discourse was ridiculous. The only way that I can propose to deal with such Women as these, is to talk as much, if not more than they, for thereby if they cannot be silenc'd, their Voices may at least be drowned. As for the matchless *Bourvillon*, she was the most immoderate Talker of nothing that ever was known, for she not only talk'd to her self while she was in private, but would answer her self likewise. The silent disposition of *Destiny* giving her an Opportunity, she determin'd to divert him with some large relation or other. The Subject she chose to speak of, was the Intrigues of *Laval*, the Town where she lived; but she never hapned to blame any Person or Action, but she always took thence an occasion to commend her self, protesting at every fling of Satyr on her Neighbour, that tho she was guilty of many Faults, yet in that particular she was innocent. Tho *Destiny* was extremely mortify'd at the beginning of her Discourse, and made her no Answer, yet he afterwards found himself oblig'd for quietness sake, to

smile now and then, and sometimes to cry out, *Oh! that's pleasant! oh! that's strange!* both which he often spoke, however *Mal à propos*. As soon as *Destiny* had done eating, the *Voider* was brought and the Table cleared. Then *Madam Bouvillon* clapping her self down at the Feet of the Bed, pulled him down by her, and her Servant (letting the Waiters of the Inn go out first) leaving her likewise, drew the Door after her, and shut it: This *Madam Bouvillon* perceiving, and thinking that *Destiny* had also observ'd it, said to him, *See this foolish Jade has shut the Door after her.* To which he reply'd, *If you please, Madam, I'll go open it.* No, said she, stopping him, *let it alone; but you know,* continued she, *when two Persons are lock'd up together, as they have an opportunity to do what they please, People will judge of them as they think fit. 'Tis not on such Reputations as yours, Madam,* reply'd *Destiny*, *for People to pass rash Judgments.* However, Sir, quoth *Bouvillon*, *one cannot have too much caution against Slander.* Well, *Madam*, reply'd *Destiny*, *but People will not talk without Grounds, and sure they can have none when they reflect upon the Inequality of our Conditions.* Will you please therefore, *Madam*, continued he, *that I go open the Door.* By no means, Sir, quoth she, going to bolt it, and adding withal, *For as long as People think it shut, it is better it were really so, that no body may come in upon us without our consent.* Having said thus much, and perform'd the Office of a Friend for her self, she turn'd towards *Destiny*, giving him to understand by her large fiery Cheeks, and little sparkling Eyes, what Sport she had a mind to be at; then she proceeded to take off her Handkerchief from her Neck, and thereby discover'd to her Lover at least ten Pounds of exuberant Flesh; that is to say, near the third part of her Bosom, the rest being distributed in two equal Portions under her Arm-pits. This ill Intention of hers causing her to blush, (which sometimes the most impudent will do) her Neck was become as red as her Face, and both together might be well taken at any distance for a Scarlet * Riding Cap. All this made *Destiny* to blush too, but it was with Shame, when I'll give you leave to guess what might be the cause of *Madam Bouvillon's* blushing. Then she began to complain, *that she had something troubled her in her Back,* and therefore moving her self about in her Harness, as if she had itch'd, begged of *Destiny* to thrust his Hands down her Stays to scratch her. This the Youth immediately obey'd her in, trembling all the while, but whilst he was employ'd in pleasing her behind, she diverted her self with him before, handling his

* Caps which Country Men use, and button about their Necks.

Sides thro his Waist-coat, and asking him often, *If he was not ticklish?* Whilst these Lovers were thus pleasing each other, *Ragotin* came to the Door, and knocking and bawling like to any Mad-man, call'd out aloud to *Destiny* to open to him. This *Destiny* going to perform, drew his Hand all sweaty from *Bonvillon's* Back, but offering to go between her and the Table, as the shortest cut, chanced to trip against a Nail in the Floor, which brought him down with his Head against a Bench after that violent manner, that he lay some time for dead. Madam *Bonvillon* in the mean time catcht up her Handkerchief, and having thrown it over her Shoulders, made all the haste she could to open the Door, which having done, and *Ragotin* pushing against it with all his force at the same time, gave the poor Lady so cruel a Blow on the Face, that it almost flatted her Nose, and also raised a bump on her Fore-head, of the bigness of ones Fist. This made her to cry out, *she was dead*; which, tho the little Rascal heard, he nevertheless made no excuse for, but leaping and bounding about the Room like a Mad-man, bawled out, *Mrs. Angelica's found! Mrs. Angelica's found!* This he did the louder to provoke *Destiny's* Anger, who was all this while calling for Madam *Bonvillon's* Maid to come and help her Mistress, which she nevertheless could not possibly hear, by reason of the Noise which *Ragotin* made. At length the Servant came, and brought Water and a clean Napkin, when between her and *Destiny* there was quickly some small Reparation made for the Damage done by the Door. But however, great was *Destiny's* Impatience to know what more News *Ragotin* had brought; he notwithstanding would not leave Madam *Bonvillon* till her Face was wash'd and anointed, and her Fore-head bound up with a Bandage. At last he offer'd to be gone, but that calling *Ragotin* a thousand Rogues for the Mischief he had done on the one Hand, while *Ragotin* drew him after him on the other, to give him a farther account of his Message.

C H A P. XI.

Of things that will divert, it may be, the least of the whole Book.

TIS true Madam *Angelica* was found again, and had been brought away by *Leander's* Servant. This Servant had but too much Wit to let any body know that *Leander* was his Master, and *Angelica* endeavour'd to disguise that by Policy, which *Olive* and *Rancour* had done before bluntly. *Leander* enquired of Madam *Angelica* and his Servant, whom he made to pass for one of his Friends, *Where and how he had found her*; and which Questions he happen'd to ask just as *Ragotin* entred, leading in *Destiny* in Triumph, or rather dragging him after him, because he could not go so fast as he would have him. At first sight *Destiny* and *Angelica* embrac'd with reciprocal Testimonies of Friendship, and with that Tenderness which Friends long absent are wont to shew on an unexpected Interview. *Leander* and she caress'd only with their Eyes, leaving farther Remonstrances of Kindness to a private Meeting. In the mean time *Leander's* Servant began his Story after the following manner, treating his Master all the while like his Friend. *After I had left you*, quoth he, addressing himself to *Leander*, *I pursued the Ravishers of Angelica, according as you had desired me, till Sun-set, when, and not before, I lost sight of them. Next Morning I was not a little surpriz'd to find the Lady I look'd after at the Entrance of a Wood alone, on foot, and all dissolv'd in Tears. Hereupon having acquainted her that I was your Friend, and that it was at your Request that I had gone in quest of her, she seem'd to be somewhat comforted, and beg'd of me to conduct her to Mans, or at least to carry her to Leander, if I knew where to find him. Now, Madam*, continued he, turning to *Angelica*, *It must be your part to relate the rest, for you know you were so afflicted on the Road, that I did not care to ask you any Questions. Those that were least curious of all the Company, had yet a mind to learn from Angelica's own Mouth the account of so strange an Adventure; for strange it might well seem to them, that a young Lady should be carried away with such Violence, and be afterwards surrender'd, or rather abandon'd without the least force. In order to this Relation, Angelica first desired they would help her to a Bed; but which they not*
being

being able to do, by reason the Inn was at that time full, the honest Curate oblig'd her with a Chamber in his Sister's House, which was next Door. Now *Angelica* had not so great occasion for a Bed to sleep on as to rest her self upon; therefore *Destiny* and *Leander*, with the rest of the Company, were admitted to her Bed-side as soon as she was laid. Altho she would have been glad that *Leander* should have had an Opinion of her Constancy, yet could not she well look upon him without blushing. The observing of this made him to pity her Confusion extremely, and in order to divert her from doing her self any Diskindness, he immediately put her upon relating that part of the Adventure which his Servant could not. This Request of his she forthwith proceeded to gratifie, as follows: You may imagine, quoth she, my Mother and I were not a little surpriz'd, when while we were walking together in the Garden that adjoins to our House, we saw all of a sudden a little Door open, which looks toward the Country, and five or six Men enter thereat, who immediately seiz'd upon me, without regarding my Mother, and carried me away half dead with Fear to their Horses. My Mother, whom ye all know to be one of the most resolute Women in the World, fell furiously upon the first of those she overtook, and reduced him to that Condition, that he could not possibly get out of her Hands till he had called one of his Companions to his Assistance. The Person that rescued him, who was so base as to beat my Mother, as I heard him afterwards brag on the Road, was it seems the Author of this Enterprize. He nevertheless came not near me all that Night, during which we marched like Persons pursued by an Enemy, and that thro the most By-roads; for otherwise the Noise I made might have been sufficient to have allarm'd some body to my Relief. They so manag'd the Matter, that we met with but one little Village in our way; the Inhabitants thereof I soon raised with my shrill Notes, who nevertheless were not numerous enough to rescue me. The Morning came, and then my Ravisher approach'd me; but had no sooner seen me than he flew from me in great Passion, and afterwards assembled a Council of his Companions, which lasted about half an Hour. My Ravisher after that seem'd to be enrag'd as much as I was griev'd, and often swore to make the Devil to do among his Companions. Their tumultuous Assembly being at an end, I could by no means come to know what Resolves they had agreed on. We were put on our March again; and from that time forward I had less respect paid me than before. They quarrell'd with me as often as they saw me uneasie, and curs'd me as if I had been some great Offender. They carried me away, as you might perceive, speak-

ing to Leander, with a Player's Habit on, but which they hid by throwing one of their Cloaks over me. They met a Man upon the Road, of whom they endeavour'd to inform themselves of some Matters. I was surpriz'd to see it was Leander, and I believe he was no less astonish'd to see me; for he knew me as soon as ever I discovered my Habit, as well as by my Face. He may inform you if he pleases what he did. For my part, seeing so many Swords drawn upon him, I fainted away in the Arms of him that held me upon the Horse, and when I came to my self, found we were again upon our March, but saw Leander no more till now. Hereupon I began to redouble my Cries; but my Ravishers, whereof there was one wounded, little regarding me, took their way cross the Country, and last night stopp'd at a little Village, where they lay and passed for Soldiers. This Morning at the Entrance of a Wood they met a Man with a young Gentlewoman on Horseback; her they immediately unmask'd, and having so done, it seems knew her, when taking her from her Guardian, and bestowing on him a few Blows of a Cudgel, they rid away with her, as they had done with me; she making as great, if not greater Lamentations than I had done. When I heard her Voice, I fancied I knew her, but could not be positive. After we had got about fifty Paces into the Wood, the Man that seem'd to have the Command of the rest, rid up to the Person that carried me, and cried to him, Set down that slubbering Milkop you have behind you, and let her shift for her self. Herein he was immediately obey'd, and I was all of a sudden left alone upon the Ground. The Dread I had to be thus alone would have certainly been the end of me, had not this Gentleman here, (meaning Leander's Servant) who brought me hither follow'd at a Distance, and found me in that Condition. The rest he has acquainted you with: But, continued she, addressing her self to Destiny, I believe that same Lady which was preferr'd to me might be your Sister, my Companion; and the reason I have for it is not only the resemblance of her Voice with that I heard, but likewise the Man that carried her, I dare be positive, was the Servant you took last. What's that you tell me, quoth Destiny somewhat disturb'd? I tell you my Thoughts, reply'd Angelica, but I may be deceived, one Person may be like another; yet still I fear it was she. I fear so too, reply'd Destiny, with his Countenance much chang'd, for I have some reason to apprehend a certain Person in this Province for an Enemy, that would do me such a good turn. But how came she at the Entrance of a Wood, continued he, when Ragotin left her Yesterday at Mans? I'll go send away one of my Friends thither presently, pursu'd he, to know the Truth, while I stay behind to determine

determine a Resolution suitable to the News he brings. As he had done speaking, he heard some body call him out of the Street, and stepping to the Window, perceived it was Monsieur la Garouffiere, who was just then return'd from his Visit, and who told him he had something of Importance to communicate to him. He went down to wait on him, and thereby left *Leander* and *Angelica* together, to enjoy each other after so tedious an Absence, and to pour out their Sighs and Vows into one another's Bosoms. I fancy 'twould have been no small Pleasure either to have seen or heard them; but still their greatest Happiness was to have been alone. During this, *Destiny* demanded of *la Garouffiere* what he had to say to him, Do you know a certain Gentleman called *Verville*, quoth *Garouffiere*, and is he one of your Friends? He is the only Person that I have been most oblig'd to in the World, reply'd *Destiny*, and whom I honour most, and who I believe has the like Kindness and Respect for me. I believe the same, answer'd *Garouffiere*, for I met him to Day at the Gentleman's where I dined, and all his Discourse was of you. He asked me a hundred Questions concerning you, without my being able to satisfy him in any; and if I had not promised to send you to him, he would certainly have come hither himself to wait on you before now, altho he has a great deal of Business upon his Hands where he is. *Destiny* thanked him heartily for his kind Information, and having learnt farther from him, where his Friend *Verville* was, resolv'd to go to him that very Minute, hoping to learn from him some News of his Enemy *Saldagne*, whom he knew very well to be the Author of the carrying away of *Angelica*, and, provided she were not mistaken in the Voice she heard, of the ravishing of his dear *Star* likewise. He desired his Companions to return immediately to *Mans*, and to congratulate Mrs. *Cave* in his Name, upon the News of her Daughter's being found; and moreover desired of them either to send a Man on purpose, or else some one of them to come speedily back, and bring him word how his dear Madam *Star* did, provided he could but hear any News of her there. He inform'd himself farther of *Garouffiere*, which was the Way to the Town where *Verville* was to be found. After which, having made the Curate to promise that his Sister should take care of *Angelica*, till such time as he sent for her from *Mans*, he took *Leander*'s Horse, and got about Night to the Town where *Verville* was. He did not think proper to go look after *Verville* himself, for fear he might meet *Saldagne* at his first coming, whom he knew to be thereabouts, and therefore stepping in at a little Hedge Cabaret hard by, he sent the

Boy to *Verville*, to let him know that the Gentleman whom he had desir'd to see, was there waiting for him. *Verville* came, and throwing his Arms about *Destiny's* Neck, continued for some time embracing him, being scarce able to shew the Love and Tenderness he had for him.

C H A P. XII.

Which perhaps will entertain its Reader as little as the foregoing.

Verville and *Destiny* gave an account to each other of all matters concerning them, which they were separately ignorant of. *Verville* tells *Destiny* of the wondrous Brutality of his Brother *St. Far*, and of the great Patience of his Wife in bearing with him. Thence he takes an occasion to extol his own Happiness in having so good a Woman to his Wife, and afterwards tells him News of the Baron *D'Arques* his Father, and of Monsieur de *St. Sauveur*. *Destiny* on his part relates all his Adventures, not concealing the least; and *Verville* farther acquaints him, that *Saldagne* still continued to live thereabouts as ill a Life as ever, promising withal, that if *Madam Star* were to be found in his Custody, he would do all that lay in his Power to recover her out of his Hands, at the hazard both of his own Life and those of his Friends which he could command. He farther tells him, that he had no place to retire to but his Father's, and another Gentleman's in the Country, who was as bad as he, and besides, who had little or no Estate to maintain himself, and therefore could not be able to entertain another long. *He must therefore*, continued he, *come to our House speedily, if he will remain in our Province. My Father bears with him, 'tis true, on account of some Relation; but my Brother St. Far cares no more for him, whatever Friendship has been formerly between them. I would advise you therefore*, proceeded he, *to come along with me to my Father's to Morrow, and I will place you so that you shall observe all he does, and notwithstanding be seen by no Body but those you have a mind to see.* *Destiny* lik'd this advice of his Friend *Verville's* very well, and resolv'd to follow it; but *Verville* being to Sup that Night with the Lord of the Town, an old Man his Relation, who had design'd him for his Heir, it could not

not be put in execution till the next Morning. *Destiny* for his part Supp'd only on what he could find in the *Cabaret*, and went to Bed betimes, that he might not make his Friend wait for him the next Day, for they had design'd to be on their Journey by Son rising. At the Hour appointed they set forth, and as they rid along, for three Leagues together, entertained each other with those Particulars they had not time to speak of before. As soon as they were got to their Journeys end, *Verville* plac'd *Destiny* in the House of a Servant of his, whom he had married not long before to a Woman in that Town, and who lived very prettily, not far off from the Baron D' *Arques* his Father. He gave particular orders that he should be kept private, and promised he would return to him in a very short time. It was not above two Hours before he did return accordingly; but acquainted *Destiny* at first dash, that he had bad News to tell him. Hereupon *Destiny* began to grow pale and to tremble, but *Verville* soon removed the cause thereof, by the following Relation. *I was no sooner alighted*, quoth he to *Destiny*, but *I saw your Friend Saldagne carried between four Men into a Ground Chamber, and that by reason of a fall he had got from his Horse, which had so bruis'd him that he was not able to walk. At first sight of me he told me he had occasion to speak with me, and desired me to come to his Chamber after the Surgeon, who was then present, had done dressing his Leg, which had been extremely shatter'd by his fall. I came accordingly, and as soon as we were alone, he began thus. I must, says he, confess all my Faults to you, tho you are the least indulgent of any of my Censures, your Prudence being a continual Terror to my Folly. He afterwards owned he had carried away a Woman Player, for whom he said he had had a kindness all his Life long, and would tell me the Particulars thereof, which he believed I would be surpriz'd at. He told me consequently that the Gentleman I was speaking of before, who had been us'd to entertain him, having been obliged to leave the Province on account of siding with a Brother of his, who had been found to have made bad Salt, he was forc'd to bring his Booty to my Father's House, and that he had desired of his Sister, my Wife, that she would conceal her in her Apartment, for fear this Action of his should come to my Father's knowledge, which he said, he dreaded. He afterwards conjured me to lend him one of my Servants, by reason his own were great Blockheads, that might conduct her safe to an House of his in Britany, whither he said he would follow as soon as ever he could well mount a Horse. He ask'd me farther, If I could not procure him a Man or two more to accompany my Servant, for well he knew how difficult a thing it would be*

be

be for three Men to carry off a Woman so far without her consent. I made him believe it was an easy matter, the better to serve you. Now, continued Verville to Destiny, his Servants are altogether Strangers to you, and mine is a very cunning Fellow and faithful to me, therefore I will cause him to tell Saldagne that he will take along with him a stout Fellow an acquaintance of his to his assistance; and this same Fellow I design shall be you. Therefore, pursu'd he, your Mistress must be acquainted with this, and this very Night that they think to get a great way by the help of the Moon, she must feign her self sick at the first Village; then will they be oblig'd to stop; my Servant shall make Saldagne's Men drunk. She shall afterwards seem to recover, and then proceeding on in their Journey, it will be an easie matter for my Man to impose on the Drunkards, and to make them believe that you come behind with their Charge, when it shall be so contriv'd that you shall go a quite contrary way, and so carry your dear Star clear off. Destiny found a great deal of masterly contrivance in this Proposal of Verville's, and whose Man, whom they had just then sent for, entred the Chamber much at the same time. They consulted together what they had to do, and agreed on all Points. Afterwards Verville retired with Destiny the rest of the Day, being unwilling to part with him so quickly after so long an absence, tho he nevertheless hop'd to see him again at Bourbon, whither he was to go. At length Night came, and Destiny went with Verville's Servant to the place appointed. Saldagne's two Men fail'd not to be there likewise, when Verville by Saldagne's order consign'd into their Hands the Charge of Madam Star. You cannot imagine what Joy enflam'd these two Lovers Hearts at this interview, but speak they must not, and look languishingly they dare not, so that their Passion might be well termin'd inexpressible. They had not gone above half a league before Madam Star began to complain. Her Attendants exhorted her to take Courage till she came to a Town about two leagues off, where they gave her hopes she should rest. Her Malady encreased at every step, and Verville's Man and Destiny did all that in them lay to prevent Saldagne's Servants from mistrusting the reality of her Sicknes, so near to the place they set out from. At last they arrived at the Town, and immediately went to the Inn (whereof there was but one in all the Place) which they happily found full of Guests and Drunkards. Madam Star continued to grunt, and feign'd Sicknes better by Candle-light than she had done by Day-light. She called for a Bed, and lay down in her Clothes, requiring her Guards but to leave her for an Hour only, and she did not question but by
that

that time she should be fit to get on Horse-back again. They left her, and *Saldagne's* Servants left all other Matters to the management of *Verville's* Man, who had had their Master's orders. For their parts they thought they had no more to do than to make much of themselves, and therefore, struck in with a jolly Company of roaring Boys, who were placed round a Table, pelting one another with *Healts* as thick as Hail-shot from the Mouth of a Demi-Culverin. *Verville's* Man would sometimes step in and take his Glass to renew the Fight, when there was like to be any Cessation of Arms; the reason he gave for often flinching, was his having the care of the Lady, but the truth was, he had a mind to get an opportunity to mount her and *Destiny*, and send them away, which he soon after did by By-roads; but therein varied from the Stratagem his Master had laid, as you may have observ'd before. After he had so done, he returned to his Drunkards, amusing them with slim flam stories, and telling them the Lady was for the present gone to sleep, but that she would soon awake, and then they would be jogging on-wards of their Journey. He told them likewise, that *Destiny* was gone into the Stable to look after the Horses, but would return presently. He then put about the Glass, and toasted several *Healts*, all which *Saldagne's* Men took in Bumpers, till at last their Heads grew so heavy, that they could not possibly lift them from the Table. It was therefore they were forc'd to be carried out, and thrown upon a lump of Straw in a Barn, for Beds they were not to be suffer'd to lye upon, for fear they should have spoil'd the Sheets. *Verville's* Man feign'd himself Drunk likewise, but which he really was not, by reason he had often baulk'd his Glass. In the Morning he waked betimes, and going sorrowfully to his Companions in the Barn, told them their charge was flown, but that he had sent his Friend *Destiny* after her, who he hop'd would overtake and bring her back. However he thought it both theirs and his Duty to mount immediately, and assist in the pursuit, and therefore bid them rise instantly and prepare to be gone. It was at least an Hour before he could make them comprehend what he said, and I'll assure you 'twas near eight Days after before they were wholly sober. As all the Inn was drunk that Night, even from the Hostess to the Scullion-wench, so no Body took the least notice when *Destiny* and his dear *Star* went off; and I believe they scarce remembred next Day whether they had seen any such People there or not. Whilst Matters pass'd thus, and *Verville's* Man press'd his sluggish Companions to be gone, *Destiny* had gained Ground
apace

apace with his dear Fellow Traveller, not doubting in the least but that his Friend behind had taken care, whenever they got out, to lead his Pursuers a contrary way. The Moon shone out very bright, and the Road they had to go was extremely good, which led them to a Town whither we will bring them in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

A bad Action committed by the Sieur la Rappiniere, and a farther Account of Madam Star's and Destiny's Travells.

Destiny as he rode along, had a great desire to know from his dear *Star* how she came to the Wood where *Saldagne* had seiz'd her; but this, tho he would have willingly been satisfied in, yet still had he more regard to their Safeties, and therefore spent all his time in spurring and switching his own, and his Mistresses Beast forwards. At length the two Lovers had leisure to entertain each other, which they did, with all the Expressions and Demonstrations of Love and Affection imaginable. Then proceeded *Madam Star*, to tell *Destiny* how many good turns she had done her Mother *Mrs. Cave*, and how extremly she believed she would be afflicted at her Absence. As for my part, continued she, you may well imagine I had as great need of Consolation as she, for as soon as your Valet had brought me a Horse from you, and withal, acquainted me that you had found the Ravishers of *Angelica*, but were wounded. I---, I wounded! quoth *Destiny*, interrupting her, I never was yet, no nor in the least danger of being so, neither did I ever send you any Horse. There must be some Mystery in this, continued he, which I have not comprehended yet. I wonder'd indeed what made you to ask me so often how I did, and whether the going so fast did not incommode me; but now all's out. You rejoice and torment me at once, answer'd *Madam Star*, with this Relation. Your Wounds caused me a great deal of disquiet, 'tis true, and now what you tell me enclines me to believe, that your Servant has been gain'd over to our Enemies, out of some ill design they have projected against us. He has rather been debauched, reply'd *Destiny*, by some that are too much our Friends. I have no profess'd Enemy,

conti-

continued he, but Saldagne, and it is unlikely that he should have seduced my Servant, because I know he beat him at the time that he met with you. How came you to know that, said Star, for I don't remember I ever told it you? You shall know, reply'd Destiny, as soon as ever you have made me acquainted with the manner of your coming from Mans. I can acquaint you with no more, quoth Star, than what I have told you already. The Day after, proceeded she, that my Mother, Mrs. Cave, and I came to Mans, your Servant brought me a Horse from you, and told me with Tears in his Eyes, that you had been wounded by the Ravishers of Angelica, and that therefore you desired I would make all the haste I could to you. I got on Horseback presently for that purpose, altho it was very late. I lay about five Leagues from Mans, at a place whose Name I have forgot, and next Day, at the Entrance of a Wood, we were stop't by Persons I did not know. I saw your Servant beaten, and was extremely concerned at it, but could not hinder it. I saw likewise a Woman suddenly thrown off a Horse, and whom I afterwards knew to be my Companion, but the great Fright I was then in, joined with the extraordinary Concern I had for your Safety, made me to take little notice of it. They mounted me in the place of her they had pulled off. We travelled till Night, and afterwards having gone a great deal more Ground, for the most part cross the Country, we arrived at a sort of Gentleman's House, where I observ'd they would not receive us. It was there that I first knew Saldagne, the Sight of whom caused me immediately to despair. We travelled after that a great way farther, and at length I was secretly convey'd into the House where your Friend found me. As Madam Star had just ended the Relation of her Adventures, the Day began to appear, whereby they perceiv'd they were in the High-wood that leads to Mans. They forthwith whipt their Horses forwards more vigorously than they had hitherto done, to reach a Town they saw before them. Destiny desired earnestly to catch his Servant, and thereby to discover what other Enemy he had in that Country besides his profest one, Saldagne; but there was no likelihood that he would suffer himself to light into his Clutches, after the ill Trick he had plaid him. He learnt from his dear Star all that she knew concerning her Companion Angelica; but while they were thus amusing each other with Questions and Answers, their Horses started all of a sudden, at the Sight of a Man that lay at his full length under a Hedge. Destiny's Horse almost leap'd from under him, and Madam Star's was so frighted, that he quite threw her off, violently upon the Ground. After Destiny had recover'd himself, he went to see how his Love far'd, but could scarce
alight

alight to assist her, his Horse so snuff'd, pranc'd, and tripp'd. At last he made shift to leap off his Back, and found to his great Joy that his dear *Star* had got no hurt. After this, the Horses being somewhat come to themselves, he went up to observe the cause of their Fright, and found it was a Man, whom he took either to be dead or asleep. Upon a nearer View he saw he was both, for he was dead drunk; altho his snoring shew'd him to be alive, yet *Destiny* had no small trouble to awake him. At length by often pulling and tearing about, he open'd his Eyes, and thereby discovered himself to his Master to be his Servant, whom he had longed so much to find. The Rogue as drunk as he was nevertheless knew his Master, and by the Fear he seem'd to have of him, betray'd his being Author of what he had before doubted of. *Destiny* immediately ask'd him several Questions successively, without waiting for Answers, As first, *Why he told Madam Star that he was wounded? Why he carried her away from Mans? And whither he design'd to have carried her? By whose Order he had the Horse*, and the like. To all which nevertheless, he could not get a Word in Answer, either because the Rascal his Man was too drunk to have the use of his Tongue, or else by reason he feign'd himself to be so. This made *Destiny* to fly into a great Passion, insomuch that having struck him two or three Blows with the flat of his Sword, he took a Halter and tied his Hands fast behind him, and fastned the other end to the Crupper of his Horse, intending to make him march in that manner to his Journey's end. After which he mounted *Star* upon her Horse again, and having snatch'd a good Cudgel out of the Hedge, got up himself to proceed on his Journey, his Man walking all the way by his Side, like a Grey-hound in a slip. The Town which *Destiny* saw before him, happen'd to be the same that he had parted from two Days before, where he had met Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, and where his Company still remained, by reason of a grievous *Colera Morbus* that Madam *Bouvillon* had had ever since. When *Destiny* arriv'd, he found neither *Rancour*, *Olive* nor *Ragotin*, they having all return'd to *Mans* the Day before. As for *Leander* he had never quitted in the least his dear *Angelica*. I need not tell you after what manner she receiv'd Madam *Star*; it may be easily guess'd what Caresses two such Lovers would lavish away upon each other, after so many Dangers escap'd on either side. *Destiny* immediately inform'd Monsieur *la Garouffiere* of the Success of his Expedition, and a little after, his Man being brought in, who was not yet unbound, he proceeds to ask him

him the same Questions as before ; to which nevertheless the Rascal stood mute, as he had formerly done. This Obstinacy of his caused his Master to order a Hand-vice to be fetcht from a Gun-smith's, wherewith to squeeze his Thumbs, and make him confess by those means. At the Sight of the Engine the Rogue immediately fell a trembling, and falling down on his Knees, begg'd heartily for Pardon ; confessing at the same time, that *la Rappiniere* had set him on to do what he had done, and that he had moreover promised him for Recompence to take him into his Service. He farther own'd that *la Rappiniere* was then at a House about two Leagues off, which he had usurpt upon a poor Widow. *Destiny* continued talking in private for some time with Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, who soon after sent a Footman to let *la Rappiniere* know that he would speak with him about an Affair of Consequence. This Counsellor of *Rennes* had it seems a great Influence over the *Provost* of *Mans*. He had formerly prevented his being broke out the Wheel in *Brittany*, and had likewise always made it his Business to protect him whenever he came to be accused of any Crime, and that not because he thought him innocent, being satisfied that he had been guilty of various Offences, but by reason that he had married a Relation of his. The Servant that was sent to *la Rappiniere*, found him just then getting on Horseback to go to *Mans*, but no sooner had he heard that *la Garouffiere* had sent for him, but he put off that Journey to go wait on him. In the mean time *la Garouffiere* who had some pretence to Wit, drew out of a Scrutore several Copies of Verses, of divers kinds, all which he read to *Destiny*, and afterwards shew'd him, to pass away the time, the following Novel translated from the *Spanish*.

C H A P. XIV.

net The Judge in her own Cause. A Novel. *Head*

IT was in *Africa*, among the Rocks by the Sea-side, and not distant from the famous City of *Fez*, above half an Hour's Journey, that Prince *Muley*, Son to the King of *Morocco*, after having stray'd from his Companions while he was hunting, happen'd to be left alone. The Sky was without the least Cloud, the Sea calm, and the Moon and Stars shone out so bright, that they in a manner rival'd the Sun: In a word, all these agreeable Accidents met together, made one of those Nights, which in hot Countries, like this, are far more pleasant than what we call the finest Days in our *Northern* Regions. The *Moorish* Prince galloping along the Shore, diverted himself with beholding the exceeding Brightness of the Moon and Stars, and which communicated their Splendor to the Water, wherein they were also to be seen as in a Mirror. As he was thus amusing himself, he heard several doleful Shrieks hard by, which his Curiosity enclining him to know the occasion of, he spur'd forwards his Horse, which, if you please, shall be a *Barbary* Courser, and rid to the place whence he thought the Noise came. He there discovered a Woman defending her self with all her Might against a Man that endeavour'd to bind her Hands, whilst another Woman at the same time was struggling with her to stop her Mouth with a piece of Linen. The coming of the young Prince prevented all farther Violence from being offer'd her, and occasion'd an involuntary Truce on the Assaulter's Side. *Muley* at his first Arrival demanded of the assaulted Woman, *What made her to cry out?* And of the others, *What they were going to do to her?* But instead of an Answer, the Man that was the Aggressor stept up to him with his drawn Scymeter, and launch'd at him such a terrible Stroke, as would have undoubtedly wounded him very dangerously had he not dexterously avoided it by the Swift-ness of his Horse. Villain, cry'd *Muley* to him, turning his Horse's Head, *How durst you assault the Prince of Fez?* I did not well know you to be he, reply'd the Moor, but since you happen to be so, it is because you are my Prince, that I will either have your Life or lose my own. With that he immediately set upon him with so great Fury, that the Prince, as valiant as he was,

was, thought less of chastizing his Subject's Insolence, than defending his own Life. The two Women at the same time were at Fisticuffs, and she that a Moment before had been almost over-power'd, was now become courageous, and kept her Adversary from flying, hoping that her Champion would get the Victory. Despair ever augments Courage, and oftentimes gives it to those whose natural Timidity made them incapable of it before. Altho the Valour and Conduct of this Prince were incomparably greater than those of his Adversary, yet did the Self-conviction of this *Moor*, together with the Dread of Punishment, so animate his Spirits, and direct his Arm, that the Combat remained for some time doubtful: But at last Heaven, that always is ready to protect those it raises above others, caused the Prince's Attendants to come near that way, who being allarm'd at the Noise of the Combatants, and the Cries of the Women, immediately rid Post to see what was the matter, and arrived just at the nick when their Master by a lucky Blow had brought his Enemy to the Ground. They presently knew their Lord, and therefore ran with great Fury to have dispatcht his vanquish'd Adversary; but the Prince calling out to them, bid them to forbear killing him, and ordered them only to tie him to a Horse's Tail, it being his Intentions to have him reserved for a more exemplary Punishment. Two of the Horsemen took up the two Women behind them, and with this Equipage *Muley* and his Company return'd to *Fez* much about Day-break. This young Prince commanded in *Fez* as absolutely as if he had been already King. Soon after his Arrival, he commanded the *Moor*, whose Name was *Amet*, and Son to one of the richest Merchants in that City, to be brought before him; the two Women were order'd to be brought likewise; but they were known to no Body, by reason of the Custom of concealing that Sex, which is observ'd here stricter than in any other Parts. She of the two whom the Prince had reliev'd, surpriz'd both him and the whole Court with her Beauty; it being so great, that all *Africa* had not the like to boast of, and withal so majestick, that even a Slave's Habit, which she wore, could not obscure it. The other Woman was cloath'd like to those of this Country, who are of some Quality, and who likewise had Beauty, but which could not stand in Competition with that of her Antagonist; and had it been possible, the Paleness of her Cheeks alone, occasion'd by her Fear, would have lost her the Victory, when the other would have rather received Addition from a guiltless Blush than a Disadvantage. The *Moor* appear'd before *Muley* with Guilt in his Countenance, keeping his Eyes all the while fixt upon the Ground.

The Prince commanded him to confess his Crime, if he would not resolve to die in Torments. *I know those that are prepared for me, answer'd the Moor boldly, all which, and greater, I have deserved; yet still, had I thought it would have been for my Advantage, even the greatest could be inflicted on me, would not have been able to have extorted the least Confession from me. But since I'm satisfy'd nothing can avail to save my Life, seeing I would have been the Instrument of your Death, know, great Prince, that the anger I have conceived against my self, for not killing you, torments me yet more than the utmost of your Tortures can do. As for these two Spanish Women here, added he, they have both been my Slaves; whereof one who knew best how to Play her Cards, has married my Brother Zaide, whereas the other, being more obstinate, would never yet change her Religion, nor accept the frequent Proffers of Love which I have made her.* Here he stopt, and would give no farther account either of them or himself, notwithstanding the great Menaces made him. This caused Muley to have him immediately thrown into a Dungeon loaden with Irons; the Renegado, Wife of Zaide, was order'd to another Prison. But the fair Slave the Prince commanded to be conducted to a Moor's House nam'd Zulema, a Man of Quality, and by birth a Spaniard, but who had left that Country, because he would not be forced to turn Christian. He was of the illustrious Family of Zegris, heretofore so renown'd in Grenada, and his Wife Zoraide, likewise of the same Lineage, was reputed to be the finest Woman, whether for Beauty or Wit, in all Fez. She was at first charm'd with the Beauty and Conversation of this fair Christian Slave, and therefore, if she had been capable of being comforted, she might have found sufficient consolation in her Caresses; but on the contrary, as if she had forsworn all manner of Comforts, she always desired to be alone, thereby to give the better vent to her Grief; for when she was in Zoraide's Company, she underwent no small torture by retaining her Sighs and her Tears. All this while Prince Muley was very desirous of having an account of her Adventures. He had made his Mind already known to Zulema, who being a Person from whom he could conceal nothing, he had likewise acquainted him that he had a sort of Love for this fair Christian, and which he would before have let her known had not he apprehended from her great Afflictions some unknown Rival in Spain, who might be too luckily prepossess'd of her Favour. Zulema having receiv'd this hint from his Lord, immediately gave Orders to his Wife to get what particulars she could out of this fair Christian concerning her Life, but especially how she came to be Slave to Amet. Zoraide was

as desirous as the Prince of knowing these Particulars, and therefore was not long before she set about it; she had little reason to think she should be refus'd, because she had been so wonderfully civil to her. Agreeable to her Wishes the fair *Spaniard* answer'd her, that she would satisfy her Curiosity whenever she pleas'd; but having nothing but Misfortunes to acquaint her with, she feared she would find her Relation somewhat tiresom. *You will be convinc'd*, reply'd *Zorinde*, *that it cannot be so, when you shall see the attention I give to it, and by the concern I shall infallibly shew for your bad Fortune. I dare say you will be apt to believe you could entrust your Secrets to no truer Friend.* This said, they threw their Arms over each others Necks, and embraced so heartily, as if they had never designed to quit that Posture. Afterwards the fair Slave wiping her Eyes, which shed Tears abundantly at the remembrance of her Misfortunes, began her Story in the following manner. 'I am, said she, a *Spaniard* by Birth, was born at *Valencia*, and my name is *Sophia*. I was educated with that care and charge as would become a rich Father and Mother to bestow on the first Fruits of their Marriage. I had a Brother younger than my self by a year; he was lovely as could be, and loved me as dearly as I did him; our mutual Friendship was so great, that we were never easy when asunder, and therefore our Parents took care we should seldom be so. We learnt together all those Exercises that are usually taught Youth of either Sex; and thence it came to pass, to the surprize of every Body, that I was equally skilful with him in the *Manege*, as he was with me in the Arts of the Needle. This extraordinary sort of Education caused a Gentleman our Neighbour to desire of my Father that his Children might be bred along with us. His Request was granted, and having only a Son and Daughter, about the Age of us, it gave occasion to the Town of *Valencia* to think that there would one Day be a Counter-Marriage between us. *Don Carlos* and *Lucy*, were the Names of these two young Companions of ours. The former was handsome, and loved me dearly, which I reciprocally returned. Our Parents observ'd it, but were so far from either disliking or opposing it, that they rather encouraged and approved it, and I believe would certainly have soon married us together, had not they thought us too young. At length our delusive Happiness was stifled by the Death of my Brother; a violent Fever carried him off in eight Days, and from his Death sprang the first cause of my Misfortunes. *Lucy* was so affected at it, that she obstinately

‘resolv’d to turn Nun. I had brought my self even to Death’s
‘Door with Grief, and *Don Carlos* likewise had so great a Share
‘in our Concern, that he gave his Parents little hopes he
‘would surrive it, so much the Loss of my Brother, the Dan-
‘ger I was in, and the Resolutions of his Sister had wrought
‘upon him. At last, thanks to our Youth, we all recover’d,
‘and Time in some measure moderated our Afflictions. The
‘Father of *Don Carlos* died not long after, and left him both
‘rich and out of Debt. His Riches furnisht him with Abi-
‘lity to gratifie his gallant Humour, and his Gallantry flat-
‘ter’d my Vanity, expos’d his Love to publick Knowledge,
‘and augmented mine. *Don Carlos* was often found at my Pa-
‘rents Feet, conjuring them not to defer his Happiness any
‘longer, and my Father was inclinable to hearken to his Re-
‘quest, lest his profuse Courtship might in time dimi-
‘nish his Fortune; he gave him therefore Hopes that he
‘should speedily be his Son-in-Law. This raised *Don Carlos* to
‘so high a pitch, that he lavisht out his Love at an extraordi-
‘nary rate, and which would have been alone sufficient to have
‘convinced me of his Sincerity, had not I had so many prece-
‘ding Proofs of his Passion. To add to his other Profuseness,
‘he presented me with a Ball, and invited all the Town of
‘*Valencia* to it; but to his Misfortune as well as mine, thither
‘came among the rest a *Neapolitan* Count, whom some Af-
‘fairs of Importance had brought into *Spain*. This Count it
‘seems took so great a fancy to me, that he must needs be
‘in Love with me, and in order to gratifie his Passion, was
‘not long before he demanded me in Marriage, after having
‘been inform’d of the Quality of my Father, in the Kingdom
‘of *Valencia*. My Father was so dazled with the Title of
‘this Stranger, that he immediately consented to all he ask’d,
‘and from that very Hour forbid *Don Carlos* to pretend any
‘farther to me. He likewise strictly enjoined me to receive no
‘more of his Visits, and moreover commanded me for the fu-
‘ture to look upon the *Italian* Count as a Person that was to
‘marry me at his Return from *Madrid*, whither he was then
‘going, and would come back in a short time. I dissembled
‘my Dislike for the present to my Father’s Proposals, but when
‘I was alone *Don Carlos* would sincerely come into my Mind,
‘whom I thought the most amiable Man in the World, while
‘I could not find with my utmost Endeavours the least thing
‘agreeable, nay, scarce tolerable in his Rival; so that it was
‘equally impossible for me to love the one or to forget the
‘other. I had recourse upon this occasion to Tears, but found
‘those a feeble Remedy against so great a Malady as mine.

‘While

' While I was in this Condition *Don Carlos* entred the Room,
' but that without his usual Custom of asking leave. He
' found me all in Tears, which made him to lose the Power
' of withholding his own, however great had been his Reso-
' lutions not to betray the Sentiments of his Heart till he had
' dived into the utmost of mine. He threw himself at my
' Feet, and taking me by the Hand, which he all bathed with
' his Tears, *Sophy*, said he to me, What must I lose you then?
Must a Stranger who has hardly the Honour to be known to
you, be notwithstanding prefer'd to me? Shall he possess you,
Sophy, and will you consent to it? You whom I have loved
so dearly, and who have always endeavoured to make me
believe that you loved me likewise? Shall your Father pre-
tend to dispose of you, when he has already given you me?
Your Father, the most unjust Man breathing! If you were a
Person, continued he, whose Merit could be valued, my Fide-
lity alone would be able to purchase you. But, pursued he,
since you are inestimable, I beg you to believe that if I have
had the Ambition to aspire to you, I shall not want the Cou-
rage to revenge my self on him whom you causlessly prefer
to me. But however, added he sighing, if it be your Plea-
sure that my Rival should live happy in your Favour, I will
forego all Attempts upon him, and only revenge your Un-
kindness upon my self by some cruel and sudden Death. '*Don*
' *Carlos*, answered I, will you join with an unjust Father, and
' a hated Lover to torment me, and do you impute that to
' me for a Crime, which is only a Misfortune common to us
' both? Pity me, added I, instead of accusing me, and bethink
' of means to preserve me yours, rather than reproach me with
' a Fault I am no ways guilty of. I believe I may have better
' reason to reflect on you for not having sufficiently loved me,
' since I find you have not yet sufficiently known me. But we
' have no time to lose in vain Words, continu'd I, carry me
' whither you please, for you shall always find me disposed to
' follow you. At these Words *Don Carlos* was more transported
' with Joy than he had been before depressed with Grief; and
' therefore having beg'd my Pardon a thousand times for the In-
' justice he had done me, he proposed to fetch me away the
' Night following. For this purpose he spent all that Day in
' ordering his Affairs. He got together a good Sum of Money,
' and hired a *Barcelona* Vessel which would be ready to put to
' Sea at what time he desired: For my part, young as I was,
' I had Wit enough to manage the Secret so well, that no body
' ever so much as mistrusted us. I got all my Mother's Jewels,
' and scrap'd up what Money I could get. At the Hour

appointed *Carlos's* Page *Claudio* waited for me at the Gate. He told me his Master had sent him to conduct me on Board, and that he could not come himself, for Reasons he would satisfy me in when he saw me. At the same time came a Slave that belong'd to *Don Carlos*, and who was likewise very well known to me, to accompany me. We got easily out of the City, by means of the good Contrivance we had laid, and were not gone far before we saw a Vessel riding in the Harbour, whose Boat waited for us on the Shore. The Seamen told me my dear *Don Carlos* would come immediately, and that I had no more to do, than to go into the Boat. I was carried in by the Slave, but had no sooner been set down, than I perceived the Seamen forcing in *Claudio*, whom I observed to be unwilling to enter. This increased my Concern for the Absence of *Carlos*, and thereupon I immediately demanded of the Slave where he was: He surlily answer'd, that wherever he was he was no more for me. Having said thus much he left me, and in a little while after, I heard *Claudio* above upbraiding the Slave after this manner. 'Is it thus, Traitor *Amet*, that you perform your Promise, to rid me of a Rival, and leave me with my Love? To which the Slave reply'd, 'Imprudent *Claudio*! am I oblig'd to keep my Word with you, when you have not scrupled to betray your Master, and how could I expect you would be true to me, and not send the Guards out after me to take my dear *Sophy* from me, whom I love more than my Life, when I have observ'd how villanously you served both him and her? These Words spoken to a Woman whom I took always for a Man, and concerning Matters which I knew nothing of, rais'd so fierce a Disorder in me, that I fell dead for the present, in the Arms of the perfidious *Moor*. By that time my Fit was over, our Vessel had got a good way to Sea. You can't imagine when I came to my self, what a Confusion I was in, for then I plainly perceiv'd I was in the Hands of *Moors*, and Enemies to our Faith. I then knew the Slave *Amet* had all sort of Authority, and that his Brother *Zaide* was Captain of the Vessel. *Amet* no sooner saw me in a condition to hear him, but he made me a short Declaration of his Love, professing he had had a Kindness for me a long time, and that his Passion was the cause of his carrying me away. Moreover that he design'd to carry me to *Fez*, where it should be my own fault if I were not as happy, if not happier, than I could have been in *Spain*. And lastly, he had the Impudence to urge to me, that he did not doubt but in a short time I would have no reason to regret

' regret the Loss of *Don Carlos*. I had scarce patience to hear
 ' him out, before I flew upon him with all the Vigour and
 ' Courage that my Fit had left me, and by an Address
 ' which I told you before I had learnt from my Education,
 ' snatching his Scymiter out of the Scabbard, was going
 ' to punish his Perjury with the Loss of his Life, had not
 ' his Brother *Zaide*, timely slept in and prevented me. I
 ' was presently disarm'd, for having once missed my Blow,
 ' I could not possibly defend my self against so great a num-
 ' ber of Enemies. *Amet*, whom my unexpected Attempt had
 ' frightned, commanded all but me to go out of the Room,
 ' and afterwards followed himself. He left me in such a Con-
 ' dition as you may imagine after so cruel a Reverse had hap-
 ' pen'd to my Fortune. I spent all that Night in Tears, and
 ' the Day following I nothing but grieved and took on. Time
 ' that generally alleviates other Peoples Misfortunes, did but
 ' increase mine. The second Day was as uncomfortable
 ' to me as the first, or rather more tormenting, for when I
 ' reflected upon the never seeing *Don Carlos* more, how could
 ' I propose to my self any future Consolation? *Amet* always
 ' found me so terrible whenever he offer'd to accost me, that he
 ' came no more near me. From time to time they brought
 ' me Victuals to eat, but which I refused with that Obstina-
 ' cy, as made the *Moor* to fear that he had brought me
 ' away to no purpose. In the mean time the Ship had pass'd
 ' the *Straits*, and was not far off the Coasts of *Fez*; when
 ' *Claudio* entring the Room, I no sooner perceiv'd him, than I
 ' began with him after this manner. Villain, said I, you have
 ' betray'd me, and what could induce you to so base an Action
 ' after you had been so well used both by me and *Don Carlos*?
 ' You were too well beloved, answer'd he, and since I lov'd
 ' *Don Carlos* likewise, what ill have I done in endeavouring to
 ' rid my self of a Rival? But if I have betray'd you, added
 ' he, *Amet* has also betray'd me, and I shall have as great
 ' reason to lament as you, if I do not think of some exped-
 ' dient not to remain alone miserable. ' Explain these Riddles,
 ' reply'd I, and learn me who you are, that I may know of what
 ' Sex I have you for my Enemy? *Sophy*, then continued he, I am
 ' of the same Sex with you, and like you have been in Love with
 ' *Don Carlos*, but if our Love has been equal, its Success has been
 ' different; he always lov'd you, and was ever inclinable to be-
 ' lieve that you return'd his Passion, whilst me he neither lov'd
 ' nor could think I loved him so dearly as I did, by reason he
 ' never knew who I was. I am of *Valencia* like you, pro-
 ' ceeded she, and was not born so low but *Don Carlos* might

have married me without Disparagement ; yet his Mind was all set upon you, and you were the only Object of his Vows and Wishes. It was not but I endeavoured to make my Eyes save the Labour of my Tongue, and take the shameful Confession of my Love upon them. I always laid my self in his way, and used all those little Artifices that he would have done to captivate me had it been his own Case. I might have often disposed of my self in Marriage to Advantage, had not the hopes I had of one Day winning him over always prevented my Fortune ; insomuch that instead of being discourag'd at his Repulse, I found it a means to love him the more. At length, being resolv'd to neglect nothing that might serve to bring him about, I put my self into Man's Apparel, cut off my Hair, and so disguis'd caus'd my self to be presented to him for a Page by an old Woman, who told him that my Father was a poor Gentleman, that lived upon the Mountains of *Toledo*. My Face and Mien pleas'd, it seems, your Lover so well, that he presently resolv'd to take me. He was as well satisfied with my Wit as delighted with my Voice and manner of Singing, as likewise with my Skill in playing on all sorts of Instruments that Persons of Quality are wont to divert themselves with. He believed he had met with Qualifications in me that were not to be commonly found in Pages ; and I gave him so many Proofs of my Fidelity and Discretion, that he treated me more like his Friend and Confident than Servant. This you are able to testify better than any Person breathing ; and you know besides, how often you have commended me to *Carlos*, both behind my Back and to my Face, and likewise done me several other good Offices with him ; but I was mad to think that I must be indebted for all these to a Rival, and that at the same time that they render'd me more agreeable to my Lover, they made you more hateful to the unfortunate *Claudia*, (for so is my true Name.) In the mean time your Marriage advanc'd, and my Hopes went back ; but as soon as it was concluded they were utterly lost. The *Italian* Count who became about that time in Love with you, and whose Quality and Estate gain'd as much upon your Father, as his bad Mien and Conditions lost him in your Esteem, gave me nevertheless the Pleasure of seeing you disturb'd, and which caus'd me to flatter my self with those foolish Hopes which Change always offers to the unhappy. At last your Father prefer'd the Stranger whom you loved not, to *Don Carlos*, whom you loved ; and I had then the Satisfaction to see one that made me unfortunate, unfortunate himself, and my Rival that I hated, yet
more

more unhappy. My Pleasure was augmented, tho I consider'd I lost nothing in him, because he never was mine, yet in that you were depriv'd of all in losing him, by reason he was all yours. But this imaginary Happiness, or to call it better, unfinish'd Hope, lasted not long: I learnt from *Don Carlos*, that you were resolved to go away with him, and I was employ'd for that purpose to hire a Ship to carry you to *Barcelona*, from whence you were to go either to *France* or *Italy*, I can't tell which. All the Force I had hitherto made use of to support me in my Misfortunes, forsook me at this moment; I could now bear up against the Torrent of my unhappy Fate no longer, and therefore was forced to yield to it. My Griefs upon this occasion were so great that they made me downright sick, and caused me to keep my Bed. One Day as I was lamenting my hard Usage to my self, and speaking louder than ordinary, out of a Confidence that I was not over-heard, the *Moor Amet* appear'd before me, who after he had suffer'd me to recover out of the Surprize he had occasion'd in me, address'd himself to me in these Words. I have known you, *Claudia*, even before the 'time you disguis'd your Sex to become Page to *Don Carlos*, and if I have all this while conceal'd that Knowledge 'from you, it was because I had a Design to bring about as 'well as you. I have over-heard you enter into Resolutions of 'Despair. You have a mind to discover your self to your 'Master to be a young Woman that dies for Love of him, and 'afterwards to kill your self in his Presence, whereby you 'think to encline his Pity, whereas you cannot otherwise engage 'his Heart. Poor Girl! What other Advantage wilt thou get 'by killing thy self, but assuring the Possession of *Carlos* the 'firmer to thy Rival? I have better Advice to give thee, if thou 'hast Courage enough to take it. Deprive thy Lover of *Sophia*; 'the means of accomplishing it are easie; and tho it requires a 'great deal of Resolution, yet has it occasion for no more than 'thou hast already had to habit thy self like a Man, and 'thereby to hazard thy Honour to content thy Love. Hearken 'to me then with Attention, continued the *Moor*, and I will 'reveal to thee a Secret which I have never yet disclos'd to any 'Person; and if the Proposal I am about to make thee be dis-'approv'd, thou art at Liberty either to receive or reject it. 'I am of *Fez*, pursued he, and a Man of Quality in my own 'Country; my Misfortunes made me a Slave to *Don Carlos*, 'and the Beauty of *Sophia* made me the like to her. I have 'told you a great deal of matter, in few Words. Consider your 'own Unhappiness without Remedy if you suffer your Lover

to

to carry off your Mistress to *Barcelona*. It is both your and my Interest to prevent it, therefore let us lay hold on the occasion that offers. I have bargain'd for my Ransom, and have paid it. A Galliot from *Africa* waits for me in the Road, not far off that which *Don Carlos* has provided for the Execution of his Design. He has put it off for a Day longer, therefore let us interpose our Project to carry her away before him, in the aforesaid Galliot. In order to accomplish this, do you go immediately to *Sophia*, as from your Master, and let her know that he requires she should depart this Night: For this purpose bring her away forthwith to my Vessel, and I will carry her to *Africa*; whereby you will remain behind alone to possess your Lover, and who 'tis very likely will be inclin'd to favour your Passion, when he understands what you are, how well you love him, and moreover, that the recovery of his *Sophia* is impracticable. At these last Words of *Claudia*'s, continues *Sophia*, I became all of a sudden so oppress'd with Grief, that I fainted away, and had scarce the least sign of Life left in me. The Cries that *Claudia* made for help, who it may be now repented of what she had told me, brought *Amet* and his Brother into the Room. They made use of all the means that were proper to recover me, when coming at length to my self, I heard *Claudia* still persisting to reproach *Amet* with his Treachery. Infidel, said she to him, how could you have the Baseness both to betray me, and to bring this Lady to the deplorable Condition you see her in? Or, how could you have the Heart to make me guilty of Treachery to the Man I lov'd so dearly? How dare you report your self to be nobly born, when you are one of the very worst of Men? Peace Fool, reply'd *Amet*, and do not accuse me of a Crime to which you your self were accessory. I have told you before, that one that could betray a Master like yours, well deserves to be betray'd her self. I have propos'd to carry you along with me, both to secure my own Life, and prolong that of my dear *Sophia*; for I could easily guess what Tortures she must necessarily have undergone had you remained behind with her Lover discover'd. The Noise the Seamen made at their Entrance into the Port of *Sally*, and the thundring of the Cannon, as well from the Vessel as the Castle, interrupted any farther Reproaches between *Amet* and *Claudia*, and at the same time delivered me from the Sight of those two odious Objects. We landed, *Claudia* and I having our Faces all cover'd with Vails, and were lodg'd in the House of a Friend of the perfidious *Amet*'s. The next Day we were put into a close Chariot, and carried in that manner to *Fex*, where

if

‘ if *Amet* was overjoy’d at the sight of his Relations and Friends,
‘ I was no less afflicted and tormented at my Fate. As for
‘ *Claudia*, she was resolv’d to make her self easy, for she quick-
‘ ly turn’d *Mahometan*, and was married in a little time after
‘ to *Zaide*, Brother of the faithless *Amet*. This wicked Woman
‘ employ’d all her cunning to perswade me to change my Reli-
‘ gion likewise, and to marry with *Amet*, as she had done with
‘ *Zaide*, but I thank Heaven, I still persever’d in my Constan-
‘ cy, both to my first Faith, and my first Love. This caused
‘ *Amet* and his Friends to use me with all manner of ill treat-
‘ ment; but at last I was inclinable to believe that *Claudia* was
‘ not quite so bad as she seem’d. In publick she persecuted me
‘ indeed as much or rather more than the rest, but in private she
‘ would ever now and then do me a good turn. One Day when
‘ all the other Women were gone to the publick Baths, which
‘ you know ’tis a custom amongst you *Mahometans* to do so many
‘ times a Week, *Claudia* came to me in my Chamber, and with
‘ a sorrowful countenance accosted me in the following man-
‘ ner. Fair *Sophia*, said she, whatever occasion I have hitherto
‘ had to bear you ill Will, it is now at an end, by reason of my
‘ despair ever to possess him who loved me too little, because he
‘ loved you too much. I condemn my self incessantly for ha-
‘ ving been the means of making you miserable; but more espe-
‘ cially for having abandon’d my God, out of the fear of Man,
‘ the least of which Remorses is sufficient to make me undertake
‘ something unusual to my Sex. I can no longer live so remote
‘ from *Spain*, and that especially among Infidels, with whom I
‘ can neither expect Health while I live, nor Salvation when I
‘ come to die. You may judge of my sincere Repentance by
‘ the Secret I am going to trust you with, which makes you Mi-
‘ stress of my Life, by putting it in your Power to revenge the
‘ ill Offices I have been forc’d to do you, whenever you please.
‘ The Secret is this, having procured about fifty Christian Slaves,
‘ for the most part *Spaniards*, and engag’d them to Secrecy, I have
‘ furnish’d them with Money sufficient to hire a Bark, wherewith
‘ to transport us to *Spain*. Now you have nothing to do but to
‘ follow my Fortune, either to save your self, if the Fates so
‘ permit, or else to perish with me rather than thus live miserably
‘ among *Infidels*. Determine therefore quickly, *Sophia*, continued
‘ she, what you mean to do, and since we are alone, let us present-
‘ ly enter upon deliberating on the most important action of our
‘ Lives. ‘ Hearing this proposal of *Claudia*’s, I immediately threw
‘ my self at her Feet, and judging of her Sincerity by my own,
‘ made her all manner of acknowledgments both in Words and
‘ Actions. Pursuant to our Project, we set a time and place
‘ for

‘ for our intended Flight, and which last, was to be behind
‘ some Rocks by the Sea-side, where she told me the Vessel lay
‘ waiting for us. On the Day appointed we set out, happily
‘ as I thought, because we got so easily out of the House and
‘ City. I admir’d the goodness of Heaven in favouring our
‘ Escape with such facility, and more than once offer’d up my
‘ thanks in acknowledgment; however, the end of my Misfor-
‘ tunes was not so near as I thought. What *Claudia* acted was
‘ only by order of the perfidious *Amet*, than whom she yet more
‘ perfidiously led me to this abandon’d place, for no other rea-
‘ son than to expose me to the Lust of that wicked *Moor*, who
‘ durst not attempt any violence on me in his Father’s House,
‘ who tho a *Mahometan*, was morally honest. I followed in-
‘ nocently her that thus guided me to Ruin, and thought
‘ I could never make her sufficient acknowledgments for obli-
‘ ging me with so fair a prospect of my Liberty. We walked a
‘ good round pace, till we came among those Rocks, where she
‘ still persisted to tell me that her Slaves lay attending for her;
‘ when all of a sudden, hearing a noise, and looking behind me,
‘ I perceived the treacherous *Amet* coming towards us full drive,
‘ with a drawn Scymiter in his Hand. Infamous Slaves cry’d
‘ he aloud, is it thus ye convey away your selves from your
‘ Master’s Service? ‘ I was just going to answer him when *Claudia*
‘ seizing my Arms behind, and *Amet* throwing away his
‘ Scymiter, and joining with her, to do the like to me be-
‘ fore, they both endeavour’d jointly to bind me with Cords,
‘ which they had provided for that Purpose. Having more
‘ Art and Strength than Women usually have, I resisted for
‘ some time the attempts of these two barbarous People; but
‘ at length finding my Efforts o’er power’d, I had no other
‘ remedy to have recourse to than my Cries, which I hop’d
‘ would induce some charitable Traveller to come to my Relief.
‘ I was just upon the brink of despair as Prince *Muley* arriv’d.
‘ You have heard how he saved my Honour, and I might say,
‘ my Life, since I should infallibly have dy’d of Grief, had *Amet*
‘ succeeded in his brutish designs upon me. Here, *Sophy* end-
‘ ed the tedious Relation of her Adventures, while the friendly
‘ *Zoraide* exhorted her to rely upon the Prince’s Generosity, who
‘ she doubted not would afford her speedy means to return to
‘ Spain. The same Day *Zoraide* went and acquainted her Hus-
‘ band with every particular she had heard from *Sophy*, of all
‘ which, he consequently soon inform’d his Master *Muley*. Al-
‘ tho what had been told him concerning the fortune of the fair
‘ *Christian*, did not at all flatter his Passion; yet was *Muley* ne-
‘ vertheless pleased to hear she was pre-engag’d in Affection,
‘ that

that he might thereby avoid the baseness of tempting her. He highly valued her Vertue, and was dispos'd by his own to encourage and assist her in the Continuance of it; hereupon he dispatch'd *Zoraide* to let her know, that he would send her back to *Spain* as soon as ever she pleas'd; but not caring to trust to the frailty of his nature, had at the same time resolv'd to keep as much out of her sight as he could. *Sophy* for her part was employ'd in thinking how to make her return as secure as possible. She doubted if she should meet a Christian Ship, which was nevertheless very difficult for her to do, by reason that few or none traded hither, whether she should not find as bad Men on Board as she had done before among the *Moors*. Sincerity is seldom observ'd on Board Vessels, and good Faith minded as little among Seamen as among Soldiers. Wherever Innocence and Beauty are met, Impudence will always take occasion to invade them. Whilst she was thus debating with her self, *Zoraide* advis'd her to take upon her the habit of a Man, and therather, because her Shape was proper for that purpose: She told her also that it was *Muley's* pleasure she should do so, and who not being able to find a Man in *Fez* with whom he could safely entrust her, had provided a Companion for her of her own Sex, who was to be disguis'd likewise, whereby they both might easily avoid the Insolence of the Seamen and Passengers, if any were that way inclin'd. This *Moorish* Prince had formerly purchas'd a Prize of a *Corfsair* of *Barbary*. It was a Ship that had belong'd to the Governour of *Oran*, which was carrying a *Spanish* Gentleman with his whole Family to *Spain*, whom the Governour had sent thither a Prisoner out of some disgust. *Muley* had been inform'd that this Christian was a great Hunter; and as that Exercise was one of the choicest of his diversions, he was resolv'd to keep him to himself; but for fear of making him uneasy, he order'd he should not be separated from his Wife, his Son and Daughter. In two Years time he had liv'd in *Fez*, in *Muley's* Service, he had taught that Prince to Shoot admirably well, and that either sitting or flying. He had moreover instructed him in several other ways of Hunting unknown before to the *Moors*. By these means he in a short time had gain'd so far upon the Prince's Favour, and had been so serviceable to him in all his diversions, that when a Ranson was offer'd for him, he would by no means consent to part with him, but rather made it his daily endeavour to oblige him, and make him forget *Spain*. Notwithstanding this kindness of the Prince, the regret he had to be out of his own Country, and the unlikelihood of ever returning thither again, had brought so deep a

Mc-

Melancholy upon him, that it soon ended his Days. His Wife likewise languish'd on the same account, and lived not long after her Husband. When *Muley* saw how fatal his Favours to these Strangers had been, he began to be touched with Remorse, and was exceeding sorry that he had not comply'd with their Desires; but since it was now too late, he resolv'd to reward the good Services of his Sportsman to his Children, and for that purpose immediately sent for them into his Presence. The Daughter, whose Name was *Dorothy*, was about the same Age with *Sophy*, and had both Wit and Beauty. Her Brother, nam'd *Sancho*, was somewhat younger, being not above Fifteen; both were made Choice of by *Muley* to accompany *Sophy* to *Spain*. The Affair was for some time kept secret; three *Spanish* Habits for Men were order'd in the mean time to be got ready. At length *Muley* display'd his Magnificence in a great Quantity of precious Stones which he presented *Sophy* with. To *Dorothy* and *Sancho* he gave likewise several noble Presents, which together with what their Father had left them, and which had been all obtain'd from the Liberality of this Prince, made them to be considerably rich. About the same time *Charles V.* made War upon *Africa*, and besieg'd the City of *Tunis*. He had sent an Ambassador to *Muley*, to treat about the Ransom of certain *Spaniards* of Quality, who had been shipwrack'd on the Coasts of *Morocco*. It was to this Ambassador that *Muley* recommended *Sophy* under the Name of a Man of Quality, called *Don Hernando*, *Dorothy* and her Brother were said to be his Attendants, one passing for his Gentleman, and the other for his Page. *Sophy* and *Zoraide* could not part without the greatest Reluctance. They shed abundance of Tears, and gave each other unquestionable Proofs of a reciprocal Affection. *Zoraide* as a farther token of her Love and Esteem, presented the fair Christian with a Necklace of Pearl, of that great Value that she would by no means have accepted it, had not *Zulema*, who lov'd her no less than his Wife, acquainted her that they should take it very unkindly if she refus'd what they tender'd only as a Pledge of their Friendship. *Zoraide* made *Sophy* promise to let them know from time to time how she did, either by the way of *Tangier*, *Oran*, or the other Places which the Emperor then possessed in *Africa*. The Christian Ambassador embark'd at *Sally*, carrying along with him *Sophy*, whom from henceforward we must call *Don Hernando*. Before he proceeded on his Voyage to *Spain*, he was to go to wait on the Emperor at his Camp before *Tunis*. Our *Spanish* Lady in Masquerade was to be presented to him for a Gentleman of *Andalusia*, who had been a long time a Slave to the Prince of *Morocco*.

Morocco. She had no such great Reason to be in Love with Life as to fear to hazard it in the Wars, and therefore since she had took upon her the Character of a *Cavalier*, she was oblig'd to go upon all Actions that Honour called her to. For this purpose she placed her self among the *Volunteers*, resolving to lose no occasion to signalize her self, and which she often did to that degree, that her Valour came at length to the Emperor's Ear. She happen'd to be in one Action, above the rest, wherein the Emperor was unhorsed, and the Christians like to be beaten. This our valiant *Amazon* perceiving, by a Performance scarce to be believed, she immediately remounted the Emperor, and laid about her with that Conduct and Vigour, that she almost opposed the whole Force of the Enemy, till such time as the routed Army had rallied, and were come up to her Relief. This wonderful Action of hers did not go without its Reward. The Emperor in Recompence presented to the unknown *Don Hernando* a *Commandery* of great Revenue, as likewise a Regiment of Horse, which had belonged to a *Spanish* Collonel killed in the late Fight; he also gave him the Equipage of a Man of Quality, and from that very time no body was so much esteem'd in the Army as this valiant Heroine. All the Actions of a Man were natural to her: Her Countenance was so good, and made her appear to be so young, her Courage and Conduct were so far beyond her Years, her Wit was so charming and entertaining, that there was not one Man of Quality, or Officer in the whole Army, but who either sought her Friendship and Acquaintance, or humbly declin'd aspiring to it as being unworthy. It must not be wondred at then, since all the World spoke so much of her, and yet more her renown'd Actions, if she came to be so greatly in Favour with her Prince. About this time divers Recruits of Men and Ammunition arriv'd from *Spain*. The Emperor would have them all drawn up by themselves, that he might have a View of them, with the principal Officers of the Army, amongst whom was our Female Warriour. Among these new-come Soldiers she fancied she had espy'd *Don Carlos*, and as it happen'd she was not deceiv'd. This made her to be uneasie all the remainder of that Day. She sent out often to look after him, but could not find him, by reason he had changed his Name. When Night came she could not sleep a wink, and therefore rise by Day-break to go in search of her dear Lover, who had cost her so many Tears. At length she found him, but was not known by him, by reason she was grown taller, and had besides her Complexion much alter'd by the scorching Heats of *Africa*. She made him believe she took him for another of her Acquaintance, and began to ask him News from

from *Sevil*, as likewise concerning an imaginary Person that came first into her Head. He told her he knew no such Person, was never at *Sevil*, and that he was born and liv'd in *Valencia*. *You are nevertheless much like a Person that I knew, and had a great esteem for*, reply'd *Sophy*, and therefore you must give me leave to be ranked among the Number of your Friends. With all my Heart, answer'd *Don Carlos*, and for the same reason you urge, I must beg the like Liberty from you, for you no less resemble a Person I loved long since, and do still love; you have the same Visage and Voice, but are not of the same Sex, and certainly cannot be of the same Humour, added he sighing. At these last Words of *Carlos*, *Sophy* could not forbear blushing, which he nevertheless took no notice of, by reason he then had his Eyes over-charg'd with Tears, which hindred his observing her change of Countenance. This extraordinary Tenderness of *Don Carlos* mov'd her so extremely, that she was ready to discover her self; to prevent which at that time, she desired him to come visit her in her Tent, and bid him to enquire for *Don Hernando*. At the hearing of this Name *Don Carlos* began immediately to be afraid, well knowing what Honours the Emperor had conferr'd on that Person, and therefore fear'd he might not have shew'd him sufficient Respect. He met with little difficulty in finding the Tent, for it was but what every body could direct him to. He was there received with all the Civility that a private Gentleman could expect from a general Officer. He again discover'd the Countenance of *Sophy* in that of *Don Hernando*, but was more amazingly surpriz'd at the resemblance of their Voices, which immediately sunk into his Soul, and brought to his Remembrance the Idea of the Person in the World that he lov'd best. *Sophy* yet unknown to her Lover, made him to dine with her, and after Dinner commanding her Domesticks to retire, and giving Orders that she would be seen by no more Visitors, caus'd him to tell her over again that he was of *Valencia*, and afterwards occasion'd him to relate all the Adventures that had happen'd between him and her, which to be sure she knew as well as he, from their first Acquaintance to the time of his Contrivance for carrying her away. Would you be'ieve, quoth *Don Carlos*, that a Woman of her Quality, who had received so many Proofs of my Love, and return'd me reciprocally as many of hers, could yet be so void of Sense or Honour to prefer a young Page, who had little or nothing to boast of, to his Master! But are you sure of what you say, reply'd *Sophy*? Chance often controuls our Designs, and oftner takes Pleasure to confound our reasoning with Events the least expected. Your Mistress may have been forc'd to leave you,

contin'd

continu'd she; and is, it may be, more unfortunate than blamable. Would to God, answer'd Don Carlos, *I could in the least doubt of her Guilt! All the Misfortunes which I have hitherto undergone on her account would be easie to me, could I but believe her still faithful. But alas! she is only so to the Traitor Claudio, and pretended an Affection to Don Carlos but to ruin him.* 'It seems to me, reply'd Sophy, you could have but little Kindness for her, since you can thus condemn her unheard. Can I have greater Proof of her Baseness, cry'd Don Carlos, than appears by a Letter she sent her Father the very Night she went off; whereby, I suppose, she thought to take away all Suspicion of her going away with the Page. But to the end you may be the better Judge of it, added he, *I have the Letter to show*; then he read the Letter, which was in the following Words.

YOU ought not, Sir, to forbid my loving Don Carlos, since you had once commanded me to do it. A Desert so great as he has to pretend to, must needs captivate the wariest Heart; and where so much Worth and Merit reigns, Interest must not think to get place. I fly then away with him whom you have thought fit I should love from my Youth upwards, and without whom it is as impossible for me to live, as it would be not to grieve my self to Death in the Arms of a Stranger I hate, altho he were yet richer than he boasts himself to be. Our Crime therefore, if any, deserves at least your Pardon, which if you are dispos'd to afford us, we will return as willingly to recieve as we have shewn Disposition to retreat from the unjust Violence you would do us.

SOPHIA.

'You may imagine, proceeded Carlos, what a Hurricane this raised in the old Peoples Breasts. They hop'd I was either yet in Valencia conceal'd with their Daughter, or else that I was not far off. They kept their Loss a Secret to every body but the Vice-Roy, who was their Relation. I was surpriz'd to find the Constable and his Mirmidons enter my Chamber at Day-break, rudely asking me for Sophy, and whom I having demanded the same Question of, they immediately

O

'hurried

hurried me in a violent manner to Prison. I was question'd, and yet could say nothing in my Defence concerning *Sophy's* Letter; it thereby appear'd I was to carry her away, but it was manifest that my Page disappear'd also. *Sophy's* Relations made all imaginable Search after her, and my Friends did what they could to find whether the Page had carry'd her, which they were certain he must have done somewhither. At length it being found impossible to meet with either one or th'other, which was the only thing that could have clear'd my Innocence, I was accus'd by my Enemies of murdering both. Hereupon I had notice given me that I must soon come to my Trial, and that if I escap'd it was more than any body expected. I knew the Home-proofs they had against me, and hop'd only for a Miracle from Heaven to acquit me; but at last Despair got the upper-hand, and my Hopes consequently vanish'd. I resolv'd therefore, not caring to trust my Deliverance to the Course of Justice, to join with some Highway-men, my fellow Prisoners, in the Execution of a Design they had laid to procure it for us all. Accordingly we one Night forc'd the Gates of our Prison, and by the Assistance of our Friends, got to the Mountains that were nearest *Valencia*, before the *Vice-Roy* could possibly be inform'd of our Escapes. We here continued a long time Masters of the Roads. My *Sophy's* Infidelity, and her Parents merciless Prosecution, together with the Loss of my Estate and Reputation, made me so desperate, that I car'd not at what rate I hazarded my Life, and therefore in all cases of Resistance behav'd my self with so great Resolution, that my Companions thought fit to chuse me for their Captain. I continued in this Post so successful for some time, that our Troop became formidable even to the Kingdoms of *Arragon* and *Valencia*, which Countries we were so bold as to put under Contribution. I herein make you acquainted, continu'd *Carlos* to *Sophy*, with a Secret that concerns my Life, but the Honour you have done me of your Friendship, and the Opinion I have of your Integrity, makes me not to doubt in the least of my Security. At length, proceeded he, I was weary of this wicked Course of Life, and forsook my Companions at a time when they least expected it. I made my way for *Barcelona*, where I list'd my self a private Trooper in the Recruits that were just then raising for *Africa*. I had hitherto had no great reason to be in Love with Life, and therefore having made so ill use of it as to infest my Country, thought I could not do better than employ the Remainder of my Days in its Service, and more especially seeing the Kind-

ness

'ness I have receiv'd at your Hands, has been the only Comfort I have had since I have been made the most miserable of Men, by the most ungrateful of Women. The unknown *Sophia* hereupon took the part of *Sophy* unjustly accus'd, and omitted nothing to persuade her Lover against passing rash Judgments on his Mistress, before he was throughly inform'd of her Crime. She told the unfortunate Gentleman moreover, that she was very sensible of his Misfortunes, and would do all that lay in her Power to alleviate them; and to give him a better Proof of her good Will, than what lay in bare Words, she desired him to come and be with her, and that as soon as occasion serv'd, she would employ all her own and her Friends Interests with the Emperor, to get him deliver'd from the Prosecution of *Sophy's* Parents, as likewise from that of the *Viceroy* of *Valencia*. *Don Carlos* was not at all mov'd with what the counterfeit *Don Hernando* could say to him concerning the Justification of *Sophy*, but to accept of the Offers of his Table and House he was. The same Day this faithful Lover spoke to *Don Carlos's* Captain to permit him to come and serve under him, I should have said, her. Now was our Lover under the Command of his Mistress, whom he took to be either dead or faithless. He was very easie from the beginning under this new Commander, and would often wonder how he came to be so much in her Favour in so short a time. He was at once her *Intendant*, Secretary, Gentleman and *Confident*. The other Domesticks paid not a greater Respect even to *Don Hernando* himself than they did to him, and he would no doubt have been exceeding happy had not the lost *Sophy*, the treacherous *Sophy*, come so often into his Mind. Whatever Kindness *Sophy* had for him, she always took a great deal of Pleasure to see him griev'd, not doubting but it was upon her account. At last she had justified *Sophy* so often, and sometimes with that heat, that *Don Carlos* came to suspect that she had either been formerly her Lover, or was so still. These Wars in *Africa* ended, as you may read in the History. The Emperor afterwards made them in *Germany*, *Italy*, *Flanders*, and other Places. Our experienc'd She-warriour, under the Name of *Hernando*, still kept up, or rather increas'd her Reputation for Courage and Conduct, tho the last of these Qualities is seldom to be met with in a Person so young as this valiant Lady's Sex made her to appear. The Emperor was oblig'd to go into *Flanders*, and for that purpose demanded Leave of the King of *France* to pass through his Dominions. The great King that then reign'd in that Country, had a mind to excel in Generosity a mortal Enemy, who had always surmounted him in Fortune, tho he

had not made the best use of it. *Charles V.* was received in *Paris* with as great Magnificence as if he had been King of *France* himself. The brave *Don Hernando* was one of the small number of Persons of Quality that attended him, and 'tis more than likely, if he had continued long at that Court, this fair *Spanish* Lady, being taken for a Man, would have enamour'd all the *French* Ladies, and rais'd Jealousie in the most accomplish'd of Courtiers. While this happen'd, the *Vice-Roy* of *Valencia* died in *Spain*. *Don Hernando*, thro his great Merit and Interest with the Emperor, doubted not but he should quickly obtain that Charge; and as he wish'd, so it soon after fell out, for he had no sooner ask'd than he had it given him, without the least Opposition from any Competitor. This his good Success he immediately thought fitting to acquaint *Don Carlos* with, and at the same time gave him reason to hope, that as soon as he was gotten into Possession of his new Employment, he would not only reconcile him with *Sophy's* Relations, and procure him Pardon of the Emperor, for having been chief of the *Vandolero's*, (Highway-men) but likewise undertake to restore him to his Lands and Estate. *Don Carlos* might very well have receiv'd Comfort from these Promises of his Friend, had not his Love made him incapable of it. The Emperor soon after arriv'd in *Spain*, and went directly to *Madrid*, while *Don Hernando* made what haste he could to his new-Government. From the very Day of his Arrival in *Valencia*, *Sophy's* Friends continually pester'd him with Petitions against *Don Carlos*, who at the same time was both his Steward and Secretary. The *Vice-Roy* promis'd to do them speedy Justice, but at the same time let *Carlos* privately know, that he would not fail to protect his Innocence. The Cause was quickly prepar'd for Hearing, and in five or six Days time both Parties were ready to go to Trial. The Prosecutor demanded of the *Vice-Roy* that the supposed Criminal might be sent to Prison, which *Don Hernando* would not nevertheless consent to, giving instead thereof, his Word, that he should not stir out of his House till the Day assign'd for the Trial. The Night before that fatal Day, which kept the whole City of *Valencia* in suspense, *Don Carlos* desir'd a private Audience of the *Vice-Roy*, which being granted, he threw himself at his Feet, and broke out into the following Words. 'To Morrow, my Lord, you will be able to let the World know that I am innocent; and altho some of the Witnesses you have already heard in my Defence, clear me absolutely of the Crime; yet do I here presume to swear once more to your Highness, as religiously as I would do before God at the sacred Altar, That I not only have

not

'not carry'd away *Sophy*, as my Adversaries maliciously alledge
'against me, but likewise did not lay Eyes on her from the
'Day before she was so carried away, and have never heard the
'least news of her since. I own I was to have carried her
'away, continued he, had not a Misfortune too obscure for
'me to unriddle prevented me in that Design. Enough, Don
Carlos, reply'd the *Vice-Roy*, go to Bed and take your rest; I
am both your Master and Friend, and perhaps am better inform'd
of your Innocence than you can imagine. You are come along with
me from Africa under my Protection, and I will not fail to de-
fend and clear you against all your Enemies in this matter. Don
Carlos after having return'd his most hearty thanks to so ob-
liging a Master, went to Bed, but could not sleep for think-
ing on what was to ensue. He got up by Day-break, and
dressing himself more gallant than ordinary, went to wait
on the *Vice-roy* at his *Levéé*; but I should mistake if I told
you he entered the Chamber before she was dress'd. The before
mention'd *Dorothy* that came with her disguis'd from *Fez*, still
continu'd to be her *Confident*, and Companion, and did those
Offices for her, which if another had done, she must have
quickly been discover'd. Don Carlos therefore gained not ad-
mittance till *Dorothy* had set open the Door, as well to him as
every Body else. The *Vice-roy* no sooner perceiv'd him than
he began to reproach him with rising so early, alledging that
his not sleeping was no great token of his Innocence. To which
Don Carlos, being a little disturb'd, reply'd, that the fear of be-
ing convicted did not so much hinder him from sleeping, as
the hopes he had of soon seeing himself deliver'd by the Justice
his *Highness* would do him. 'But you are mighty Spruce and
'Gallant, quoth the *Vice-roy*; nay, seem indifferent even on the
'Day you are to be try'd for your Life. I know not what
'to think of the Crime you are accus'd of. As often as we
'discourse of *Sophy*, you seem more negligent and unconcern'd
'than I, who am no party, nor ever have been suspected to
'have been belov'd by her, nor to have made away with her, and
'possibly the young *Clandio* likewise, as you have been. You say
'you have lov'd her, continued the *Vice-roy*, and yet you survive
'the loss of her, and endeavour nothing so much as to get your
'self acquitted, that you may forget her, and live at ease; you
'that ought rather to hate Life, and destroy those very Charms
'that have render'd you so amiable to her. Ah! inconstant
'Don Carlos, proceeded he, It may well be suspected you
'have some other Love to supply the place of *Sophy* you have
'been so much oblig'd to. At these Words Don Carlos in a
great Agony was going to answer, but which the *Vice-roy* not

thinking fit to hear, interrupted him in, and with a severe Countenance said to him, ' Hold your Peace, and reserve that ' Eloquence you are about to make use of here for your Judges. ' As for my part I shall give little ear to it, and will not for ' the sake of one of my Servants, let the Emperor have reason ' to entertain an ill Opinion of my Justice. In the mean ' time, continued he, turning towards his Guards, some one ' of you secure his Person. I should indeed be very imprudent, added he, to believe that one who had once broke Prison would not again seek to avoid Justice by flight. This said, *Don Carlos's* Sword was immediately seiz'd, which rais'd a great deal of pity in the standers by, to observe what a sudden change of Fortune he had undergone. While the poor Gentleman was repenting of confiding too much in great Mens Favours, his Judges entred the Chamber, and took their places after the *Vice-roy* had seated himself. The *Italian* Count, who yet continued at *Valencia*, together with *Sophy's* Father and Mother, appear'd against him, and produc'd their Witnesses; whilst *Carlos* was almost ready to despair of his Cause, and had scarce the Courage to answer. They alledg'd the Letters he had formerly writ to *Sophy*, and prov'd his Hand; they confronted the Neighbours and *Sophy's* Servants with him, and lastly produc'd against him the Letter she had written to her Father the Night before they pretended he had carried her away. *Carlos* caus'd his Servants to be heard likewise, who swore they saw their Master go to Bed; but then he might have risen again afterwards, which they could give no account of. In his defence he said, it was not likely he should carry her away to live separate from her, and much less that he would murder one whom he had always lov'd so dearly. But all this avail'd him not, for Sentence was just going to be pronounc'd against him, when the *Vice-roy* commanding him to be brought nearer, said to him, ' Unfortunate *Don Carlos* ! you may well think from all the tokens of Friendship I ' have shew'd you, that if I had in the least suspected you ' had been guilty of the Crime you are accus'd of, I would ' never have brought you to *Valencia*. But now after what has ' been so plainly prov'd against you, I am more than oblig'd ' to condemn you if I would not begin the Execution of my ' Office by Injustice. You may easily be convinc'd of my concern for you, by the Tears that unavoidably come into my ' Eyes. If your Prosecutors were not of that Quality they ' are of, I might be inclinable to think they were byass'd by ' Malice; but as they are, there are no exceptions to be made to ' them, and therefore if *Sophia* does not appear suddenly her ' self

‘ self to release you, I am to give you notice, you must prepare for Death. Carlos despairing at these Words to be saved, threw himself at the *Vice-roy’s* Feet, and after some time, said to him, *You may remember, my Lord, that all the while I had the Honour to serve your Highness, both in Africa and here, as often as you have engag’d me in the tedious recital of my Misfortunes, I have always told them after the same manner; and you may likewise be assur’d that what I have told you, that have been so good a Master to me, I would scorn to deny afterwards before any Judge. I have all along told your Highness the Truth, as I would have done to my God, and therefore shall not stick to repeat what I have so often profess’d, that I not only ever have, but also ever shall to my Lives end love and adore Sophy.* ‘ What say you? (interrupted the *Vice-roy*, with concern in his Countenance) do you pretend to adore her? *I do*, reply’d *Don Carlos*, not a little surpris’d at the manner of the Question, and have not only promis’d to marry her, but likewise to carry her off to Barcelona. But if I have carried her away, or know where she is at present, may I be put to the cruellest of Deaths. As for dying, continued he, *I know it is impossible for me now to escape it, but I shall nevertheless dye innocent, if it be not a Crime to have lov’d so faithfully, so perfidious and inconstant a Woman.* ‘ But, cry’d the *Vice-roy*, with a stern Countenance, What is become of this Woman and your Page? Are they mounted up to Heaven? Are they conceal’d in the Earth? Or whither are they gone? *The Page*, answer’d *Don Carlos*, was a spruce Gallant, and she a fine Lady; he was a Man and she a Woman. ‘ Ah Traitor! reply’d the *Vice-roy*, now you discover your base Suspicions, and the small esteem your entertain’d for the unfortunate *Sophy*. Curs’d be that Woman continued he, that confides in the Promises of Men, and suffers her self to be abus’d by too easy a Belief. Neither was *Sophy* a Woman of common Vertue, added he, nor your Page Claudio a Man. *Sophy* was a constant Maid, and your Page a ruin’d Woman that had been in Love with you, and consequently stole away and betray’d her as a Rival to her. I am *Sophy*, unjust and ungrateful Lover! proceeded he, I am *Sophy* who have undergone incredible hazards and hardships on the account of a Man that deserves not to be so well lov’d, since he could think me guilty of the very worst of Treacheries. *Sophy* found it not in her power to say any more: Her Father immediately knew her, and catch’d her up in his Arms, her Mother swoon’d away on one side, and her Lover *Don Carlos* on the other. She soon disengag’d herself from her Father’s embraces, to run to the two that were fainted away, and who coming quickly to themselves, she was in

doubt which to embrace first. Her Mother all bedew'd her Cheeks with Tears, and she return'd the like. She embrac'd her Dear, Dear, *Don Carlos*, with all the Passion imaginable, and who was like to have swoon'd away again with the excess of the delight. He nevertheless held her fast, and not yet daring to approach her Lips, endeavour'd to satisfy himself on her Hands, both which he kissed above a thousand and a thousand times. *Sophy* was scarce able to withstand all the Kindnesses and Complements made her. The *Italian Count* on his part going to profer his, still insisted on his former Pretensions to her, as being promis'd him both by her Father and Mother; this *Don Carlos* hearing, and having at the same time one of her Hands, greedily kissing at his Mouth, he instantly quitted it, and laying his Hand to his Sword, which had been just then brought him, he put himself into a posture enough to have frighted an Army, and swore that rather than suffer himself to be depriv'd of his dear *Sophy*, provided she would but still continue to love him, he would hew down the City of *Valencia*, and bury its Inhabitants in its Ruins. She on her part declared she would have no other Husband than her dear *Carlos*, and therefore conjur'd both her Father and Mother either to resolve to approve of him, or to expect to see their only Daughter speedily cloyster'd up in a *Convent*. Her Parents hereupon gave her liberty to make choice of what Husband she pleas'd, which the *Italian Count* perceiving, he immediately took Post and rid away for *Italy*. *Sophy* afterwards gave an account of all her Adventures, which being so very extraordinary, were admir'd by every body. A Courier was soon after dispatch'd to carry the News of this wonderful discovery to the Emperor, who thereupon sent orders that *Don Carlos*, after he had married *Sophy*, should be invested with the *Viceroyship* of *Valencia*; and moreover as a recompence for all the great Services his Lady had perform'd under the name of *Don Hernando*, he gave to this happy Lover a Principality, which his Heirs enjoy to this very Day. The City of *Valencia* was at the charge of the Wedding, which was perform'd with all the Magnificence and Splendor imaginable, and *Dorothy* who had resum'd her Female Habit much about the same time with *Sophy*, was married not long after her to a near Relation of *Don Carlos*'s.

C H A P. XV.

A matchless piece of Impudence in the Sieur la Rappiniere.

THE Counsellor of Rennes had just done reading his Novel, when *la Rappiniere* arriv'd at the Inn. He entred the Room boldly, where he had been told Monsieur *la Garouffiere* was, but as soon as he perceiv'd *Destiny* standing in a Corner, both he and his Man that came along with him began visibly to change Countenances. *La Garouffiere* after having shut the Door, demanded of the bold *la Rappiniere* if he could not guess upon what account he had been sent for. *Is it not upon account of a Comedian*, reply'd the Villain laughing, *whom I had a mind to have my Share of*: How do you mean your Share, answer'd *la Garouffiere* with a serious Countenance, Does it become a Judge as you are to talk after that rate? And did you ever yet condemn a Person that deserv'd hanging more than your self? *La Rappiniere* continu'd to turn the thing to Ridicule, and would needs make it pass for the Act of a good a Companion. But the Senator urg'd it so home, and after so severe a manner, that he at last made him to confess that it was an ill Action, and for which he immediately made some trifling Excuses to *Destiny*, who notwithstanding could scarce forbear calling him to an account for offending him so basely, after he had been oblig'd to him for his Life, as you may find he had been in the beginning of these Comical Adventures. But *Destiny* had another Quarrel to debate with this wicked *Provost* of greater Consequence, which he had communicated to Monsieur *la Garouffiere*, and who had promis'd to make him give him Satisfaction. Whatever Pains I have taken to dive into *la Rappiniere*, I could never yet discover whether he were more wicked towards God, or towards Man; more unjust to his Neighbour, or more vicious in himself. I know only this to be true, that never any Man had more Vices heap'd up together, nor in a more eminent Degree than he. He confest he had a Design to carry away Madam *Star*, as boldly as if he had reason to boast of it as a good Action; and farther, impudently told the Counsellor and the Comedian, that he never in the least doubted of the Success of that Enterprize. For, continued he, addressing himself

himself to *Destiny*, I had gained over your Man; and your Sister, thinking you were wounded, was so conveniently caught in the Trap, in expectation to find you not above two Leagues from the place where I waited for her, that I had certainly had her, had not the Sot that conducted her suffer'd some Devil or other to take her from him, whereby I lost a good Horse, and he got a good beating. *Destiny* at the hearing this, first grew pale with Anger, but then presently blushed with Shame to hear a Villain tell him that with Indifferency, which he ought to have told with the greatest Reluctancy and Regret. *La Garouffiere* was greatly offended likewise, and not less angry with so dangerous a Man. I can't imagine, said he to him, how you could have the Impudence to tell us the Particulars of so base an Action with so much unconcern; for which *Monsieur Destiny* would have nevertheless rewarded you, had not I interpos'd and hindred him. But I would advise you, continued he, to restore to him the Box of Diamonds you stole from him at Paris, when you were a Pick-pocket Rascal, or he may yet do it. *Doguin*, who was at that time your Accomplice, and since your Servant, confest to him on his Death-bed, that you had it; and I declare to you, added he, that if you do not speedily let him have it again, I will for the future prove as dangerous an Enemy to you, as I have hitherto been a serviceable Friend. *La Rappiniere* at these Words stood as if he had been Thunder-struck, and had not Power to deny any longer, according to his usual Custom, what he had done. He own'd therefore, stammering like one that was confounded, that he had the Box at *Mans*, and swore horribly to return it upon Demand. The use he made of Oaths was out of Policy to conceal the Truth, for tho it was true he had the Box, yet had he not it at *Mans*, but carried it always about him, with design to have presented it to *Madam Star*, in case she rejected his Amour. This he afterwards confest in private to *Monsieur la Garouffiere*, thinking thereby to regain his Favour, and into whose Hands he put the Box and Picture to dispose of as he thought fit. The Picture was that of *Madam Star's* Father, set round with Diamonds, whose Face it seems so much resembled hers, that she might be easily known to her Father by it. *Destiny* at the Receipt of the Picture knew not how to thank *Monsieur la Garouffiere* sufficiently for it. When this Box was taken away from *Destiny*, he was not so much concern'd on his own account, as on that of *Madam Star's* Mother, who had a long time kept it as a Pledge of her Husband's Love. You may easily guess then what an Excess of Joy the Recovery

of

of it raised in them both. He for his part went immediately to acquaint his dear *Star* with the News, whom he found where he had left her in the Curate of the Town's Sister's House, and in Company with *Angelica* and *Leander*. They consulted together about their return to *Mans*, and resolv'd upon it for the next Day. Monsieur *la Garouffiere* proffer'd them a Coach, which they would however by no means accept. The Men and Women-players supped with Monsieur *la Garouffiere* and his Company that Night. They afterwards went to Bed betimes, and next Morning by break of Day *Destiny* and *Leander* took each of them their Mistresses behind them, and posted away to *Mans*, whither *Ragotin*, *Rancour*, and *Olive*, had been gone before. Monsieur *la Garouffiere* proffer'd a great deal of Service to *Destiny*, on account of Madam *Bouvillon*, who had feign'd her self sicker than she was, on purpose that she might not be oblig'd to take leave of that Comedian, whom she for the present was not at all pleas'd with.

C H A P. XVI.

Ragotin's Misfortune.

THE two Comedians that return'd to *Mans* with *Ragotin*, were led out of their way by that little Rascal, who would needs treat them at a small Country House of his, which had been built proportionable to his Size. Altho an exact Historian would now think himself oblig'd to tell all the most important Particulars of this Man's Life, and the Places wherein they happen'd, yet shall not I be very certain in what part of our Hemisphere this little Hovel of *Ragotin's* stood, whither he was carrying his Brethren that were to be, being not yet admitted of their Strolling Order. It shall suffice then to inform you, that it was on this side the *Ganges*, and not very far off from *Sillé le Guillaume*. When he had got thither he found his House filled with a Company of Gypsies, who in spite of his Tenant had got into Possession thereof, and that under pretence of their Captain's Wife's being ready to lye in, when their truest reason was that they might have an Opportunity to eat Poultry gratis, at a Farm so much out of the Road. At his first coming *Ragotin* began to be extremely angry, as little Men soonest are, and threaten'd the Gypsies with
the

the *Provost of Mans*, to whom he said he was ally'd by having married a *Portail*. Then began he to read his Auditors a long Lecture on the Validity of Relation, without being able at the same time to forbear immoderate swearing, which he often intermixt with his Discourse. He threatned them likewise to complain to Provost *la Rappiniere's* Lieutenant, whose Name alone was enough to make them tremble. But the *Gypsie-Captain* raised his Passion beyond all Patience when he began to compliment and tell him, *That if he had before been acquainted with his Quality, he should never have presum'd to have set Foot so rashly within his Castle*, so the waggish Varlet called this little House, which was only fortified with a wither'd Hedge; he added moreover, *That his Lady would soon be deliver'd, and then he would march away his Troop with Bag and Baggage, but first would satisfie his Tenant for the Damage he and his Men together with their Horses had done him*. Ragotin was at his Wits end to find that he could not reasonably pick a Quarrel with this Fellow, and that especially when he plainly perceiv'd himself abus'd by the many apish Cringes made him: Nevertheless, at last his Choler was raised by the flegmatick *Gypsie*, but then it was just at a time when *Rancour* and the Captain's Brother began to recollect being formerly acquainted, and who consequently embracing, soon soddered up the Difference that was about to have proceeded to Ragotin's Disadvantage. *Rancour* then earnestly beg'd of his Companion to be quiet, which he was inclinable to hearken to, and would have proffer'd of himself had not his natural Pride push'd him on beyond his Ability. In the mean time the *Gypsie-Lady* was brought to Bed of a brave Boy; great was the Joy in the little Troop upon this occasion, and the Captain thereof, as a token of his being reconciled to Ragotin, invited both him and his Company to Supper, having already prepared a *Fricassée* for their Entertainment. They set down to Table, and had besides the *Fricassée* some Partridges and Hares, which the *Gypsies* had taken with their Dogs, two young Turkeys, and as many Pigs, which they had stollen, a *Westphalia-Ham*, and several Neats-tonges, which they had got by Stratagem; and lastly, they had a Hare-pie, borrow'd of a Baker, the Crust of which was voraciously devour'd by five or six young Gypsies that stood at their Mothers Elbows. Add to all these another *Fricassée* of Pigeons which Ragotin gave them, and you must confess they had Cheer enough. The Guests, besides the Comedians, were to the Number of nine, all good Dancers, and yet better Thieves. They began their Healths with that of the King and Princes, and afterwards proceeded to remember those honest Noblemen that

suffer'd

suffer'd them to harbour within their Jurisdictions. The Captain propos'd to the Comedians drinking to the Memory of the deceas'd *Charles Dodo*, who was Uncle to the Lying-in-Lady, and who had been hang'd during the Siege of *Rochel*, by the Treachery of one Captain *la Grave*. Every one began to curse that Captain as a false Brother, and at the same time rail'd heartily at all *Provosts*. *Ragotin's* Wine in the mean while went plentifully about, which had nevertheless this Quality, that it occasion'd no Quarrels among the Guests, who even to the Man-hater *Rancour*, were so extremely pleased with one another, that they complimented, and flobber'd, and kissed like so many *Beaux*. *Ragotin* for his part was resolv'd not to bring a Scandal on his House by flinching, and therefore suck'd up his Tipple like to any Sponge. Having drank all Night one would have thought they should have been fit for Sleep by Sun-rising; but it so happen'd that the same Wine that made them good Friends the Night before, had now inspir'd them with a Spirit of Separation. They resolv'd to part therefore, and the Gypsies packing up their Awls, not forgetting to nim something here and there from their Host the Tenant, went one way, while the jolly Landlord mounting his Mule rod another, and who being now as serious as he had been before transported, took his Journey directly towards *Mans*, not minding in the least whether *Rancour* or *Olive* followed him or not, being wholly taken up with blowing a Pipe of Tobacco, which had nevertheless been smoak'd out above an Hour before. He had not been gone above half a League, still sucking his empty Pipe, which afforded him not one Whiff of Sinoak, before the Fumes of the Wine began to seize his Crown-office, and consequently soon caused him to tumble out of his Saddle. As soon as the Master was off, the Mule thought she had nothing left to do but to return from whence she came, and therefore instantly posted back to her Stable, while the poor *Ragotin*, after having indifferently unburthen'd his surcharg'd Stomach, fell into a profound Sleep in the middle of the Highway. He had not slept long, snoring however like a crackt Organ-pipe, before a naked Man, somewhat resembling the Picture of our first Parent, but extremely hairy, dirty, and nasty, came up to him, and began presently to strip off his Clothes. This wild Man took more than ordinary Pains in drawing off *Ragotin's* new Boots, which I have told you somewhere before, in this true History, his Friend *Rancour* claim'd as his; which one would have thought might have been sufficient to have awak'd him, had not he, as the Saying is, been dead drunk; but as he was, all this Force had no other effect upon him, than to drag him

him bare-breech'd two or three Rods from the place where he first lay. Being thus unmercifully us'd, a Knife by chance fell out of the *Sleeper's* Pocket, which the wild Fellow immediately seizing, as if he would have flead the scarce animate Carcass, fell to ripping up his Clothes, Shirt, Boots and Stockins, with whatever else he could not easily get off, and packing them upon his Back, fled away with them as swiftly as a Wolf would have done with a Lamb. Leave we this Man to run away with his Spoil, he being the same that had formerly so terribly frighted *Destiny*, while he was in Pursuit of *Angelica*; and let us return to assist *Ragotin*, who yet continu'd asleep, tho he ought by all means to be waked. Altho his naked Body had been for some time exposed to the scorching Sun, and endured the stinging Assaults of several sorts of Insects, yet was it not possible to wake him, till some Peasants came by ratling with a Cart. They no sooner perceiv'd him, but they all cry'd out, *There he is*, and afterwards coming up softly, as if they had been unwilling to disturb him, made sure of his Legs and Arms, and binding them fast with good strong Cords, took him up, so hamper'd, and canted him into their Cart, which they immediately drove away with as much Expedition as a Lover would have done a Coach with a stolen Heiress in it. *Ragotin* was as yet so damnably drunk, that neither the violence offer'd him, nor the excessive joulting of his Caravan could possibly awake him, when the Peasants driving on heedlessly, with a great deal of Precipitation, overthrew at length both him and the Cart in a huge Slough of Mud and Water. The sudden cold he there felt, together with his bruizing against the Stones, or some such like thing, at his Fall, soon forc'd him to be sensible of what a condition he was in, and the being in that condition almost made him to run mad. He found himself bound both Hand and Foot, and wallowing like *David's* Sow in the Mire; he felt his Head ake, as well upon account of his Drunkenness as Fall: And lastly, could not but extremely wonder to see four Country Fellows lifting him up out of the Water, while as many were employ'd in dragging the Cart out of the Dirt. This Adventure so exceedingly scar'd him, that he spoke not one Word, tho he was naturally a great Talker, and had never so much occasion as now; and a Moment after he could not possibly have been heard had he spoke never so much, for the Carters untying his Legs only, without giving any reason, or observing any farther Civility to him, immediately began to drive their Cart back to the place from whence they came as violently as they had done it thither. The discreet Reader

may

may perhaps have a desire to know what these Fellows would have had with *Ragotin*, and how they came to do nothing to him, but which I could not pretend to satisfy him in, had it not come to my Knowledge by chance. A Priest of the Lower-*Mayne*, a little melancholly-mad, having been brought up to *Paris* by a Suit of Law, during the time his Cause was preparing for a hearing, would needs spend his time in printing some whimsical Fancies of his on the Revelations. He was so exceeding fertile in *Chimeras*, and always so fond of his last Productions, that he still blotted out the former; whereby his Printers were forc'd to correct the same Sheet at least twenty times over. This made them so mad, that for every Sheet he was oblig'd to look out for a new Printer, till at last he happen'd on the Person that printed this present *Romance*, wherein he chanced to light upon some Leaves which mention'd this same Adventure I have told you. This Priest knew more of the Story than I who writ it, having it seems been inform'd from the Peasants own Mouths who had carried away *Ragotin*, what had been the occasion of their so doing, which I could not possibly have come to the Knowledge of. He saw at first dash wherein my Relation was defective, and acquainted my Printer therewith, who was extremely surpriz'd at the Information, thinking with the rest of the World, that my *Romance* had only been a fabulous Story of my own Invention. Supposing it might be of some Service to me to put me in the right, my Printer desired he would come and give me a Visit, which he readily consented to. Then did I learn from this faithful *Mansean* that the Peasants who had bound *Ragotin* while asleep, were some of the nearest Relations to the poor Mad-man that run about the Country, who had frighted *Destiny* in the Night, and stript *Ragotin* in the Day-time. They had, it seems, resolv'd among themselves to coop up their Kinsman whenever they met him, and had made several Attempts for that purpose, but he still beat them off, and got clear of them, being a stout rugged Fellow. Some Persons therefore of a neighbouring Village having espy'd *Ragotin* lying naked in the Sun, took him for the Mad-fellow asleep, but daring not to come near him for fear of a beating, they gave notice of the matter to the Country Fellows his Relations; who venturing to seize him, tho with all the Caution before mention'd, took him without knowing who he was; but discovering afterwards their Mistake, set his Feet at liberty, but not his Hands, for fear he might attempt something against them. These *Memoirs* I had from this Priest pleased me extremely, and I must own, did me no ordinary Service; in return I thought I made him sufficient Recompence by advising him

him not to proceed any farther in the publishing of his *Ridiculous Visionary Comment*. Some Readers perhaps will now condemn me for having inserted this needless Circumstance, and others, it may be, at the same time, commend me for my Sincerity. Return we now to *Ragotin*, with his Body all besmear'd and bruise'd, his Mouth dry and gaping like to the parcht Earth, his Head heavy and dull, and his Arms pinion'd behind his Back. He got up as well as he could, and having cast his Eyes round him as far as he could see, and perceiving neither House nor Man near him, beat it on the Hoof, taking to the nearest Road he could find, and all the way racking his Brains to find out the cause of this Disaster. Having his Hands tied behind him he was not a little incommoded by several obstinate Flies, that chose to fix on those parts of his Body, which by reason of his being bound, he could not possibly reach, therefore he found himself frequently oblig'd to lie all along upon the Ground, either to rub off or crush the troublesome Vermin. At last he came to a hollow Way, having a thick Quick-set Hedge on either side, and wherein a little purling Stream ran down to a neighbouring River. This gave him occasion to rejoice, hoping thereby to get clear of his Mud and Dirt, which hung plentifully about him. Coming near the Ford, he saw a Coach which had been just then over-turn'd and out of which the Coachman and another Fellow were hawling by five or six Nuns that had been well drench'd in the Water. This piece of Charity he perceiv'd to be perform'd at the earnest Exhortations of a venerable Prelate, who stood hard by looking on. Among these Nuns was the old *Abbess* of *Estival*, who was coming from *Mans*, whither an Affair of Importance had called her. The *Abbess* and *Nuns* were no sooner drawn out of the Coach, but they perceiv'd at a distance *Ragotin's* naked Figure marching towards them, whereat they were extremely affrighted, and much more Father *Gislot* the discreet Director of the Abby. He caus'd the devout Sisters to turn their Faces another way, that they might not defile their Eyes with so great Impurities, and at the same time calling out as loud as he could bawl to *Ragotin*, commanded him not to approach any nearer at his Peril. *Ragotin* nevertheless kept onwards of his way, till at last coming to a long Plank that had been laid a-cross the River for People to walk over, he was met in the middle thereof by Father *Gislot*, follow'd by the Coachman and Peasant, who all doubted at first whether they were not best to exorcise him. His Figure seem'd to them diabolical. At length the Father took Courage, and demanded of him, *Who he was? Whence he came? How he came to be naked?* And lastly,

What

What made him to have his Hands tied behind him! All which Questions he asked with a great deal of Gravity and Decorum; which notwithstanding *Ragotin* answer'd very faucily, requiring of the Priest, What he had to do to ask him so many Questions? and afterwards pressing to go forwards upon the Plank, he push'd the reverend Father so rudely, that he tumbled him over Head and Ears into the Water; the good Priest drew in after him the Coachman, and he in like manner the Country-man, all which *Ragotin* perceiving, and being pleased at the sight, immediately set up a great Laughter. He afterwards held his way on towards the *Nuns*, who cover'd their Faces with their Veils, and would by no means be seen by him. *Ragotin* for his part was indifferent whether he saw their Faces or not, and consequently went onward of his way, thinking speedily to get quit of his Adventure, which nevertheless Father *Gislot* did not intend he should. He pursued him therefore close with the Country-man and Coachman for his Seconds, which last being naturally the most Cholerick of the three, and besides put out of Humour by the *Abbeſſes* scolding at him, detach'd his Body from the rest, and coming up to *Ragotin*, reveng'd himself with his Whip on his Hide, for the Water he had bestow'd on his. *Ragotin* durst not abide a second Charge, and therefore immediately put himself into a posture to fly. He fled then like a Dog with a Bottle to his Tail, while the incens'd Coachman, not satisfied with a lash or two, gave him half a score more to encrease his Speed, leaving at every Stroak the Characters of his Wrath, imprinted in Blood upon his Breech. *Gislot*, tho almost out of Breath with running so fast, had yet still enough left to cry out, Whip him, whip him soundly; which animated the Coachman to redouble his Stripes, and poor *Ragotin* to encrease his Speed; till at last a Mill presented it self in his way as an *Asylum* to save him. He ran in there with the Executioner close at his Heels, and finding the Door of a little Back-yard open, he entred it in great haste, but which he had no sooner done, than he was caught by the Buttocks by a mastiff Dog. Thereupon he began to shriek out most dolefully, and flying to an adjoining Garden, with great Precipitation, happen'd to tumble down five or six Hives of Bees that stood just at his Entrance. This prov'd much the worst of all his Misfortunes, for these little wing'd Enemies with their pointed Stings assailing a naked Body that had no Arms to defend it, tormented and blister'd him most cruelly. He thereupon bawl'd out so loud that the Dog that had bitten him was scar'd away for fear. The same cause drove away the Coachman and Father *Gislot*; which last having given

his Revenge too great a loofe, and kept his Charity too ftrait lac'd, began to repent of his Cruelty, and haften'd immediately to call the Mafter and his Man to the Affiftance of the poor Fellow, who was thus miferably handled in the Garden. The Miller made no great hafte, nevertheless came at laft, when fnatching up *Ragotin* from among his venomous Enemies, tho he might be a little difpleafed at the overthrow of his Hives, yet had he nevertheless more Charity than the Priest, and began at firft fight to pity him. He then proceeded to demand of him, *What the Devil made him to thruft himfelf while naked, and with his Hands tied, among his Stocks of Bees?* But tho *Ragotin* was going to answer him, yet could he not, by reafon of the exceffive Pains he felt all over his Body. A Bear's Cub but newly whelpt, and never lick'd into form, could not be fo fhapelefs as our *Ragotin* was in his human Figure, after having been ftung by thefe merciless Creatures, being fwell'd exceffively, even from Head to Foot. The Miller's Wife, as pityous as moft good Women are, got a Bed provided for him and laid him in it. Father *Giflot*, the Coachman, and Peafant, return'd back to the Abbefs of *Eftival*, who with her *Nuns* being re-embark'd in their Coach, fet forwards on their Journey under Convoy of the reverend Father mounted on a Mare. It happen'd that the aforefaid Mill belong'd either to *du Rignon*, or his Son-in-Law *Bagottiere*, I cannot fay whether. This *du Rignon* it feems was a Relation of *Ragotin's*, which when the Miller and his Wife came to know, they took more than ordinary care of him, and caus'd a Surgeon from a neighbouring Town to come and cure him, which he happily perform'd in a fhort time. As foon as he was well able to walk, he return'd to *Mans*, where his Joy for *Rancour* and *Olive's* having found his Mule, and brought it home along with them, foon made him to forget his Fall out of the Cart, the Coachman's Laffes, his biting by the Matliff, and his being ftung by the Bees.

C H A P. XVII.

Some Passages between the little Ragotin and the great Baguenodiere.

D*estiny* and *Star*, *Leander* and *Angelica*, two Brace of noble and sincere Lovers, arriv'd at the capital City of *Mayne*, without meeting any the least Misfortune by the way. *Destiny* soon re-instated *Angelica* in her Mother's Favour, to whom he had given so plausible an Account and Character of *Leander's* Amours and Condition, that Mrs. *Cave* began now to approve the young Man's Passion, as much as she had before oppos'd it. The poor Company of Strollers had had no great reason to brag of their Gettings at *Mans*, had not a Man of Quality that lov'd Plays extremely, made them amends for the Losses they had sustain'd by the Citizens. The greatest part of this Person's Estate lying in *Mayne*, he had taken a House at *Mans*, whither he often invited many as well Courtiers as Country Gentry, among whom were sometimes the greatest Wits, and oftentimes Poets of the first Rank, to all which he approved himself a kind of modern *Mecenas*. His chiefest Delight was in Comedy, and therefore he not only cherish'd the Composers thereof, but likewise invited every Year the best Comedians in the Kingdom to come to *Mans*. This Nobleman happen'd to come thither much about the same time that these poor *Strollers* were going thence on account of the thinness of their Audiences, but he desired them by all means to continue there a Fortnight longer; and the better to encourage them to it, presented them with a hundred Pistoles, promising to give them as many more at their Departure. He was glad of this occasion to divert several Persons of Quality of both Sexes, that he had brought along with him to *Mans*, and who were to make some short stay there at his Request. This Lord, whom I will call here the Marquis of *Orse*, was a great Hunter, and had brought all his hunting Equipage to *Mans*, which in every respect was the finest that could be met with in *France*. The Downs and Forests of the Country of *Mayne* made it to be one of the best places for those Sports in the whole Kingdom, and that either for Deer or Hares; and it being now the Season for such like Diversifements, the City of *Mans* was full of Huntsmen, which the approaching

Festival had drawn thither, most of them with their Wives. These were extremely ravish'd at the sight of the Court Gallantry, thinking they should now have matter sufficient to furnish them with Chat for the longest Winter's Evening. It is not the least Ambition of the Country People to be able to relate sometimes and brag, that at such a time, and in such and such a place, they had seen such and such Courtiers, whom they salute only by their Sir-names, and mention without any addition of Title ; for Example, one will tell you he lost his Money to *Roquelaure*, *Crequi* won so much, *Coaquin* hunted a Stag in *Touraine*, and the like. But if you suffer them to enter either upon Politicks or War, they will never cease talking till they have drain'd the Subject as dry as they were at first empty. But let us here put an end to our Digression. *Mans* was then filled with Nobility and Gentry of all sorts : The Inns were crowded with Guests, and the greatest part of the principal Citizens who lodged such Courtiers or Country Gentry as were their Friends, had in a short time their best Linen foul'd, and their Family Provisions exhausted. The Strollers quickly open'd their Shop, resolving to let their Customers have lumping Penny-worths, since they had been so well paid before-hand. The Citizens of both Sexes prepar'd for the Diversion, and the Town and Country-Ladies were over-joy'd to behold every Day the Court-Madams from whom they learn'd to dress *alamode*, or at least better than they were wont to do ; which tho it occasion'd Expence to their Husbands, yet was of exceeding Benefit to their Taylors, who by these means had many an old Gown to alter. They had a *Ball* every Night, where several wretched Dancers mov'd awkwardly in Courants, and many young Citizens trip'd it about in Holland Drawers, and wax'd Slippers. *Madam Star* and *Madam Angelica* fired the Hearts of most of the young Men that saw them, and rais'd Envy in the greatest part of the Women. *Inezilla*, who danced a *Saraband* at the Request of the Players, was admir'd, and *Roquebrune* was just ready to die with Love at the sight of it. *Ragotin* likewise confest to *Rancour*, that if he did not quickly bring him into Favour with *Star*, *France* would soon have reason to lament the Loss of him. *Rancour* presently gave him hopes, and as a more particular Testimony of his Friendship, desired him to lend him twenty or thirty *Francs*. *Ragotin* turn'd pale at this surprizing Request, and not only repented of, but was also ready to renounce his Love. However, at length that domineering Passion prevailing in him, he made up the Sum demanded, out of different kinds of Money, and out of several Pockets, and gave them

them with a sorrowful Countenance to *Rancour*, who engag'd at the same time, that in less than twenty four Hours he should be sure to hear himself talk'd of. That Day was Acted *Sir Noisy Parrot*, a Play as merry as he that writ it had cause to be sad. The Audience was numerous; the Comedy indifferently well Play'd, and every body was well enough pleas'd, except the unfortunate *Ragotin*. He thro some occasion or other came to the House late, and therefore must crowd in where he could get a Seat. His ill Fortune had placed him just behind a Country Gentleman of the largest size, who had a great loose Coat on, which not a little encreas'd his bulk. Besides his spreading Haunches, Chine and Shoulders, he was of a Stature so much taller than other Men, that altho he sat down, *Ragotin* who was but one row off him, thought he stood a tip-toe, and therefore cry'd out incessantly to him *to sit down like the rest*, not believing that one who sat on the same Bench could be so much taller than any of his Companions. The Gentleman whose name was *la Baguenodiere*, knew not for some time that *Ragotin* had spoke to him, till at length being stil'd by the title of the Gentleman with the Green Feather, whereof indeed he had a very flaunting one in his Hat, but that none of the cleanest nor finest, he turned his Head about and saw the little *Impertinent*, who thereupon bid him somewhat roughly *to sit down*. This, nevertheless *la Baguenodiere* was so little moved at, that he turned his Face again very gravely towards the Stage, as if nothing had been said to him; hereat *Ragotin* began to call to him again *to sit down*, but which he took as little notice of as before, only turning about and looking upon him, and then returning to his former posture. This at last so vex'd *Ragotin*, that he bawled out to him again a third time, which notwithstanding *la Baguenodiere* regarded as little as formerly. During all the time the Play lasted *Ragotin* still treated him after the like manner in great Fury, and *la Baguenodiere* as often look'd upon him with the same unconcern, without speaking a Word to him; which was sufficient to have enflam'd the most Phlegmatick Soul in the World. One might have compar'd *la Baguenodiere* in this Adventure to a large Mastiff, and *Ragotin* to a little Cur that runs barking at him by his side, which provokes the great Dog so little, that in contempt of him he only steps aside, and lifting up his Leg, pisses against the Wall. At length the whole company began to take notice of what had passed between the largest and the least Man among them, and every one presum'd to smile at it, just at the time that *Ragotin* began to swear and rave thro Impatience, while *la Baguenodiere* returned

him only a cold and indifferent Glance. This *Baguenodiere* was at the same time the largest Man and the greatest Brute in the World, I should have said Clown. He demanded with his accusom'd Gravity of the two Gentlemen that sat next him *what they laughed at*; to which they instantly reply'd very ingenuously, *that it was at him and Ragotin*; whereby it seems they thought rather to have tickled than displeas'd him. However it so happen'd that it disgusted him, and made him to reply in a great rage, *then you are a couple of Sots*: Which Affront he cast in their Teeth with so great Indignation, and such a fower Look, that they presently perceiv'd he was *piqu'd*, and therefore thought themselves obliged in requital of his Compliment to give him, each of them, a good sound Box o'th' Ear. *La Baguenodiere* having his Arms hamper'd in his Coat, could do nothing to them again at first, but hunch them to and fro with his Elbows, which the two Gentlemen that were Brothers, and naturally very brisk, taking the advantage of, before he could well disengage himself, gave him half a dozen more swinging Cuffs on the Chaps, which they happen'd to deliver with such an equal Measure of Time, that those who heard the sound without seeing the Blows given, thought verily they had been so many single Claps. At last *Baguenodiere* got his Arms free from under his cumberfom Coat, but being so close press'd by the two active Brothers, who box'd him most unmercifully all the while, he had not room to move those carnal Weapons. He found himself therefore oblig'd to retreat, which going to do forwards, Pardon the Incongruity of the Expression, his Enemies having secured him behind and on either side, chanc'd to fall on a Man below him, and by the weight of his Body, tumbled both him and his Seat down upon the unfortunate *Ragotin*; who I should have told you, not finding himself able to prevail with the Country Gentleman to let him see over him, had got a Seat a little under him; who was thereby forced down upon another, that beat him backwards upon another, and so onwards to the last Man or Woman, no matter which, that sat below; whereby all these Tumblers in this condition look'd just like so many Ninepins that had been dextrously tip'd by a skilful touch of one. The noise of the Persons tumbling, the crush'd Legs, the frighted Maids, the crying Children, the babling Women, and in a Word, of those that laughed, of others that lamented, and lastly of such as either clap'd or hissed, made such a confus'd din, as one would have thought could have happen'd no where but in the Valley of *Jehosaphat* at the last Day. Never did such a trifling cause occasion so many great Accidents; but that in
my

my opinion, which was the most wonderful, was that there happen'd not to be one Sword drawn, tho the Scuffle first began among those that wore them, and whereof there were above a hundred in the Company. I was equally surpriz'd at *Bagnodiere's* Stupidness, who could Cuff and be Cuffed, and receive Assaults and make them, as if he had been about the most indifferent thing in Nature. It was farther observed as another instance of his Dulness or Sullenness, call it which you please, that he had not once opened his Mouth all that Afternoon, except when he uttered those unmannerly Words, which brought such a shower of Cuffs about his Ears; neither did he afterwards speak one more all that Night, so well was this huge Man's Flegm and Taciturnity proportion'd to his Bulk. This grand Confusion of Seats and Persons huddled together, was no small time putting in order; which while some were busy about, and others charitably interposing between the three Combatants, who by this time were got to Fisticuffs again, a sudden howling was heard as proceeding from under ground. Who could this now be but *Ragotin*? For Fortune when she has once begun to persecute any poor Wretch, seldom leaves tormenting him till she has undone him. It seems the Seat which this little Imp sat upon was plac'd on a Plank that lay over a Drain belonging to the Tennis-Court, which Drain is commonly in the middle, just under the Line. It was an ordinary receptacle for the Rain-water, or any Filth that was swept away, and this Plank served as a Lid to cover it. But as time consumes all things, so had it rotted this to that degree, that *Ragotin's* weight being greatly encreased by those that fell upon him in the late hurly-burly, it presently gave way under him, and he immediately falling in, had the Misfortune to have another Man of a considerable bulk fall upon him; whose Leg, which by the way, was both Booted and Spur'd, slipped into the Hole where *Ragotin's* whole Body lay; the Spur so pricked this poor Creature's Throat, that it oblig'd him to howl after a most frightful manner. A Stand-by observing the Accident, and giving the Man his Hand to lift him out, *Ragotin* perceiving the Foot leaving him, gave it so terrible a nip with his Teeth, even through the Boot, that the Man letting go his hold dropt down again, thinking verily he had been bit by a Serpent. He likewise gave so frightful a shriek at the same time, that the Fellow who was helping him out ran away for fear. The same Person recovering himself soon after, lent him his Hand again, and then at one lusty pull he brought both him and *Ragotin* out at once, who it seems had the Wit to hold by the Man's Coat.

The little Man no sooner saw the Light again, than he began to threaten every body with his Nods and Looks, but more especially those whom he observed to laugh at him. He afterwards thrust himself among the Crowd that were now going out, meditating all along upon something that should prove as honourable for him to perform, as fatal to his Adversary *Baguenodiere*. I never came to know whether this last Person and the two Brothers ever accomodated their Difference or not, however they happen'd to fall out, but this I heard, that they never afterwards assaulted each other. This was what disturbed the first Play that our Comedians acted before the illustrious Company then assembled at *Mans*.

C H A P. XVIII.

Which has no occasion for a Title.

NEXT was represented *Nicomedes*, a Play written by the incomparable Monsieur *Corneille*. This Comedy is admirable in my Judgment, being the only one of his that has most of its Author's own in it. In it he has sufficiently display'd the richness of his *Genius*, and given all its Persons bold and shining Characters, but that quite different from each other. While this was playing there happen'd to be no disturbance, and which it may be, fell out by reason that *Ragotin* was absent. Scarce a Day passed wherein he did not meet with some Broil or other, to which his peevish Pride and rash Presumption expos'd him as much as his ill Fortune, which scarce till now had given him the least respite. The little Man had spent his Afternoon with *Inezilla's* Husband, the Operator *Ferdinando*, a *Norman* by Birth, tho he called himself a *Venetian*, and who, as I have already told you, profess'd Chymistry; tho to speak freely, he was a great Quack, or rather a great Cheat. *Rancour* to rid himself of the tedious Importunities of *Ragotin*, to whom he stood engag'd to make Madam *Scar* love him, had it seems inclin'd this little Fellow to believe that this Operator was a great Magician, and could by his Art force the wisest Woman in the World to run after a Man in her Smock, but that he did not care to practise much that way, except for a particular Friend, whose discretion

tion he was well satisfied of, by reason he had formerly undergone some trouble by being overpersuaded by some great Lords at Court. He counsel'd *Ragotin* therefore to do his utmost to gain his Friendship, which he nevertheless told him was no easy matter to do, the Operator being a Man of Parts, and would consequently esteem only such as were so likewise, but then where he once took a fancy to a Man he kept nothing secret from him. One need only to praise or commend a proud Fellow to get what one will out of him; when it is quite otherwise with the Meek and Humble, for they are not so easily imposed upon. *Rancour* then persuaded *Ragotin* to what he pleased, and he went immediately and persuaded the Operator that he was a great Magician. I shall not need to repeat all he said to him; it suffices that the Operator being prepared by *Rancour* before hand, acted his part so well, that he denied his Profession, only that his Bubble might be the more enclinable to believe it. *Ragotin* then, as I have said before, staid the whole Afternoon with him; but by reason the Operator had then a Chymical Preparation in Hand, he would by no means satisfy him in any thing that Day, and which occasion'd our impertinent *Mansean* to have but an ill Night of it after he went from him. Next Morning betimes he got to the Operator's Chamber before he was up, which *Inezilla* took very ill, she not being then so youthful as to come out of her Bed as fresh as a Rose, and for that reason always required some Hours in private, before she could be ready for a publick View. She therefore immediately slip'd into her Closet, her She-Black-moor following her with Love's Ammunition, and left her Husband and *Ragotin* to discourse the matter at Liberty. *Ferdinando* then began to open his Magazine of Miracles and Performances, but would nevertheless Promise to perform nothing for him. *Ragotin* would therefore needs encline him to it by Demonstrations of his Bounty, and consequently invited both him and his Wife to Dinner. The Men and Women-Players were invited likewise. I shall not give you any particulars of their Entertainment, I would only have you to take notice that they were very merry and fed heartily. After Dinner *Inezilla* was desired by *Destiny* and the other Comedians to read some little *Spanish* Novel or other to them, which she had either composed her self, or translated by help of the divine *Roquebrune*; who had sworn by *Apollo* and the Nine *Muses*, that in six Months time he would teach her all the Graces and Perfections of the *French* Tongue. *Inezilla* was so obliging, that she did not require much entreaty, and therefore while *Ragotin* was taken up with

with consulting the Magician *Ferdinando*, she read the following *Novel*, with a most Charming Voice, and Judicious Accent.

C H A P. XIX.

The two Rival Brothers, a Novel.

D*Orothea* and *Feliciana de Monsalva* were two the most amiable Ladies in all *Sevil*, but tho they had not been such, yet their Fortunes and Quality were so very considerable, that those alone had been sufficient to have engag'd any Gentleman to court them, that had Inclinations to be well Married. *Don Manuel* their Father had not yet declared himself in favour of any Person, and *Dorothea*, who as his eldest Daughter ought to have been first married, had like her Sister so well manag'd her Looks and Actions, that the most confident Pretenders to her had yet reason sufficient to doubt whether their Addresses would be well or ill received. However these fair Sisters never went to Mass without a great Croud of Lovers after them, exceeding Sparkishly trick'd up, and they never came near the *Holy-Water* but there were Hands of all sorts and sizes ready to dip with them, out of a peculiar kind of Devotion. Whenever they heppen'd but to lift off their Eyes from their Prayer-Books, they immediately became the Center of I know not how many wishful Glances; and they could not make the least step in the Church but they had presently abundance of Courties to return to the great number of *Beaux* that bow'd to them on all sides. But however troublesome were the Civilities paid to them in Publick, the frequent Serenades under their Windows made them considerable amends, and rendred that restraint supportable, which they were oblig'd to undergo by the custom of their Country. Hardly a Night passed but they were regal'd with some Musick or other, and often in the Day time there was running at the Ring, and Tilting just under their Windows, which look'd towards the Market-place, most proper for those Exercises. One Day among the rest, a Stranger begot the admiration of the Spectators by his wonderful Address, beyond the ability of any of the Gentry of the

the City, who was likewise observ'd by the two Sisters to be a very complete Cavalier. Divers Persons of *Sevil*, who had been formerly his Acquaintance in *Flanders*, where he had commanded a Regiment of Horse, invited him to run at the Ring with them, which he accordingly perform'd in a Soldier's Habit. Some Days after, there happen'd the Consecration of a Bishop at *Sevil*. The Stranger, who went by the Name of *Don Sancho de Sylva*, would needs be at the Ceremony, and consequently appeared in the Church, together with the greatest Gallant of the City. The fair Sisters came thither likewise, with many other Ladies disguis'd, after the Mode of the Place, with Mantles of thick Stuff, and Hats with Plumes of Feathers in them. *Don Sancho* had by chance plac'd himself between the two Sisters and another Lady whom he accosted; but she desiring him civilly to desist, and leave a place next her for a Friend she expected, he obey'd her, and turned towards *Dorothea de Montsalva*, who sat nearer him than her Sister, and who had observed all that pass'd betwixt him and the Lady. 'I was in hopes, Madam, quoth he, addressing himself to *Dorothea*, that the Lady there, to whom I have just made my Applications, would not have refused me her Conversation, upon the account of my being a Stranger, but she has justly rewarded my Presumption in thinking I had any thing tolerable to offer. I nevertheless beseech you, Madam; continued he, to shew more Pity and Generosity to a Gentleman who has a mind to experience the Bounty of the Ladies of *Sevil*. You give me much greater Cause to treat you ill than you have done this Lady, reply'd *Dorothea*, since you offer me only what she had before refus'd; but that you may have no real Reason to complain of our Ladies of this Country, I consent to converse with you as long as this Ceremony lasts, to convince you I have no Assignment to attend. 'That is what does not a little surprize me, reply'd *Don Sancho*, being so wonderfully beautiful as you are, and which makes me inclinable to believe, that either you are very formidable, the Gallants of this Town very faint-hearted, or else, that the Person, whose place I now usurp, is absent. And do you believe then, Sir, quoth *Dorothea*, that I am so little skill'd in the Art of Love, that I could not refrain from appearing in publick without my Gallant, if I had any? For the future you would do well not to entertain such unbecoming Opinions of those you are wholly unacquainted with. 'You may be convinc'd, Madam, reply'd *Don Sancho*, that I have a better Opinion of you than you imagine, if you would but allow me to adore you suitably to my Inclinations. Our first Motions are always fallacious, answered *Dorothea*, and besides there are no small Difficulties

culties to be encountered in the performing of what you propound. 'There are none so great, reply'd Don Sancho, but I would endeavour to surmount them all, to gain the Honour of your Esteem. That is not the Work of a few Days, repartee'd Dorothea; you don't consider perhaps, Sir, that you do but travel thro Sevil, and it may be, are ignorant that I should not well like to be belov'd only en passant. 'But grant me, Madam, what I humbly request, reply'd Don Sancho, and I will be bound to continue in Sevil as long as I live. Now you speak like your self, reply'd Dorothea; and I cannot but wonder, continu'd she, that a Person that was able to say so many fine things, should not before this have provided himself with a Mistress to exhaust his Gallantry upon. Is it, added she, that he never yet thought any of them worth his trouble? 'It is rather, reply'd Don Sancho, out of a distrust he has of his Abilities. Answer me, precisely, Sir, continued Dorothea, to what I shall now demand of you, which is this; Which among all your Ladies is it that would be soonest able to keep you in Sevil, were it her Request? 'I have told you already, Madam, reply'd Don Sancho, that you might, if you so pleased, the soonest of any. You never saw me before, Sir, quoth Dorothea, therefore pray let some other happy Lady be the Person. 'I must acknowledge then, answer'd Don Sancho, since you command it of me, that had Dorothea de Montsalva as great a Stock of Wit as I have discover'd in you, I should think that Man happy whose Merit and Services she could smile upon. There are many Ladies in Sevil, reply'd Dorothea, that not only equal but excel her. But, added she, have you ever yet heard that among all the Crowd of her Admirers she ever favour'd one more than another? 'As I found my self very far from deserving her Favour, answer'd Don Sancho, I never troubled my self to enquire into the good Fortune of others. Why should you not think your self as deserving as another, demanded Dorothea? Womens Humours are for the most part unaccountable, added she, and it often happens that the first Assault of a Stranger has better Success with them than the continued Siege of a constant Votary. 'You have got a very pretty way to get rid of me, quoth Don Sancho; for notwithstanding what you've said, I plainly perceive that the Services of a new Comer will not at all be acceptable to you, in prejudice of some more happy Person you have before been engag'd to. Don't let that enter into your Head, reply'd Dorothea, but believe rather, that I am not so easie as to be cajolled with the bare Pretence of a Passion from one that never saw me in his Life. 'If that be only wanting, Madam, to compleat my Happiness, reply'd Don Sancho, conceal your self no longer from a Stranger that has been already so charmed

'with your Wit. You would not be so much with my Face, answer'd Dorothea, if you saw it. 'Ah! you cannot chuse but 'be most lovely, reply'd Don Sancho, since you so freely confess you are not so; nay, now I have greater Cause than 'ever to believe you are weary of my Company, since that I 'either seem troublesom, or because every Corner of your Heart 'has been already taken up by others. It were unjust therefore, continued he, that your Goodness should be any longer 'trespass'd upon by my Boldness, and which I had discontinu'd 'before, had not I had a mind to convince you that I had 'more honourable Designs, when I made you the faithful Tenders of my Life and Freedom, than to make you my Pastime 'and Diversion. And to shew you, reply'd Dorothea, that I I do not think that time lost which I have spent in hearing you, I will be contented to continue with you so much longer as may suffice to let me know who you are. 'It cannot be my 'Crime then to satisfy you, answer'd Don Sancho, and therefore I shall proceed to do it. Know then, most amiable and unknown Lady, added he, that my Name is Sylva, which I had 'from my Mother; that my Father is Governor of Quitto in 'Peru; that I am travelling this way by his Orders; and 'that I have before spent some part of my Life in Flanders, where 'I have by Services attained to the chiefest Commands in the 'Army; and lastly, had confirm'd upon me a Commandery of 'the Order of St. Jago. This, in few Words, continued he, 'is a faithful account of what I am, but what I would be all my 'Life long rests only in your Power to give me leave to express 'in a place less publick than this. That shall be as soon as possible, reply'd Dorothea; but in the mean time to prevent your Desires of knowing more of me at present, unless you mean to run the Hazard of not knowing me at all, know that I am of Quality, and that my Face is not so homely as to frighten you. This said, Don Sancho took his leave with a most profound Bow, and went up to a Company of Gentlemen that were then discoursing together in a Knot. Some sullen Ladies now, who are ever censuring others Conducts, and magnifying their own; who take upon themselves the Arbitration of what is good or ill, tho one might lay odds in a Wager on their Virtues, as not easie to be made appear, and who fancy that for a little brutish Coyness, and pretended religious Squeamishness, they have a Title to Supererogation in point of Honour, tho' the Wantonness of their past Youth hath left more Scandal than ever their crabbed Wrinkles will be able to give good Examples. These mumping Madams, I say, so short sighted as to their own Faults, will perhaps be apt to affirm that Madam

dam *Dorothea* had too indiscreetly manag'd her self in the late Rencounter, and that not only in receiving Addresses so kindly from a Person she never saw before, but likewise in suffering him to make Love to her at all; and farther, that if any young Lady whom they had the Government of should have done as much, she should not have long continued above Ground. But let these Novice-Ladies learn from me, that every Country has its peculiar Customs and Manners, and that tho in *England* and *France*, where the Women and Maids walk about at Liberty, they are or ought to be offended at the least Declaration of Love made them by a Stranger; yet in *Spain* it is quite otherwise, for there the Women being all cloyster'd up like *Nuns*, are glad of every occasion of having Love tendred them, altho it were from one that had not the least thing worthy about him. Nay, the Women there go farther, for they commonly make the first Overtures, and are first taken, by reason they are last to be seen, having only an Opportunity to see the Men through their Veils, and that but at Church, in the Walks, from their Balconies, or thro their Grates. *Dorothea* made her Sister *Feliciana* acquainted with the Conversation she had had with *Don Sancho*, and moreover frankly owned to her as her *Confidante*, that she thought him the most agreeable *Cavalier* in all *Sevil*. Her Sister very much approved her Design upon his Liberty. The two fair Ladies entertained each other for some time on the Advantages and Privileges that Men had above Women. They urged that Women were never to be married but at the pleasure of their Parents, which did not always suit with their Inclinations, when Men are at Liberty to pick and chuse where they pleased, and marry when they pleased. 'As for my part,' said *Dorothea* to her Sister, Love shall never make me do any thing contrary to my Duty; and I am resolv'd, continued she, never to marry any Man but who shall singly possess all those good Qualities, which are only to be found dispers'd among divers others; and, added she farther, I would rather chuse to be shut up in a *Convent*, than to marry a Man I could not like. *Feliciana* told her that was her Resolution too, and they both together confirm'd each other in their Opinions, with all the reasoning their Ingenuity could furnish them with. *Dorothea* found it a little difficult to perform her Promise to *Don Sancho*, which she had given him to make her self known to him, and consequently acquainted her Sister with the Perplexity she was in. But *Feliciana*, who was happy in finding out Expedients, put her Sister in mind of a Lady that was a Relation of theirs, and more than that, an intimate Friend, for
all

all Relations are not so, who she was certain would serve her faithfully in any Affair that concern'd her Happiness so much as this did. ' You know, says this good Sister to her, that *Mariana*, who has been a long while serviceable to us, is married to a Surgeon, and lives in a House belonging to our Kinswoman, and adjoining to hers, which two Houses have a Door of Communication betwixt them. Now, continu'd she, these two Houses stand in a By-part of the Town, and tho' it may be observ'd we go oftner to visit our Relation than ordinary, yet will it not be taken notice of that *Don Sancho* goes to a Surgeon's; besides, he may take the Opportunity of the Night, or else go disguis'd to avoid Discovery. Whilst *Dorothea* was contriving this Intrigue by the help of her Sister, and instructing her Kinswoman and *Mariana* in what they had to do, *Don Sancho's* Thoughts were wholly taken up about his unknown Lady. He could not satisfy himself whether she had made those Promises of farther Discovery to abuse him or not, or whether he did not see her every Day tho' disguis'd, either at Church, in her Window, or elsewhere receiving the Adoration of her Gallants. Whilst he was thus in doubt, and one Morning dressing himself in order to look after her, a veil'd Lady came to the Door to ask for him. Being admitted, she delivered him the following *Billet*.

The Billet.

SIR,

I Should have sooner let you heard from me had it been in my Power. But if the Desires you have shewn to be acquainted with me be not yet wholly vanish'd, be pleas'd to accompany the Bearer, about the dusk of the Evening, to a place where she shall conduct you, and where it is probable you may find

Your humble Servant.

You

You may better imagine, than I express, the Joy that *Don Sancho* conceiv'd at this News. He embrac'd the Ambassadress with all possible Acknowledgments, and moreover presented her with a Gold Chain, which she after a modest refusal accepted. She appointed him a remote place to meet her in without Attendants in the Evening, and so departed, leaving him the best satisfied, tho at the same time the most impatient Man in the World. At length Night came, and she fail'd not to be at the place of Assignment richly habited and perfum'd. He was conducted by her first into an ill-favour'd little House, and afterwards into a very fair Apartment, where he found three Ladies veil'd. He presently distinguish'd his unknown Mistress from the rest by her Shape and Stature, and therefore immediately address'd himself to her, entreating her to pull off her Veil. She made no great Difficulty to comply with his Request, and therefore both she and her Sister forthwith discover'd themselves to the happy *Don Sancho*, to be the two beautiful Ladies *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Montsalva*. 'You may now perceive I told you true, said *Dorothea* to him 'throwing off her Veil, when I assur'd you that a Stranger 'might sometimes obtain more Kindness from us Women in a 'Minute, than the most importunate of our Lovers could do by 'many Years Courtship. And, continu'd she, you would be 'the most ungrateful Person of your Sex, did you either not 'highly Esteem the Favour I have done you, or mis-interpret 'it to my Disadvantage. *I shall ever value what I receive from you*, reply'd *Don Sancho* passionately, *as if it came from Heaven, and you may be able to guess by the Care I shall take to preserve to my self the Favour you have done me, that if I ever am so unhappy as to let it be known, it will rather be the effect of my Misfortune than Crime.*

They said, in short, without controul,

All what such Lovers use to say,

When Love is Master of the Soul.

The Mistress of the House, and *Feliciana*, who had been before instructed what they had to do, were retir'd to a convenient distance from the two Lovers, whereby they gave them an opportunity to exchange their mutual Affections with greater Ardency than they had time to do at their first meeting, as likewise to appoint another Assignment to enflame them yet more if possible. *Dorothea* promised *Don Sancho* to give him as many Meetings as she could conveniently, for which he returned her all the Acknowledgments he was capable of making.

The

The two other Ladies entertain'd each other apart for some time; but at length *Mariana* thought her self oblig'd to acquaint the Lovers that it was time to separate; at which *Dorothea* was presently concern'd, and *Don Sancho* visibly chang'd Countenance; however part they must. The gallant Cavalier wrote the next Day to his fair Mistress, and had an Answer suitable to his Wishes; but I cannot pretend to give you a sight of their Letters, by reason that none of them ever came to my Hands. What I can satisfy you in is, that they met often in the same place, and after the same manner, and at length arriv'd to that fervency of Affection, that without murdering themselves like *Pyramus* and *Thisbé*, they might well have been said to be as passionate Lovers. It is a common saying, *That Love, Fire, and Money cannot lie long conceal'd*. *Dorothea*, who had the gallant Stranger continually in her Mind, could not forbear talking of him frequently, taking all occasions to set him so much above all other Gentlemen of *Sevil*, that at last some Ladies, who had conceal'd Affections as well as she, and who observ'd her continually crying up *Don Sancho*, not only took notice of, but were piqu'd at it. Her Sister *Feliciana* had often advis'd her to be more cautious, and above a hundred times in Company, when she was even transported in his Praise, would tread upon her Toes, till she had almost crippled her, to desist. At last thro her Indiscretion, her Intrigue came to one of her Admirer's Knowledge, by means of a Lady a Friend of his. He had reason enough to believe her in Love with *Don Sancho*, since from the time that Stranger first appeared in the City, neither he nor any of her other humble Servants could obtain the least favourable Look from her. This Rival of *Don Sancho's* was rich, of a good Family, and very well received by *Don Manuel*, who nevertheless had not yet press'd his Daughter to marry him, because as often as he talked of any such thing to her, she had always conjur'd him not to marry her so young. This Gentleman, I begin to recollect his Name was *Don Diego*, had a mind to be fully assur'd of what he had yet but suspected. He had one of those *Valets de Chambre* which we call *spruce Fellows*, who wear as good Linen as their Masters, and sometimes that of their Masters, who bring up Fashions among the inferior Servants, and are as much, or rather more envied by the Waiting-women than belov'd by them. This Fellow's Name was *Gasman*, who having a small Tincture of Poetry, compos'd those sorts of Sonnets at *Madrid*, which in *London* and *Paris* we call *Ballads*. He was accusom'd to sing them to his Guittar, but that never plain and down-

right,

right, but always attended with the ridiculous Gestures of his Head and Body. He moreover danc'd the *Sarabande*, was never without *Castagnets*, would more than once have got to be a Player, had he not been as often refused; and to make up the Composition of his Character, was somewhat inclin'd to the Bully; tho' to tell you the Truth, 'twas that of the most sneaking kind. All these noble Talents, added to a little Eloquence his Memory had furnish'd him with from his Master's Table-talk, made him to be the Idol, if I may so speak, of all those Servant Maids that had best Opinions of themselves. *Don Diego* commanded him to cast an Ogle or two upon *Isabella*, a young Wench that waited on the two Ladies *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Monsalva*. He forthwith obey'd his Master's Commands, and *Isabella* was almost as soon caught in the Trap as it was set for her, believing herself not a little happy to be belov'd by *Gusman*, whom she in a short time lov'd again, as he in a little while after did her really, tho' his first Intentions were only to impose on her by his Master's Orders, and for his Ends. As the Love of *Gusman* was a thing much coveted amongst the Servant Maids of that City, so was *Isabella's* Fortune as great as the most ambitious *Valet de Chambre* could expect to be rais'd to. She was very well beloved by her Mistresses, from whom she received many Favours, and was besides in expectation of a Fortune from her Father an honest Tradesman. *Gusman* then thinking seriously on the matter, resolv'd to be her Husband, as she on her part did to be his Wife; and therefore having only taken one another's Words, they lived together as such. *Isabella* was not a little displeased to observe that *Mariana* the Surgeon's Wife, at whose House *Dorothea* and *Don Sancho* had their private Meetings, still continued to be their *Confidente*, in a Business whence she knew must come a great deal of Profit to her. She had found out the Gold Chain which *Sancho* had given her, and besides, discover'd many other Presents he had made her, and moreover imagin'd that there might have been several more which she knew nothing of. This caus'd her to hate *Mariana* to Death, and which inclines me to believe that this young Lass was not a little mercenary. It is no wonder then if at the first Request her dear *Gusman* made her to tell him truly, whether her Mistress *Dorothea* were in Love or not; she confess'd the whole Secret to him, on whom she had bestow'd her Heart. She inform'd him therefore of as much as she knew of the Intrigue between the two Lovers, and concluded all with railing at *Mariana* for depriving her of her Vails, which she said were due to her as a

Servant

Servant of the House. *Gusman* desired of her farther to let him know the Day and Hour when the Lovers were next to meet, which she soon after satisfy'd him in, and he consequently acquainted his Master with not only that, but likewise all the rest he had learned from the treacherous *Isabella*. *Don Diego* hereupon habited himself like a Beggar, and taking his Post just at *Mariana's* Door the Night that his Man had inform'd him the Rendezvous was to be, he saw his Rival enter there, and some time after a Coach stopping before *Dorothea's* Cousin's House, observ'd both his Mistress and her Sister to come out thereof and go in there, which you may imagine left him in no small Rage, well knowing what a secret Communication there was between the two Houses. He plotted therefore from that very Minute to rid himself of so formidable a Rival as *Don Sancho* might prove. The surest way to take him off he thought was by Assassins, and consequently forthwith hir'd two for that end. With these he watched for him divers Nights together, and at last meeting him, set on him with the Assistance of his two Bullies, both like himself well arm'd. *Don Sancho* no sooner perceiv'd their Intentions than he put himself in a posture of Defence, being also indifferently well provided for that purpose; for over and above his Sword and Ponyard, he had two Pistols ready charg'd stuck in his Girdle. *Don Diego* was more forward to engage than his Companions, who were only led on by the hopes of Gain. *Don Sancho* at first gave Ground out of Policy, till he had drawn his Assailants to a convenient distance from the House where *Dorothea* was. But at length fearing he might receive Prejudice if he still continued on the defensive, and perceiving *Don Diego* to press more vigorously than ordinary upon him, he let fly one of his Pistols at him, and brought him to the Ground half dead, but nevertheless crying out and bawling for a Priest as if he were mad. At the bare hearing the Report of a Pistol the Bullies immediately troop'd off. *Don Sancho* retired to his Lodgings, and the Neighbours coming out of their Houses to see what was the matter, found the wounded Man just expiring, who nevertheless had so much Life left as to accuse *Don Sancho* of his Murther. This our Cavalier had soon notice of, by means of his Friends, who told him moreover, that altho the Law could not reach him, yet would not *Don Diego's* Relations let his Death be unreveng'd, but rather seek all Opportunities to murder him wherever they could meet him to Advantage. *Don Sancho* hearing this, thought it his best way to retire to a Convent, where he knew he might be safe, which he immediately did,

and from thence sent his dear *Dorothea* an account of his Safety, ordering his Affairs so in the mean time, that he might be ready to leave *Sevil* at the shortest warning. Whilst Matters pass'd thus, the Magistrates of the City were doing their best to find *Don Sancho* out, but all to no purpose. After the heat of the Search was a little over, and every body was of opinion he was clear got off, *Dorothea* and her Sister, under pretence of Devotion, were carried by their Cousin to the same Monastery whither *Sancho* had retir'd. There the two Lovers had another meeting in the Chapel, where they mutually promised eternal Constancy and Fidelity to each other; and at parting utter'd so many moving Expressions, that *Feliciana*, her Kinswoman, and the good Monk that attended wept exceedingly, and which they were always afterwards inclinable to do whenever the remembrance of this Interview came into their Minds. *Don Sancho* soon after got from *Sevil* in Disguise, leaving Letters behind him with his Father's Factor to be transmitted to the *Indies* by the first Opportunity. By these Letters he gave his Father an account of what had befallen him, and which had oblig'd him to leave *Sevil* to retire to *Naples* for the Safety of his Life. He arrived there in a little time, and was very kindly received by the then *Vice-Roy*, to whom he had the Honour to have formerly belong'd. Notwithstanding the great Favours shew'd him, he nevertheless led but an uneasie Life in *Naples* for above a Year or more, and that by reason he had heard no News all that while of his dear *Dorothea*. Some small time after the *Vice-Roy* equipp'd six Gallies to go out a cruizing after the *Algerines*. *Don Sancho's* Courage would not suffer him to neglect so fair an occasion of shewing it, and therefore he was resolved to engage in this Enterprize. The Admiral that commanded received him on Board his Gally, and lodged him in his own Cabbin, being not a little proud that he had a Person of his Quality and Merit to accompany him. These six *Neapolitan* Gallies met eight *Algerines* almost within sight of *Messina*, and were not long before they engaged them. After a dubious Fight the *Christians* took three of the *Turks* and sunk two. The *Neapolitan* Admiral happen'd to be grappled with the *Turkish* Admiral, which being better mann'd than the rest, had made a much greater Resistance. The Sea in the mean time grew rugged, and the Storm increased so fast, that at length both *Christians* and *Turks* had more regard to their own Safeties than to endeavour each other's Ruin. They as it were consented then mutually to withdraw their Grappling-Irons, and disengage themselves from each other, and which happen'd much about the

the time that *Don Sancho* being over-bold, had thrown himself into the *Turkish* Admiral, without being so happy as to have any body to follow him. Seeing himself thus alone, and more than that in the Power of his Enemies, he preferred Death to Slavery, and immediately flung himself into the Sea, hoping only to escape drowning by his excellent swimming. But the bad Weather proving so extraordinary, it hindred him from being discover'd by the *Christian* Gallies, altho the Admiral having been an Eye-witness of his Action, and being extremely concern'd at the loss of him, which he look'd upon as unavoidable, had tack'd about towards the place where he saw him leap in. *Don Sancho* in the mean time cut the Waves with his skilful Arms, and after having swom a while to the Leeward, whither both the Wind and the Tide carried him, he by luck met with a Plank which had been torn from the Sides of one of the *Turkish* Gallies by the Cannon. This he looked upon as a Present sent him from Heaven, and which he immediately made use of with that Success, that in a short time he got a Shore on the Coast of *Sicily*, which was not above a League and half from the place where the Battel had been fought. He landed without any Prejudice done him by the Rocks; and after having returned Thanks to Heaven for his Preservation, walked forward as fast as his Weakness would suffer him. At last making shift to get up a little Hill, he from the top perceiv'd a neighbouring Hovel, whither he immediately went, and found it inhabited by Fishermen, who nevertheless approved themselves to him the most charitable People in the World. The over-heating himself in the Fight, and afterwards drenching himself in the Water, together with the wet Clothes he was forced to wear, brought so violent a Fever upon him, that he was oblig'd for some time to keep his Bed, but whereof he in a short time recovered, without doing any thing more to himself than living regularly. During his Illness, he did all that in him lay to make the World believe he was dead, thereby as well to abate *Don Diego's* Relations Malice, as to make Trial of his *Dorothea's* Constancy. Whilst he was in *Flanders* he had contracted an extraordinary Friendship with a *Sicilian* Marquis of the Family of *Montalto*, whose Name was *Fabio*. He desired one of the Fishermen to make Enquiry whether he was then at *Messina*, where he knew he liv'd. Being inform'd he was, he went immediately thither in a Fisher's Habit, and arrived at the Marquis's House about Night. The Marquis was extremely overjoy'd at the sight of a Friend whom he had given over for lost. *Don Sancho* gave him an account how he came to be sav'd.

and moreover told him his Adventure at *Sevil*, without concealing from him the violent Passion he had for *Dorothea*. The Marquis proffer'd his Service to go for him into *Spain*, and to carry off *Dorothea*, and bring her to *Sicily*, provided she would but consent to the doing of it. *Don Sancho* would by no means put his Friend upon so dangerous a Trial of his Friendship, and therefore propos'd to go along with him. *Sanchez*, *Don Sancho's* Man, had been so afflicted for the Loss of his Master, that when the Gallies came into the Port of *Messina* to refresh themselves, he entred into a *Convent*, resolving to pass there the Remainder of his Days. *Fabio*, who had been the cause of his being admitted, sent to the *Superior* to release him again, and which was the readier comply'd with, by reason he had not yet receiv'd the Habit of the Order. *Sanchez* was over-joy'd at the sight of his dear Master, and as soon shook off all Thoughts of returning to the Monastery again. His Master not long after sent him into *Spain* to prepare his way for him, and in the mean time charged him to send him News of his dear *Dorothea*, who like others had been possessed with the belief of his Death. This Report had spread it self even to the *Indies*, and which had caused his Father to die with Regret; leaving four hundred thousand Crowns to another Son, on condition, that if his Brother *Sancho* appeared again, he should refund to him a Moiety. *Don Sancho's* Brother's Name was *Don Juan de Peralta*, the same with his Father's. His Father being dead he embark'd for *Spain*, and arriv'd at *Sevil* about a Year after the before-mention'd Misfortune had beset his Brother. Having a quite different Name, it was easie for him to conceal they were Brothers, and which he thought very necessary for him to do, since he was oblig'd to reside for some time in that City where *Sancho* had left so many Enemies. He happen'd soon after to have a sight of the fair *Dorothea*, and like his Brother, became quickly enamour'd on her, tho not with the same Success. This fair afflicted Lady could love nothing after her dear *Sancho*. All that *Don Juan de Peralta* could do to please her, prov'd only tiresom; and she moreover utterly refused the best Matches in *Sevil*, which her Father *Don Manuel* had propos'd to her. About this time *Sanchez* came to *Sevil*, and observing his Master's Orders, immediately set himself about enquiring into *Dorothea's* Behaviour. He learnt from a common Report about the City, that a very wealthy Person lately come from the *Indies*, had fallen desperately in Love with her, and who omitted nothing to set forth his Gallantry and Affection. This he soon inform'd his Master of, but made the Story much

worse than it had been told him, and his Master believed it to be yet worse than he related it. The Marquis *Fabio* and *Don Sancho* embarked not long after at *Messina*, on Board the Gallies that were then returning to *Spain*, and arrived safe in a short time at *St. Lucar*, where they immediately took Post for *Sevil*. It was Night before they got thither, when they went forthwith to the Lodgings which *Sanchez* had provided for them. They kept all the next Day close in their Chambers, and at Night took a Walk towards *Don Manuel's* House. They there heard Instruments of several kinds tuning under *Dorothea's* Window, and afterwards an excellent Consort; when that was over a single Voice, accompanied only by a *Theorbo*, complain'd for some time of the Cruelties of a Tygress in an Angels Form. *Don Sancho* was so provoked at this, that he certainly had trust'd up the Serenaders, had not the Marquis *Fabio* prevented it, by representing to him that he could have done no more if *Dorothea* had appear'd in the Balcony to encourage his Rival; but since she had not, he ought to believe that the Words that were sung were rather Complaints of a dissatisfied Lover, than Thanks for any Favours received. The Serenaders retir'd after they had perform'd their Task, and *Don Sancho* and the Marquis retir'd also to their Lodgings. *Dorothea* began to be importun'd more and more every Day by her *Indian* Lover. Her Father *Don Manuel* was extremely desirous to have her speedily married, and therefore she feared that if *Don Juan de Peralta* being rich and of so good a Family as he really was, should offer himself to him for his Son-in-Law, he would easily be prefer'd to all others, and she consequently more press'd by her Father to marry than she had hitherto been. The Day after the Serenade *Dorothea* spent wholly in her Sister's Company, often telling her, 'That she could no longer suffer the Gallantries of the *Indian*; and farther, that she could not but wonder how he could make his courting of her so publick, before he had obtained her Father's Leave to court her. It is a thing that extremely surprizes me likewise, reply'd *Felician*, and if I were in your place, the first Opportunity that offer'd, I would treat him so ill, that he should ever after be out of hopes either of saying or doing any thing to please me. For my part, continu'd she, I can't discover any Charms in him to please a Woman. He has not that Air which is to be acquir'd only at Court, and the great Expences he is at here has nothing of the Polite, and plainly shews him to be a *Gavacho*. She proceeded to finish a very disadvantageous Character of *Don Juan de Peralta*, not remembering that at his first appearing in *Sevil*, she had confest to her Sister that she liked him, and that as often as she had

had occasion to speak of him, she had always done it with some sort of concern. *Dorothea* observing her Sister so alter'd, or at least that she seem'd to be so, from the Opinion she had formerly entertain'd of this *Cavalier*, presently suspected she lov'd him as much as she pretended to dislike him. She therefore to clear her doubts, told *Felician*a that she had no manner of Aversion for *Don Juan's* Person, but rather a Respect, by reason she found so much of *Sancho's* likeness in his Face. Her only reason for slighting him was because she could love no Man after *Don Sancho*; and she added farther, that since she could not hope to be his Wife she was resolv'd never to be one to any other, but determin'd to spend the remainder of her Days in a *Convent*. *Altho you were resolv'd upon such a strange Undertaking, which I don't believe,* reply'd *Felician*a, *yet you might spare me the trouble of hearing it.* 'Never doubt it, dear Sister, answer'd *Dorothea*, for it is but too true, and it is as certain that you will speedily be the richest Fortune in *Sevil*. It is therefore, continued she, that I would see *Don Juan* once more, to encline him, since he is not like to have me, to have the same Love and Respect for you. But, proceeded she farther, when I do see him, I shall withal, desire him to importune me no more with his Addresses, since I find they are so very displeasing to you. And let me tell you, added she farther, that I know no Person in *Sevil* to whom you could be happier married than to him. *If I said he displeased me,* reply'd *Felician*a, *I must own it was rather thro Complaisance to you, than any Aversion I had for him.* 'Confess rather, dear Sister, quoth *Dorothea*, that you love him, and apprehend me for a Rival. At these Words *Felician*a began to blush, and was extremely out of Countenance. She proceeded to defend her self against her Sister's Accusation, but which serv'd rather to condemn than acquit her. At last she found she was oblig'd to confess that she lov'd *Don Juan*, which she would nevertheless not have done had she believed it in her Power to have concealed it. *Dorothea* was so far from disapproving her Sister's Passion, that she encouraged her in it, by promising to serve her to her Power. Soon after *Isabella*, who had broke off all Communication with her Friend *Gusman*, ever since the Accident that beset *Don Sancho*, had Orders from *Dorothea* to go immediately and find out *Don Juan*, and to tell him that she and her Sister desired his Company about Midnight in the Garden, when her Father would certainly be a Bed. She likewise bad her to carry him the Key of the Garden-gate. *Isabella*, who had been gain'd over by *Don Juan*, and consequently had made it her business to procure him

him her Mistress's esteem, tho without success, was extremely surpriz'd at this sudden change, but at the same time not a little glad that she was to carry him so good News, who had so often oblig'd her, tho she brought him none but bad. She made what haste she could therefore to his Lodgings, but found him not inclinable to credit her Message, till she shewed him the fatal Key. At the same time she put the Key into his Hands, he put a perfum'd Purse with 50 Pistols in it into hers, which she received with no less Joy than she had occasion'd him by her coming. As ill-luck would have it, the same Night that *Don Juan* was to have admittance into *Dorothea's* Father's Garden, *Don Sancho* and his Friend the Marquis happen'd to take their rounds that way. They were in the Street where *Dorothea* lived about Eleven a Clock, when all of a sudden four Men well Arm'd came up to them, and star'd them full in the Face. *Don Sancho* thinking his Rival might be among them, forthwith told them furlily, *That the Post they had taken up there he had an occasion for, to dispatch a certain Affair in, and therefore requir'd them to be gone instantly and give him Liberty for that purpose.* To which they immediately reply'd, *that they would do it with all their Hearts, but that the place was as proper for them to execute a Design they had in Hand, which he must give them leave to do before he could find any room there.* This answer so nettled *Don Sancho* that it was only a Word and a Blow with him, for he immediately set upon them with that Vigour that he soon put them into disorder, and his Friend the Marquis charging them at the same time, they were driven to the end of the Street before they knew where they were. There *Don Sancho* received a slight Wound, but in return gave his Enemy so home a thrust that he was some time in getting his Sword out of his Body, and whom he left for dead. In the mean time the Marquis was pursuing those that fled, which they quickly did as soon as they saw their Comrade fall. *Don Sancho* at last saw several Lights coming towards him at a distance; which suspecting to be the Watch, as it really was, he began to think of his Escape. He retir'd therefore in some confusion thro' all the blind Allys he could find, and which at length bringing him into a large open Street, he met full-but with an old Gentleman that was then lighting a long with a Lantern, and who had drawn his Sword at the hearing of *Don Sancho* running towards him. This old Cavalier was *Don Manuel*, who had been playing a Game at Cards at a Neighbour's House, and was now returning home after his usual Custom thro' a little Gate of the Garden, which was near the

the place where *Sancho* met him. At the first approach of our Adventurer *Don Manuel* cry'd out, *Who goes there?* 'A Man' answer'd *Sancho*, whose business 'tis to make the best of 'his way, if you do not stop him. *It may be, Sir,* continued *Don Manuel*, *some Accident has oblig'd you to search in such haste for a Sanctuary, if so, my House is near at Hand, and may, if you please to accept it, be of Service to you.* 'Tis true, reply'd *Don Sancho*, I am in quest of a Sanctuary to screen me from a Pursuit which I fear is made after me, and since you have been so generous as to offer a Stranger the Protection of your House, he will trust himself wholly in your Hands, and never forget both the Kindness and Honour you will do him. Hereupon *Don Manuel* immediately open'd the Door with a Key he had always about him, and put him in a Grove of Lawrels, whilst he went into his House to seek for a better conveniency for him. *Don Sancho* had not been long in the Grove before a Woman came to him and cry'd, *come away Sir, my Mistress Dorothea waits for you.* At the hearing that dear Name, *Don Sancho* began immediately to think he was in his Mistress's Garden, and that the old Gentleman who had brought him in, might be her Father. He likewise suspected with reason enough, that *Dorothea* had made some Rival of his an Assignment, and that this was the time of their Rendezvous. He therefore followed *Isabella*, but that more tormented with Jealousie, than the fears of a Pursuit. In the interim *Don Juan* came at the Hour appointed, and with the Key which had been given him, open'd the Garden-door, and went and hid himself in the Grove of Lawrels, whence *Don Sancho* was but just gone. A Moment after he perceived a Man to come directly up to him, which at first gave him so much surprize, that he thought good to put himself into a posture of Defence; but observing it to be *Don Manuel*, he endeavour'd only to conceal himself. *Don Manuel* soon finding him out, said to him, *come, come, follow me, and I will put you in a place where you shall not need to fear being discovered.* *Don Juan* guess'd by what he had heard, that *Don Manuel* had saved some Person or other that fled from Justice; nevertheless thought himself oblig'd to follow him, tho he was not the Man he took him for. As he went along he return'd him a thousand Thanks for his Civility; but you may imagine was not inwardly a little displeased at him, for disappointing him of his Amorous Intrigue. *Don Manuel* conducted him into a Chamber, where he left him, while he went to prepare a Bed for him in another adjoining Room. There we must leave him likewise in no small

Trouble

Trouble and Perplexity, and return to speak of his Brother *Don Sancho de Sylva*. Him *Isabella* had carry'd into a Ground-Chamber which look'd into the Garden, and where *Dorothea* and *Feliciama* staid waiting for *Don Juan de Peralta*, the one as a Lover who was studying to say something to please him, and the other as one that could not love him, and design'd there to tell him so. At *Don Sancho's* entring the Room the fair Sisters were wonderfully surpriz'd, *Dorothea* immediately swoon'd away at the Fright, and would have certainly drop'd down on the Floor had not her Sister held her up in her Chair. *Don Sancho* stood like a Statue. *Isabella* was ready to die with fear, believing that *Sancho's* Ghost was come to revenge the wrongs her Mistress had done him while alive. *Feliciama*, tho extremely frightened likewise, was nevertheless so employ'd about recovering her Sister, that she did not so much mind it as she would have otherwise done. At last *Dorothea* came to her self, and then *Don Sancho* spoke to her after the following manner, 'If the Report spread abroad of my Death did not in some measure excuse your Inconstancy, ungrateful *Dorothea*, quoth he, I should not have now Breath enough left to reproach your Infidelity. But 'twas I that occasion'd that Report, to be forgotten of my Enemies, and not by you, who have so often promised to love none but me, and yet, who have now so soon, nay, so treacherously broke that Promise. I might well revenge my self now I have an Opportunity, continued he, and complain so loud, that I might awake your Father, and he consequently rise and find your Lover, whom you have hid in his House. But Fool that I am, I am yet afraid to displease you, and torment my self more with the Thoughts that I must love you no longer, than with those that so plainly suggest to me that you love another. Go on, faithless fair one! Go on, proceeded he, enjoy your happy Lover; be apprehensive of no danger in this new Amour: be assur'd I will rid you speedily of the Man that has it in his Power to reproach you of Treachery all your Life long; nay, of one you have betray'd even at a time that he has expos'd his Life to come to worship you. At these Words *Don Sancho* would have been gone, but *Dorothea* held him, and was going to justify her self just at the time that *Isabella* came running into the Chamber to tell her *Don Manuel* was coming. *Don Sancho* had only time to step behind the Door before the old Gentleman came in. He began immediately to reprimand his Daughters for being up so late, and afterwards went out of the Chamber, which he had no sooner done but *Don Sancho* got out likewise, and getting into the Garden hid himself as before

before among the Lawrels, expecting an opportunity to get away. *Don Manuel's* Business in his Daughter's Chamber was to light a Candle, to go to the Garden-gate, where the Constable and Watch were knocking like mad for Admittance, having been told, that one of the Persons that had made the Fray in the Streets was got in there. *Don Manuel* made but little difficulty to suffer them to enter and search his House, as believing they would not open his Chamber wherein he had hid the Gentleman he protected. *Don Sancho* perceiving it impossible for him to escape, amidst the great Number of Watchmen and Mob that were spread all over the Garden, came out of his own accord from the Lawrel-Grove, and going up to *Don Manuel*, who was not a little surpriz'd to see him, whisper'd him in the Ear, *That a Cavalier of Honour should always keep his Word, and ought never to abandon one he had once thought fitting to take into his Protection.* Hereupon *Don Manuel* desired the Constable, who was one of his Friends, to leave *Don Sancho* in his Custody; which Request was readily granted, he being a Man of Quality, and the rather, because the wounded Person was not yet dead. After this the Constable and Watch retired, and *Don Manuel* having discovered *Don Sancho*, and finding by his Answers he was really the Person he had admitted into his Garden, he did not doubt but the other must have been some Love-adventurer intended to have been introduced to his Daughters by *Isabella*. To be the better convinc'd of this Truth, he desired *Don Sancho* to go into a Chamber, and not stir thence till he came to him again, which *Sancho* promised he would not. In the mean time *Don Manuel* went to *Don Juan de Peralta*, to whom he feigned that his Servant had come into the Garden at the same time with the Watch, and desired to speak with him. *Don Juan* knew very well that his Servant was sick a Bed, and therefore could not well come to him; besides, he had had no Orders from him so to do, and moreover knew not where he was; all this together made him extremely concern'd at what *Don Manuel* had said to him: Nevertheless, that he might not discover himself thro the want of a ready Answer, he immediately reply'd to *Don Manuel*, at random, *If you please, Sir, let him be ordered to attend me at my Lodgings.* *Don Manuel* then presently discovered him to be the young *Indian* Gentleman that had made such a Noise for some time in *Sevil*; and having been already informed of his Quality and Estate, resolv'd not to suffer him to go out of his House till he had married one of his Daughters whom he could best fancy. He discours'd some time with him,

him, to be better satisfied in those matters, which kept him still in suspense. *Isabella* saw them talking together from the other Door, and immediately went and told her Mistress. *Don Manuel* soon perceived her, and thought she was coming to bring a Message from one of his Daughters to *Don Juan*, and therefore left him to run after her, and intercept her Design. Just as he overtook her the Light that was in the Chamber was burnt out. Whilst he was groping after her, being in the dark, *Isabella* got clear of him, and went and told *Dorothea* and *Feliciana* that *Don Sancho* was in their Father's Chamber, and that she saw them talking together. The two Sisters immediately ran thither. *Dorothea* for her part was not afraid of meeting her dear *Don Sancho* with her Father, being resolv'd to confess how much she loved and was beloved by him, as likewise for what end she had made that Assignment with *Don Juan*. She happen'd to come into her Father's Chamber just at the same instant that *Don Juan* was stealing out, whom she taking for *Don Sancho*, caught by the Arm, and spoke to him thus, 'Why, cruel *Don Sancho*, dost thou thus fly me, 'and wherefore wilt thou not hear my Vindication against 'the unjust Aspersions thou hast cast upon me? I confess 'you could not have reproached me sufficiently, had I but 'been guilty of what you have some sort of reason to believe: 'But you know there are many Falsities which sometimes 'have as great resemblance of Truth as Truth it self, which is 'ever best discover'd by Time. Allow me therefore so much as 'may serve to unravel this Confusion, wherein yours and my 'Misfortune, and perhaps that of divers others, has involv'd 'us. Help me to justify my self, and let not thy Passion which 'hurries thee on to condemn me, provoke thee to pronounce an 'unjust Sentence before a due Conviction. You may per- 'haps have heard, continu'd she, that a certain *Cavalier* loves 'me, but did you ever hear I return'd his Love? You may 'likewise have seen him here, and it is most true that I have 'sent for him; but when you shall also know for what rea- 'son, I am pretty well assured you will repent of your cruel 'Usage to me, and be inclinable to own I could give you 'no greater Proof of my Fidelity. Why is he not now in 'thy Presence, this Spark that importunes me so frequently 'with his Passion, that I might have an Opportunity to ask 'him before thee, whether I ever gave him leave to profess he 'loved me, or if he ever had any reason to believe I had read his 'Letters? But my Misfortune is such, added she sighing, that 'as often as I would have shun'd him, he has appear'd before 'me, but now I have occasion for him to clear my Innocence 'he

he is absent. *Don Juan* had so much patience as to hear all she could say without giving her the least Interruption, and that chiefly that he might thereby discover what she had all along before kept a Secret from him. At last, just as he was going to reproach her with Baseness, *Don Sancho*, who had been groping from Room to Room to find the way into the Garden, and still missing it, at length came so near as to hear *Dorothea* talking with *Don Juan*; whom he knowing by her Voice, approached them as softly as he could, but was notwithstanding soon discover'd by *Don Juan* and the two Sisters. At the same moment *Don Manuel* came into the Chamber with Lights carried before him by two Servants. Hereupon the two Rival Brothers presently star'd each other in the Face, looking fiercely, and laying their Hands upon their Swords. *Don Manuel* stept in between them to prevent any Mischief, and immediately commanded his eldest Daughter to make choice of one of them, who, as her Husband, might be authoriz'd to chastise the other. *Don Juan* then began to speak, and told *Don Manuel*, that for his part he resign'd up all Pretensions to the Cavalier that was before him, but that not thro fear. *Don Sancho* said the same thing; adding moreover, that since *Don Juan* had been introduced into *Don Manuel's* House by his Daughter, it was probable she both loved him and was beloved by him, and therefore for his part, he would die a thousand Deaths before he would marry one with the least Scruple upon her. Then *Dorothea* throwing her self at her Father's Feet, conjured him to hear her. She related to him all that had passed between *Don Sancho de Sylva* and her, to the time of his killing *Don Diego* on her account. She afterwards informed him how *Don Juan de Peralta* had made Love to her, and what Designs she had to disabuse him, and to propose her Sister to him in Marriage; and to conclude all, she told him that if she could not persuade *Don Sancho* to believe her innocent, she was resolv'd next Day to shut her self up in a Nunnery, thence never to set Foot out again as long as she lived. By this Relation the two Brothers came to the Knowledge of each other. *Don Sancho* was forthwith reconciled to *Dorothea*, whom he demanded in Marriage of her Father. *Don Juan* likewise begg'd *Don Manuel's* Consent to have his Daughter *Felician*a, and both were accepted by him for his Sons-in-Law, with so great Satisfaction as is not to be expressed. As soon as Day appeared, *Don Sancho* sent for his Friend the Marquis *Fabio*, who soon came to partake of his Joy that was then in agitation. *Don Sancho's* Marriage was kept secret till such time as *Don Manuel* and the Marquis had had

an opportunity to persuade the Cousin and Heir of *Don Diego* to forget the cause of his Kinsman's Death, and to lay aside all Enmity to *Don Sancho*. During this Negotiation the Marquis *Fabio* fell in Love with this Gentleman's Sister, and consequently desired her of her Brother in Marriage. His Request was granted with a great deal of Readiness; the Gentleman being presently sensible what Advantage such a Match must be to his Family. The three Marriages were solemniz'd in one Day, and every thing succeeded so well, that there was no Disagreements between either of the Parties for a long while after, which you must confess is not a little to be wondred at.

CHAP. XX.

After what manner Ragotin's Sleep came to be disturb'd

THE agreeable *Inezilla* concluded the reading of her *Novel*, which made her Auditory sorry it was no longer. Whilst she was reading it, *Ragotin*, who instead of hearing her had busied himself in asking her Husband Questions about *Magick*, was fallen asleep in a low Chair where he sat, and which the Operator was likewise in his. *Ragotin's* Sleep was not altogether voluntary, for if he could possibly have kept down the Vapors of the Meat, which he had eaten in great quantity, he would not have been so rude as not to have hearkned attentively to *Inezilla's Novel*. He did not sleep therefore soundly, but would ever now and then see-saw his Head down to his Knees, then raise himself up again half awake, afterwards start, and then drop down, in like manner as drowsie Sinners are wont to do at Conventicles, when the good Man proves tedious as well as dull. There happen'd to be a Ram bred up in the Inn, which roguish Boys that went up and down the Yard had been accusom'd to present their Heads to, but holding their Hands stretch'd out before at the same time, to keep him from doing them any harm. At these Boys this Ram would run with all his Might, as those Creatures are naturally given to do. This Animal had his free range all over the Inn, came oftentimes into the Chambers, and it seems was in that of the Operator when *Inezilla* read the *Novel*. He observing *Ragotin* nodding to and fro, with his

Hat

Hat dropt off, took him for a Champion that had purposely presented himself to try his Courage with him, and therefore drawing back four or five Paces, as good Jumpers are wont to do, ran full speed like a Horse in his Carrier, with his horny Head against *Ragotin's* bald Pate; which no doubt he would have shatter'd, as much as a Piss-pot could have been, when thrown upon the Stones from the top of a high Tower, had it not been this little Man's peculiar Fortune that the Assault was made while he had his Head up, so that he received no other Damage than a superficial Graze on the Cheek by one of the Creature's Horns. All the Company was so extremely surpriz'd at this Action, that they remained for some time astonish'd, which nevertheless could not hinder them from laughing. This gave the Ram an opportunity, having been used to make his course more than once, to have another run, which it seems he performed so inconsiderately, that he ran against his Knees, and therefore only wounded his Hands, which had each of them a Horn to stand the brunt of. *Ragotin* finding his Face bleed and smart, tho he was a little stunn'd, yet began to recover himself, and having open'd his Eyes, which he did not do till the second shock, soon discover'd the Author of his Misfortune; which he had no sooner done, but he fell to belabouring of him about the Head, till the hardness of his Horns made him to withdraw his Hands; which finding to be all over bruise'd, as well by buffetting as sustaining, he flew into a great Rage, threatning Revenge on all the Company if they did not desist laughing at him. He afterwards would have gone out of the Inn in a great Fury, had not his Host stopt him to pay the Reckoning, which you may imagine he was as unwilling to do, as he would have been willing to have put up his Damage and Affronts, could he but have got off Scot-free.

SCARRON'S Comical Romance.

PART III.

CHAP. I.

Which may serve for an Introduction to this Third Part.

IN the last Chapter of the Second Part of this Romance; you have had little *Ragotin* all bloody with the several repeated Buttings he received from the Ram, whilst he slept in a low Chair in the Comedian's Chamber, and which occasion'd him to go out thence in a great Fury. But he had receiv'd so deep a Wound from *Madam Star's* Eyes, and was withal so desirous of knowing the issue of the *Operator's* Scheme, that he could only afford himself time to wash his Face and Hands before he returned. As he was just entering the Inn again, his Brain was so disturb'd, what with the Blows, and what with the Darts, that he mistook an Advocate then walking by to the Hall, for *Ferdinando* the Operator. He therefore accosted him very civilly, and began with him after this manner, Sir, I am happy in meeting you so luckily; I have long desired this opportunity, and I was just going to your Lodgings, in great haste, to have a farther account from you of what concerns either my Life or Death. I don't doubt but you have employ'd the utmost of your Art, in Schemes, to serve me all the time you slept; and I desire you to believe I

R

would

would by no means be ungrateful in my Acknowledgments. Tell me then, I beseech you, dear Doctor, continu'd he, will this little charming shining Star suffer me to share any of her Influence? The Advocate, who understood not a tittle of all the fine Words had been spoken to him, and taking them for Raillery, was not long before he interrupted him. 'Monsieur Ragotin, quoth he, if 'it had been a little later I should verily have thought you 'had been drunk, notwithstanding, cannot help believing that you are either a Mad-man or a Fool. To whom, 'for God sake, do you think you are talking, added he, and 'what the Devil makes you to talk to me of Schemes, and the 'Influences of Stars? Do you take me either for an Astrologer 'or a Magician? Prethee consider a little, Monsieur Ragotin, 'proceeded he, Don't you know me? Ah! Sir, reply'd Ragotin, how unkind you are, I thought I had too well inform'd you of my Malady, to have been refused a Remedy. Alas! I could not ----. He was just proceeding with another tedious Harangue, when the Advocate left him in a great Passion, telling him at parting, That he was a great Sot for a little Man. Ragotin would have followed him, but that he at length perceived his Mistake, and therefore was glad to retire with Shame. He had so great Regard to his Reputation, as to keep this a Secret; and I'll assure you, I had never come to know it had not the Advocate one Day told it me, among others of his Friends, to divert us. The little Fool afterwards turned into the Inn, and went directly to the Comedian's Apartment, which he had no sooner enter'd, but he heard a Proposition made by Mrs. Cave and Destiny to quit Mans, and retire to some other Post. This vexed him so heartily, that he was like to have dropt down from his height on the Floor, and which he might have safely done, since he had no great way to fall. But what concern'd him most was, that the time of their departure was to be the next Morning, when they were to bid adieu to the good Town of Mans, and particularly to its Inhabitants, who had been their constant Auditors for some time. They purposed to take their way to Alençon after the old rate, having been assured that the Pestilence was not there, as they had been before inform'd. I say they took their way after the old rate, for these sort of People have a constant rule of travelling, in like manner as the Sun has in the Zodiack. The Journies they had made and were to make in this Country, were first from Tours to Angers, from Angers to la Flèche, from la Flèche to Mans, from Mans to Alençon, from Alençon to Argentin or Laval, no matter which, according to the Road they have a mind to take, either to Paris or Brittany, both being alike to them, and in-

different

different to us in the composition of this *Romance*. This Resolution being made by all the Men and Women Players unanimously, they propos'd to play one of their best Plays, before they left *Mans*, to the end they might leave their Audience there in good Humour. What this Play was, never came to my Knowledge. That which oblig'd them to go away so suddenly, was by reason that the Marquis of *Orse*, on whose account they had staid so long, was commanded instantly to Court; insomuch that being like to have no Benefactor left after he was gone, and the *Mans* Audience diminishing every Day, they purpos'd to go where they might be better used. *Ragotin* would needs be endeavouring to oppose this Resolution, for which purpose he gave a great many Reasons, whereof he had always store at Command, which nevertheless were little or nothing regarded. This vexed the little Man extremely, insomuch that he begg'd of the Company not to go presently out of the Province of *Mayne*, but to take first the Tennis-Court, which was in the Suburbs of *Montfort*, and afterwards they might go to *Laval* in *Mayne* likewise, whence they might easily come into *Brittany*, according to their Promise made to Monsieur *la Garouffiere*. This Opinion of *Ragotin's*, *Destiny* would by no means agree to, affirming that if they took his Advice, they should make no Work on't, the pitiful Tennis-Court mention'd by him being a great way out of the Town, and more than that, on the other side of the River, which would hinder the better sort of People from coming near them; when the great Tennis-Court, in the Sheep-Market of *Alençon*, was just in the middle of the Town; and moreover, surrounded with all the best Houses, and that therefore it were better to give something more for such a place, than any thing for the despicable Tennis-Court at *Monfort*, whose good Market was the only reason that *Ragotin* had to speak for it. This last Proposition was agreed to by the whole Company, therefore they immediately order'd a Waggon to be got ready for their Baggage, and Horses for their Women. The Care of procuring these was left to *Leander*, who having a great many Intrigues in *Mans*, was the likeliest Man to have the best Acquaintance there. Next Day, before they set out, they presented a *Comedy*, *Tragedy*, *Tragi-Comedy*, or *Pastoral*, I know not whether, but which had the Success that you may imagine. The Players were admir'd by every body, and *Destiny* perform'd Wonders, especially in his manner of taking leave of the Audience; for he express'd his Acknowledgments and Unwillingness to leave them with that Tenderness and Force, that he charm'd them to that

degree, that as I am inform'd, some among them wept. *Ragotin* was so concern'd that his Proposal had not been follow'd, that he remained for some time like a Dolt, sitting in his Chair, even after the rest of the Company were gone, and where I believe he had sat till now, had not the Marker of the Tennis-Court let him know that no body was left, which he had nevertheless no small trouble to make him comprehend. Being at last prevail'd upon to be gone, he rose from his Chair and went home, where he resolv'd to go find out his Company the next Morning, and discover to them what shall be related in the following Chapter.

CHAP. II.

Where you'll find Ragotin's Design.

THE Criers of *Aqua Vite* had not yet wak'd those that were in a profound Sleep, when *Ragotin* being already dress'd, was going to propose to the Strolling Company his Inclinations to be admitted amongst them. He went then to the Players Lodgings, whom he found neither up nor awake, and happen'd to have the Discretion to leave them as he found them; nevertheless could not help entring one Chamber, where he found *Olive* abed with *Rancour*. This last he desired to get up, and walk with him to *la Consfure*, a fine Abby in the Suburbs of that Name, and thence to go to Breakfast at the great golden Star, where he had order'd a Collation to be prepared for them. *Rancour*, who was one of those who love to eat at other Mens Costs, was almost as soon got ready as the Proposition was made him, and which you may easily be inclin'd to believe, if you consider that these sort of People are accusom'd to dress and undress behind the Scenes, to act different Parts, which will admit of but little Delay. *Ragotin* and *Rancour* then marched on towards the Abby of *la Consfure*; but we must suppose they called in at some Church or other by the way to say a short Prayer, for *Ragotin's* Thoughts he had in his Head would not admit of a long one. He nevertheless acquainted *Rancour* with nothing of the matter, for fear it might have kept him from his Breakfast, which he knew he had a greater Inclination for than to give Ear to any thing he

he could tell him. They came to the Inn, where being enter'd the little Man began to fly in a great Passion, because the *petits pâtés* he had order'd were not ready. To which the Hostess answer'd, without rising off the Seat where she sat; Truly, *Monsieur Ragotin*, I know not how you could expect I shou'd divine when you would come; but since you are now here, the *pâtés* shall not be long after you: Pray walk into the Hall, where you'll find a Cloth laid, and a Westphalia Ham to stay your Stomach. This she spoke after a grave Hostess-like manner, and which inclined *Rancour* to be on her side; who turning to *Ragotin*, cry'd, Sir, pray let us comply with my Hostess's Proposal, and take a Glass or two while our Breakfast is getting ready. They sat down to Table, which in a very short time after was cover'd, and they breakfasted after the manner of *Mans*, that is to say, very heartily. They drank the same, and put about several Healths, among which the Reader may imagine *Madam Star's* was not forgot. Little *Ragotin* tost up above a dozen Glasses successively, sometimes sitting, and sometimes standing with his Hat in his Hand. But at last he would needs drink his Mistress's Health on his Knees and bare-headed, which made him to look just for all the World as if he had been doing Penance at the Door of some Church. It was then that he earnestly reminded *Rancour* of his Promise to assist him in the Conquest of *Madam Star's* Heart. Whereupon *Rancour* half angry, or at least feigning to be so, answer'd him a little roughly. I thought, *Monsieur Ragotin*, you had known me to be a Man that never embark'd without Ammunition, I mean, engaged in any thing that I were not able to bring about. Be satisfied then I will omit no Opportunity to serve you. I tell you so again, and have ways in my Head whereby to compass it. But I see one great Obstacle in our way, and that is our sudden departure from hence; the only Method therefore that I can advise you to bring about your Ends, is to resolve to be admitted amongst us. You have all the Qualifications for it that can be desired. You have a good Mien, a strong Voice, a good Tone, and a better Memory: And in a Word, seem to have nothing about you that looks Country. You look as if you had lived all your Life time at Court, having so much the Air of it, that you might be known for a Courtier above a Mile off. You need not, proceeded he, to act above a dozen times before you'll be able to out-do all our young Pretenders, who must resign their Parts to you, and then leave the rest to me. As for your Mistress, quoth he, you'll have but a tough bit of her at first, you must manage her with Policy, whereof I know you to have sufficient, however a little Instruction cannot be amiss. I would advise you therefore not to

let her know your design at your first Admittance of our Company, that being certainly the way to lose her, but rather to keep her in Suspence till you have a convenient Opportunity to make your Addresses, and after you have sufficiently won upon her by your Conversation, which I dare promise you'll soon do. The little Man had been so attentive to *Rancour's* Discourse, that he was almost ravish'd into an Extasie, imagining he had already, as we say, the Wolf by the Ears; when coming to himself all of a sudden, as it were out of an Apoplexy, he started from the place where he sat, and went to the other side of the Table to embrace *Rancour*, whom he thanked heartily for his Counsel, and begged of him to continue his Friend in this Affair; protesting at the same time that his only Design in inviting him to Breakfast was to have declared his Mind to him concerning his being admitted of his Society, and which he resolv'd forthwith to be. After this they reckon'd with their Landlady, and *Ragotin* paid all. When they were out of Doors they took their Course directly towards the *Strollers* Lodgings, which was not far off. They found the Women up and dress'd; but *Rancour* had no sooner open'd *Ragotin's* Design to them than he was interrupted by a Messenger from *Leander's* Father, who sent his Son word by him that he was sick to Death, and desired to see him before he paid that Debt to Nature, which all Men sooner or later must. This obliged all the Company to lay their Heads together to consult how they should bear up against an Accident so unexpected. *Leander* took *Angelica* aside, and told her his time was now come to live happy if she would but contribute towards it, otherwise he must be unfortunate tho' rich, and poor tho' he had a good income. She promised him all the Favours that lay in her Power, and particularly those you will meet with in the following Chapter.

C H A P. III.

Leander's Project and Harangue, together with Rago-
tins's Admission among the Strollers.

THE Jesuits of *la Fleche* not having been able to make *Leander* continue his Studies, and perceiving his Inclinations ran high to be a Player, presently concluded he must be in Love with some Actress or other, which they were altogether confirm'd in, when after the Departure of the Company they found, he had followed them to *Anvers*. They therefore thought themselves oblig'd to acquaint his Father therewith by a Messenger on purpose, which they soon after did, and who arriv'd just as a Letter was deliver'd the old Gentleman from *Leander*, whereby he gave his Father to understand that he design'd for the Wars, and therefore desired a Sum of Money to accoutre himself. This Stratagem had been laid between *Destiny* and he, when he first discovered his Quality to him at the Inn where he was wounded. His Father soon finding the Cheat, flew into an excessive Passion, which together with his great Age, threw him into a Distemper that quickly ended his Days. Perceiving his End to approach, he called one of his Tenants to him, and commanded him immediately to go find out his Son, which he told him he was most likely to do among the *Strollers*. This the Farmer knew as well as he, having been the Person that had furnish'd *Leander* with Money from the time he left the College, so that understanding there was a Company of *Strollers* at *Mans*, he made all the haste he could thither, and found his young Landlord as you have heard in the foregoing Chapter. *Rago-
tins* was desir'd by the Company to leave them for some time to confer with the Tenant newly arriv'd, which you may imagine he was very unwilling to do, yet at last he retired into an adjoining Chamber, where he waited with great Impatience till their Business was over. They had no sooner got him out of the Room but *Leander* brought in his Father's Tenant, who immediately related the bad Condition the old Gentleman was in, as likewise his earnest Desire to see his Son before he died. Thereupon *Leander* immediately craved Leave to comply with his Father's dying Request, which was judg'd by the whole Company reasonable to be granted. It was then

Destiny revealed the Secret of *Leander's* Quality, which he had all along kept private, and which he did not come to the Knowledge of till after the ravishing of *Madam Angelica*, as you may have read in the second Part of this true History. He thought it now high time to let it be known, as well to disabuse *Mrs. Cave*, who could not get it out of her Head, but that *Leander* was either the Principal, or Accessary in the carrying off her Daughter, as to oblige him who had done him the Honour to be his Serving-man, and would have continu'd such had he not found himself oblig'd to tell who he was, while he was in quest of *Madam Angelica*. He was moreover so far from consenting to the carrying away of *Angelica*, that having met her Ravishers he had hazarded his Life in her Assistance; but not having been able to resist so many People, he had been dangerously wounded, and left for dead upon the place. All the Company then immediately asked his Pardon for not having treated him suitable to his Quality, which they nevertheless thought themselves the more excusable for, in not having had any Knowledge of the Matter before. *Madam Star* added, she had always suspected something from the great Store of Wit and Merit she had observ'd in him, and which she was afterwards confirm'd in, especially when she saw her Mother *Mrs. Cave's* Letters from him; nevertheless did not know what to think when she saw him so employ'd in her Brother's Service. Then began *Mrs. Cave* to speak, addressing her self to *Leander*, after the following manner, Truly, Sir, after I had in some measure discover'd your Quality, by the Letters you writ to my Daughter, I had no small reason to distrust your Sincerity, being not enclinable to believe that a Person who was to have so good an Estate after his Father's Death, would ever condescend to marry a poor Stroller: But, continued she, I thank Heaven the time is at length come that you are to be made happy in plentiful Possessions, and I am to be deliver'd from a future Possibility of being any more impos'd upon by your false Pretensions. *Leander* being extremely surpriz'd at these Words, quickly reply'd. 'All you say, Madam, I am likely to possess, ' would not render me a jot happy, if I were not assur'd at ' the same time of the Possession of your Daughter *Angelica*. ' Without her I renounce all the Fortune which Nature and ' my Father's Death shall cast upon me; and declare to you, ' before all this good Company, that I go with so much ' Willingness to enter upon my Succession, upon no greater ' account than to return speedily to perform my Promise to ' marry your Daughter, which I here once more confirm, ' and will speedily accomplish, provided both she and you will ' do

do me the Honour to afford your Consents. And if so, added he, I would not have you to think, that I design to carry her to my own Home; that is not at all in my Intentions, for I have found so much Pleasure in a Strolling Life, that I could never be persuaded to quit so many worthy Companions that have so largely contributed towards it. After this obliging Declaration, both the Actors and Actresses speaking all together, return'd him their most humble acknowledgments, averring at the same time, that Mrs. Cave and her Daughter would not be a little to blame if they refused so advantageous a proffer. Angelica for her part, said no more than became one that was at her Mother's disposal, only she bid Leander at parting to Hope, if he continued in the same mind at his return. After all the mutual Endearments and Tears that commonly pass between parting Friends, it was agreed that Leander should go the next Morning upon one of the Horses that had been hired; but which he refused, chusing rather that of his Tenant, which he thought would carry him better, and would leave the Hackny for his Companion. *But we forget all this while, quoth Destiny, that Monsieur Ragotin is waiting without to speak with us. Is there any Body among us,* added he, *that knows what he would have?* Hereupon Ranconr, who had been silent for some time, open'd his Mouth, to let them understand that he knew, and that that very Morning he had treated him with a Breakfast to procure himself an opportunity to acquaint him that he had a mind to be admitted of the Company, without pretending to any share in the Profits, having sufficient of his own, and which he would rather chuse to spend in seeing the World, than to live altogether at Mans, as he had been advised to do. Hereat Roquebrune presently advanced to give his Opinion, that he ought not to be admitted, and that for these Reasons, Because, said he, *two Poets under one Roof never agree, it being with them as with Women, where there are more than one there are too many.* Besides, quoth he, Ragotin's Shape would never suffer him to be an Ornament to the Stage, but would rather disgrace it: For, added he, *What Parts could he propose to Act?* As for the principal ones Monsieur Destiny would not permit him to undertake them, and for the second best they belong to Olive. And then for a Nurse or a Confidante, continued he, *he must not pretend to either of them, his Person being altogether as deform'd in a disguise as out of one.* Therefore, concluded he, *'tis my Opinion in few Words, that he ought by no means to be received.* And 'tis mine, reply'd Ranconr, that he ought by all means to be received, for where there is occasion to represent a Dwarf none can be so proper; and then for a Monster, as that in *Andromeda,*

' *meda*, it were better to have a natural one at Hand, than to
 ' be at the trouble to contrive one that would be only Artifi-
 ' cial. He added farther, that as for speaking a Part, he could
 assure them he would be like another *Orpheus*, that drew every
 thing after him. ' For, *proceeded he*, whilst *Olive* and I were
 ' seeking after Madam *Angelica*, we overtook him riding upon
 ' an *As* no bigger than himself, and repeating the Adventures
 ' of *Pyramus* and *Thysbe*, with so good an Emphasis, that sever-
 ' al Rusticks that were then going the same way, came up with
 ' him, and gave so constant attention with their Hats off, that
 ' they would not leave him till they came to the Inn where
 ' we all baited. If then, *continued he*, he could gain so far up-
 ' on these Rusticks, what will he be able to do when he comes
 ' to speak before Men of Sense? This Relation made every
 body to laugh, and the Company was thereupon resolved to
 hear *Ragotin* speak for himself. He was sent for in, and after
 about a dozen low *Congées* he began his Harangue in the fol-
 lowing manner. *Illustrious Personages, and August Senate of Par-*
nassus, quoth he, fancying himself, no doubt, speaking at the
 Bar of the *President's Court* in *Mans*, where he had been ad-
 mitted Advocate but a little before, *it is a common saying*, That
 evil Company corrupts good Manners, and on the contrary, good
must needs improve them. This *Exordium*, so well begun, made
 the Company believe he was about to preach a Sermon,
 therefore they turned their Heads one way, and t'other, and
 could hardly forbear Laughing. Some Criticks perhaps may
 think much of the Word *Sermon*; but why might not *Ragotin*
 be thought capable of performing such a Task, when he had
 several times sung *Ballads* to the Organs? But however, he pro-
 ceeded. *I find my self so destitute of Vertues, that I desire to be*
admitted of your Illustrious Society for improvement: You are the
Muses Interpreters, the living Ecchoes of their dear Darlings, and
your Merits are so well known throughout all France, that you are
admir'd even beyond the Poles. As for you, Ladies, quoth he to
the Women, you charm all that do but look upon you; and
'tis impossible to be within the hearing of your harmonious Voices,
but one must needs be ravish'd into Extasy. In fine, said he, you
are meer Angels of Flesh and Blood; and all the Poets have thought
themselves happy in celebrating your Praises. And for you, Gentle-
men, continued he, no Alexander nor Cæsar ever equal'd the Va-
lour of Monsieur Destiny, nor of the other Heroes his Companions,
and therefore you must not wonder if I am ambitious of encreasing
your number by one, which will be easie for you to suffer me to do,
if you can but consent to it. I promise you moreover, proceeded
he, that I will be no manner of charge to ye, neither will I pre-
tend

tend to any Share in the Profits of our Performances, but all along continue your most humble and most obedient Servant. Ragotin having thus ended his Harangue, he was desired to withdraw for a Minute, that what he had said might be consider'd. He withdrew, and the Company was just going to proceed according to Form, when the Poet *Roquebrune* threw himself in again to make a second Opposition to Ragotin's Preferment, but he was presently thrust out by *Rancour*, who had pushed him more violently but that he had regard to his new Suit which was bought with the Money he had lent him. At length it was agreed that Ragotin should be admitted amongst them for the Diversion of the Company. He was thereupon call'd in, the accusom'd Ceremonies pass'd, was enroll'd in the Register, took an Oath of Fidelity, had the Word given by which the *Strollers* knew one another; and after all, suppd with the whole *Caravan*.

C H A P. IV.

Of Leander's Departure; The Strollers going for Alençon, and Ragotin's Misfortune.

AFTER Supper every Body would be congratulating Ragotin upon the Honour he had received, and which made him to swell so enormously, that he burst the Waist-band of his Breeches in two places. In the mean time *Leander* took occasion to entertain his dear *Angelica* with Love-stories, and to whom he reiterated his Design to marry her, which he pronounc'd with so much Softness and Tenderneſs that she could answer him only with Tears, whereof she shed abundance. I know not whether these proceeded from her Joy at the fair Promises he made her, or thro her Concern for his so sudden Departure; however it was, 'tis certain they exchanged several mutual Endearments, which were not in the least interrupted by Mrs. *Cave*. But at length Night drawing on apace, it was convenient they should both retreat. *Leander* took leave of the Company and went to Bed. Next Morning he got up betimes, and set out with his Father's Tenant, with that Expedition, that he quickly arriv'd at his Journey's end, where he

he found the old Gentleman very ill, who nevertheless told him he was glad to see him. He likewise expressed to him as far as he was able, the great Grief his Absence had caus'd him, as also that he was now come seasonably to receive his last Blessing, together with his Estate, altho he had been advis'd to disinherit him for the ill Courses he had taken. The rest of *Leander's* Affairs we shall learn at his Return. The Actors and Actresses being got ready dress'd, took care to pack up their Baggage as fast as they could, that they might be ready to depart in good time. At length all was prepar'd, and nothing was wanting, except a Horse for one of the Women, which they had before provided, but were disappointed in. They therefore had desired *Olive* to get another just as *Ragotin* enter'd the Room, who hearing their Proposition, told them there was no occasion, by reason he had one that would carry double, and if they pleased, either Madam *Star* or *Angelica* should ride behind him. This he urg'd the rather, because he told them it was impossible they should reach *Alençon* in one Day, being above ten Leagues off; but being oblig'd to make two of it, his Horse would serve well enough for the purpose he propos'd. Whilst he was thus recommending his Contrivance, Madam *Star* interrupted him, affirming she could not ride double; this vexed the little Man extremely, but which he was a little after the better satisfied with, when *Angelica* told him she would. They breakfasted all together that Morning, and the *Operator* and his Wife were invited; but whilst the Collation was getting ready, *Ragotin* took an occasion to talk farther with Signior *Ferdinando*, to whom he made the same Speech he had done before to the Advocate, whom he had taken for him; to which the Magician answer'd, that he had try'd all that lay within the Compass of his Art to serve him, but without effect, which made him inclinable to believe that Madam *Star* knew more of Magick than he; that her Charms were more powerful, and in a word, that she must needs be a dangerous Person, not fit to be convers'd with. *Ragotin* would have reply'd to these Reflections on his Mistress, but that he was just then called upon to wash his Hands, and sit down to Table, which they all did at the same time. *Inezilla* protested to all the Company, and chiefly the Women, that both she and her Husband were extremely concern'd at their so speedy leaving them, and would willingly have waited on them to *Alençon*, to have had their Conversation longer, had they not been oblig'd to mount their Stage and act their Farces, which her Husband chose rather to do at *Mans* when they were gone, than to incommode them by doing it in the same Town whither

ther they were going; it being certain the People would sooner run after them where they paid nothing, than go to see a Play where they must pay. The Company thanked both the Husband and Wife for their Civilities, and return'd them a thousand Acknowledgments for their good Will. The Women wept, and a great many Compliments pass'd between both Parties; only the Poet, who upon other Occasions would have talk'd as much as four, upon this spoke not one Word, the parting with *Inezilla* being so cruel a Thunder-stroke to him, that tho he fancied himself all over cover'd with Laurel, the common Preservative against Thunder, yet could he not secure his Carcass. The Waggon being loaded, and ready to set out, Mistress *Cave* took her place as she had done formerly, in the beginning of this *Romance*, Madam *Star* mounted upon a Horse which *Destiny* led, and *Angelica* got up behind *Ragotin*, who took care to avoid the like Accident in mounting as had before befallen him. All the rest went on Foot in the same order as they came to *Mans*. When they were got to a little Wood about a League from the Town, a Stag that was then hunting by the Marquis of *Lavardin's* Servants happen'd to cross the Road, which *Ragotin's* Horse that went before perceiving, was extremely affrighted at, which obliging *Ragotin* to quit his Stirrups; he at the same time clap'd his Hand on the Carabine he had by his side, and thinking to kill the Stag, happen'd to touch the Trigger before he had well mounted the Piece; whereby, being greatly charg'd, the Carabine recoil'd, and threw him off, and striking at the same instant against *Angelica's* Side, forc'd her off likewise, but who received little or no Harm. As for *Ragotin*, it was his Misfortune to fall against the Stump of a Tree, which was about a Foot out of the Ground, whereby he got a Bump on his left Temple, which however by a Bandage with a piece of Silver instead of Lead was soon cured. This Accident caus'd a great deal of Laughter in the Company, after they saw there was no more Harm done, which they would otherwise have forborn. The little Man nevertheless was extremely enrag'd at their making a Jest of his Misfortune. Being remounted, together with *Angelica*, he would needs charge his Carabine again, but which she would by no means suffer him to do. They then proceeded on their Journey, and at last came to a little Inn where they were to bait. The Actors for their parts must take an Afternoon's Luncheon, and the Actresses propos'd to lye on the Bed, as well to repose themselves as to observe how lustily their Companions eat and drank. The briskest Drinkers were *Rancour* and *Ragotin*, who were so hotly engag'd to *Angelica's* Health, which they thought no body had

had observ'd, that she was forc'd to call out to the latter to bid him drink less, and take more care of his charge for the future. This caused a Cessation of Arms, or rather of Glasses between the two Combatants. After some time the Reckoning being paid, and the Horses brought out, they all set forwards on their Journey. The Weather was fair and the Road good, which permitted them to arrive betimes at a Town called *Vrvain*. They there went to the Sign of the Cock, being the best Inn in the Town. The Hostess, who was none of the best natur'd Women in the Province of *Maine*, made a great deal of difficulty to receive them, telling them she had no Bed room for them. Her Company it seems was a *general Receiver*, an *Exciseman*, and four or five Pedlers. *Rancour* thinking to give a cast of his Office, told his Landlady they desired only a Chamber for the Women, and as for the Men, they would pig in any where. This calm dealing somewhat abated the Pride of our Lady Hostess. She admitted them therefore, and they did not unload their Waggon, but lock'd it up in a Stable which they found at the bottom of the Yard. The Women had a Chamber assign'd them, where the Company all Supp'd together. After Supper the Men retir'd, leaving the Women to go to Bed in two Beds, *viz.* Madam *Star* in one, and Mrs. *Cave* and her Daughter *Angelica* in the other. You may imagine they did not forget to take the Key in the inside of the Door, as did not likewise the two *Receivers*, who had order'd their Portmantues top full of Mony to be brought into their Chambers. But the unwary Pedlers were not so cautious, for they took not that care, but admitted *Rancour* and *Olive* to lie in the same Room where they had their Packs. There were three Beds in that Room, whereof the Pedlers had two, and *Rancour* and *Olive* the third. *Rancour* slept not a wink all Night, watching for an Opportunity to put his design in Execution when the Pedlers were asleep. At last he got up, thinking they were fast, and going softly towards the Packs, was interrupted by one of the Pedlers, who being overtaken with a Looseness, was forc'd to rise to ease his Belly. This made *Rancour* to return in some haste to his Bed. In the mean time the Pedler who had been used to lodge in this Inn, and knew all the ways out and in, went to a Door that opened into a little Gallery, at the end whereof was the House of Office. This he did not to incommode the venerable Commedians with a bad smell. When he had done he went to return from whence he came; but instead of going the right way, descended on the other side, and went by a private Door into the *Receivers* Chamber, where approaching the first Bed he met, and believing it his own, he

heard

heard an unknown Voice demand of him *Who was there?* This caus'd him to turn, without saying a Word, to the other Bed, where he heard the same thing, but spoke with a more angry Accent. This last Person call'd out at the same time for a Candle, affirming there was some body in his Room. Hereupon the Host made the Servant to rise immediately, and see what was the matter; but before she could possibly strike a Light, the Pedler had got out of the Room, and was coming into his own Chamber; but before he came, *Rancour* that had heard all the difference between him and his Neighbours, for there was only a thin Partition between them, resolv'd to lose no time, and therefore having dexterously untied the Cords of one of the Packs, took out thence two pieces of Linen, which having done, he fastned the Cords again as artificially as if they had never been open'd; for he knew perfectly well that Secret, known only to those of his Fraternity, as well as he did their Marks and Cyphers. He was just going to attack another of the Packs when the Pedler enter'd the Chamber, who hearing him walk about demanded *Who was there?* *Rancour*, who never wanted an Excuse at a pinch, after having thrust the two pieces of Linen into his own Bed, told him the Maid had forgot to set him a Chamber-pot, and that therefore he was looking for the Window to piss out at; whereupon the Pedler, who was not yet got into Bed, reply'd, *Stay, Sir, if you please, I'll go open it for you, for I know better where it is than you do?* This having not only said but done, he immediately leap into Bed, and left *Rancour* to piss out at the Window, which he did as copiously as when he bedew'd the Merchant of lower *Maine*, while he lay with him in an Inn at *Mans*, as you may find he did in the Sixth Chapter of the First part of this *Romance*. He afterwards went directly to his Bed, without shutting the Window. The Pedler cry'd out to him that he ought not to have left it open, and he cried out to the Pedler that he might shut it if he pleas'd, for as for his part he should not trouble his Head about it any more, having scarce been able to find the way to his Bed when it was shut. The Pedler fearing *Rancour* had a mind to make a Squabble of it, rose without any more ado and shut the Window, and afterwards grop'd his way out to Bed again. All this while the Host and Hostess were bawling like Mad at their Maid to light the Candle, which she was endeavouring to do, but as the Proverb has it, *The more Haste the less Speed*, this sorry Wench had been above an Hour blowing the small-coal before she could raise a spark of Fire. This caus'd her Master and Mistress

to curse her at no common rate, and the *Receivers* began to be more and more enraged to find they could not get a Candle, when they had called for one so often. At length it was lighted, and the Host, Hostess, and Servant went together into the *Receivers* Room; where finding no body, they told them they had done ill to alarm all the Family for no reason. But they on the contrary maintained they had both seen and heard a Man in their Chamber, and more than that, had talk'd with him. The Host hearing this, went immediately into the *Strollers* Chamber, and demanded of them and the Pedlers, whether any of them had been in their Neighbours Room? They all answer'd, *No, none of us has been out of Bed except that Monsieur yonder; meaning Rancour, who was forc'd to rise to piss out at the Window, your Maid not having set him a Chamber-pot.* Hereat the Host presently fell upon the Servant for her neglect, and afterwards went to the *Receivers* again, telling them they must needs have dreamt that some body was in their Room, since not a Soul had been stirring that way as he could hear of. After this he left them, wishing them to go to sleep again, it not being yet Day. As soon as it was well light *Rancour* got up, and demanding the Key of the Stable, went to hide the purchase he had got in the Waggon.

C H A P. V.

What happen'd to the Strollers between Vivain and Alençon, together with another of Ragotin's Misfortunes.

ALL the Heroes and Heroines of our Strolling Company got out betimes. They took the high Road to *Alençon*. and in a little while arriv'd safe at *Bourg le Roy*, the King's Town, called by the Vulgar *Bouleroy*. Here they Dined, and staid some time, during which, they debated whether they should go by *Arsonnay*, a Village about a League from *Alençon*, or whether they should take to the other side to avoid *Barree*, a Road where in the hottest Summer there is Dirt, and wherein the Horses often plunge up to their Bellies. Being not able to conclude the matter amongst themselves, they consulted the Wag-

Waggoner, who told them his Horses would carry them thro the worst of Quagmires, they being the very best for Draft of any in *Mans*. Also that they had not above half a Mile of bad way, whereas if they went by the Common of St. *Pater*, they would find the Roads dirtier, and to longer continue so. He remember'd them likewise, that the Horses and Waggon only would go in the Dirt, and that the Foot People might step over into the Fields and walk there secure. At length they pitch'd upon the former Road, and Madam *Star* desired the Waggoner to let her know when they came to the Dirt, because she chose rather to go on Foot in good way, than to ride on Horse-back thro a Bog. Of the same mind were *Angelica* and Mrs. *Cave*, who had some apprehensions that the Waggon might overturn. When they were just about entering this bad way, *Angelica* slip'd off from *Ragotin's* Horse's Crupper, *Destiny* set down Madam *Star*, and some others of the Company handed Mrs. *Cave* out of the Waggon. Hereupon *Roquebrune* whipp'd up upon *Star's* Horse, and followed *Ragotin*, who went just after the Waggon. When they were got into the very worst of all the Road, and where there was only room for the Waggon to pass safe, they met about twenty Carriers Horses, driven by five or six Country Fellows, who bawl'd out like mad to the Waggoner to stop; but which he little regarding, requiring the same thing of them in a much higher Tone, and alledging that he could turn on neither side without inevitable plunging in the Bog. The Carriers thinking to get the better by their expedition, trotted briskly up to him, and gap'd out so loud that the Waggoner's Horses took fright and broke their Traces, throwing themselves at the same time into the Bog, whilst the Waggoner endeavouring to keep his Waggon from following them, weigh'd one of the Wheels too much on the other side, which finding no firm Ground to support it, overthrew the whole Machine in the Mud. *Ragotin* being extremely incens'd against the Carriers, for having been the occasion of this Accident, thunder'd out *Anathemas* against them like one possess'd, and thinking to come at them on the right side, where he saw the way open, rid furiously against them with his Carabine Cock'd; but he had no sooner enter'd the Mud than he stuck so fast, that he was fain not only to disengage his Legs from out of his Stirrups, but likewise to quit his Saddle, and leap off into the Bog, where he presently sunk so deep that he was up to his Armpits, and had been quickly to his Chin if he had not extended his Arms. This unexpected Accident caused all the Passengers that travelled in the Fields to stop

and lend their assistance. Poet *Roquebrune* likewise, who had hitherto out-brav'd all the Assaults of Fortune, was now glad to retire to a dry place. The Carriers perceiving so many Men for their Enemies, all arm'd with Fuses, thought it but prudence to retire as fast as they could, and take to another Road. In the mean time it was judg'd highly necessary to remedy the disorder that had happen'd as soon as possible, and therefore they propos'd to begin with Monsieur *Ragotin* and his Horse, who were both in no small danger of being suffocated. *Olive* and *Rancour*, were the two first that ventur'd to assist them; but the nearer they approach'd the deeper they sunk into the Mud, insomuch that having try'd several places, and found them all alike, *Rancour*, who had always an Expedient at Hand in Cases of Necessity, propos'd without laughing to draw *Ragotin* out of the danger wherein he was, by one of the Cart-ropes, one end to be fasten'd on his Neck and the other to the Horses, who were then got out into the dry Road. This Proposition made all the Company to laugh, except *Ragotin*, who was not a little affraid of its being executed upon him, nevertheless, at last the Waggoner, who had run a great hazard in getting out the Horses, did the like for him; for seizing him fast by the Collar, he at several pulls drew him out of his hole, and drag'd him into the Fields where his Company were waiting for him, who could not forbear laughing to see him in that pickle. This done, the Waggoner returned to bring out the Horse, who beginning to exert himself, by the help of a little whipping, flounc'd about in the Mud, and at length got quite out. Last of all *Olive*, *Rancour*, and the Waggoner, being all over bemir'd with Dirt, joined to get out the Waggon, which they soon performed by their united Endeavours, and loaded it once more with the Baggage. The Horses were put again into their Traces, and *Ragotin* remounted his Courser, tho that with some difficulty, his Girts being all broken. *Angelica* would by no means get up behind him again, for fear of spoiling her Cloaths. Mrs. *Cave* and Madam *Star* chose to walk on Foot likewise, all whom *Destiny* accompanied to the Sign of the *Green Oaks*, which was the only Inn to be met with between *Mans* and the Suburbs of *Monfort*. Here they staid, not caring to enter the Town in the Condition they were in. After those that had took the most pains had drank to refresh themselves, they spent the rest of the Day in drying their Cloaths, having taken fresh to put on out of their Trunks, which variety had been presented them by the Gentry of *Mans*. The Actresses supp'd but lightly, having lost their Stomachs thro the great Fatigue they

they had undergone in Walking, and which inclined them to go early to Bed. The Actors not only Eat but Drank heartily before they would go to Bed. They were in about their first sleep, being near Eleven at Night, when a company of Men came and knock'd at the Gate of the Inn, enquiring for Beds. The Host answer'd his Lodgings were full, and besides, that it was an unseasonable time o' Night for them to require any. Notwithstanding this Answer they knock'd the more, and threaten'd to break down the Gate in case it were not speedily open'd to them. *Destiny*, who had always carried *Saldagne* in his Mind, thought that this must needs be he, who was come to carry *Star* away by force; but having look'd out of the Window, perceiv'd by the help of the Moon, which then shone very bright, a Man among them with his Hands tied behind him; which having whisper'd to his Companions who were all ready prepar'd to receive *Saldagne*, *Ragotin* cry'd out it was Mounfieur *la Rappiniere*, who had got some Highway Man in his Custody, for that he was in quest of one. They afterwards were confirm'd in this Opinion, when they heard them from without command the Host in the King's Name to open the Gates. *But why the Devil*, quoth *Rancour*, *could they not have carried their Prisoner to Mans, or to the Viscounty of Beaumont, or at worst, Why could they not go to Fresnay? At all which places there are Prisons, whereas there is none here. There must*, proceeded he, *be some Mystery in this.* The Host thought himself however oblig'd to open to *la Rappiniere*, who entred with Ten Archers and a Prisoner bound after the manner I have told you. This Prisoner was in a merry Humour, and could not forbear laughing, especially as often as he look'd upon *la Rappiniere*, which he often did stedfastly, and which was the reason he was not carried to *Mans*. Now you must know *la Rappiniere* having had notice there were several Robberies committed, and Houses broken open and pillag'd thereabouts, had set himself diligently about looking after the Rogues. As it happen'd, whilst he and his Archers were hunting for them near the Forest of *Persaine*, they saw a Man come out of the Wood, who perceiving a company of Horse-men, return'd with haste in again, which caus'd *la Rappiniere* to believe he must needs be one of those he look'd after. Having caught him, they were extremely surpris'd that he answer'd only confus'dly, and yet at the same time laugh'd in *la Rappiniere's* Face, who the more he look'd upon him the more he fancied he had seen him somewhere, but could not remember where. The reason of his not being able to recollect himself was, that at the time of their Acquaintance short

Hair and long Beards were worn, but this Man had long Hair and no Beard, and moreover wore different Cloaths from what he did when they were acquainted. All this entirely disguiz'd him from *la Rappiniere's* Knowledge. *La Rappiniere* when he went to Bed, which he did after he had well supp'd, committed him to the Custody of two of the Archers, who tied him to an old fashion'd Bench in the Kitchen, and so went to sleep in their Chairs, leaving him to do the like if he pleased on the Pavement. Next Morning *Destiny* was up first in the House, who going into the Kitchen, saw the Archers asleep in their Chairs, and a Man with his Hands ty'd behind him, fasten'd to a Bench, and lying along awake upon the Stones; who making a sign to him, to come near him, he was not a little surpriz'd, when the Prisoner ask'd him if he did not remember he was once robb'd on the Point-neuf at Paris, and that he had lost among other things a small Picture in a Box? I was then, continued he, with the *Sieur la Rappiniere*, who being at that time our Captain, forced me to attack you. You know all that passed besides. I have learn'd, proceeded he, that you have been inform'd of all by *Doguin*, on his Death-bed, and I have likewise understood that *la Rappiniere* has restor'd you your Box, nevertheless, you have now a fair opportunity to revenge your self on him. As for my part, added he, should they carry me to Mans, as I do not know but they may, I should be surely hang'd there; but then, concluded he, it is also in yours and my Power to make him dance the same Dance. It is but joining your Evidence with mine, and you may guess how a Fury of Mans would deal with him. *Destiny* having heard this left the Prisoner, and waited for *la Rappiniere's* rising. Being come down he met him in an Entry, when taking him aside, he acquainted him with all that the Highway-Man had told him, adding withal, that he might well see he was not revengeful, since he declined taking advantage of what he had heard, and instead thereof, advis'd him to be gone, and leave the Criminal to shift for himself. *La Rappiniere* would have staid till the Actresses were stirring, had not *Destiny* frankly told him that *Madam Star* could not behold him without the most just Indignation imaginable. He insinuated to him moreover, that if the *Under-Bailly* of *Alençon* should come any ways to hear of his Crime, he would certainly send quickly to seize him. This he himself was likewise inclinable to believe, and therefore having first unloos'd the Prisoner, and set him at Liberty, he mounted on Horseback, together with his Archers, pretending to them he had been mistaken in the Man, and went his way without pay-
ing

ing his Reckoning, according to custom, and likewise without returning *Destiny* thanks; but which last Omission was wholly to be attributed to the Disorder and Confusion he was in. After he was gone, *Destiny* called up *Roquebrune*, *Olive* and the *Decorator*, and they went together into the Town, to the great Tennis-Court, where they found six Gentlemen playing a *Partie*. They presently went to enquire for the Master of the Court, when those that were in the Gallery, knowing they were Players, acquainted the six Gentlemen therewith, and that there was amongst them one of a better Mien then ordinary. The Gentlemen after a little while finish'd their *partie*, and went up Stairs to be rubb'd and dry'd, whilst *Destiny* came into the Court, and discoursed the Master. At length the Gentlemen came down again half drest and saluted *Destiny*, asking him several Questions concerning his Company, particularly how many they were? Whether there was any good Actors among them? If they had good Cloaths? And whether their Women were handsom? All which Questions *Destiny* answer'd to their Satisfaction, in return for which Civility, they offer'd him all the Service they were capable of doing him; and having desir'd the Master to help them on with the rest of their Cloaths, told *Destiny* they would gladly drink with him, if he would but have patience till they were quite drest. *Destiny* accepted their proffer, being glad to get as many Friends as he could to assist him, in case *Saldagne* should pursue him, which he was yet under an apprehension of. In the mean time the Hire of the Tennis-Court was agreed on, and the *Decorator* was dispatch'd to the Joiner, to give him orders to fit up a Play-House according to his Model. The Gentlemen being at length drest, *Destiny* address'd himself to them with so graceful a Mien, and so much good Sence, that they soon conceived a more than ordinary kindness for him. They demanded of him where his Company lay, and having understood that it was at the *Green Oaks* in the Suburbs, they propos'd to go and drink a Glass, and eat a bit with him and his Friends where he pleas'd. A place was nam'd, and they met all except the Women, where they Breakfasted heartily. You may imagine their discourse was chiefly about Acting and Plays. They afterwards went together to the Womens Lodgings, whom they found just sitting down to Dinner, which was the reason the Gentlemen staid but little with them; but nevertheless long enough to offer them all the Service and Protection imaginable, which was much in their Power to perform being the very top Gentry of that Town. After Dinner their *Strolling*

Baggage was carried to the *Golden Cup*, being the Lodging *Destiny* had taken for them, and after a little while their Theatre being ready, they began to Act, in which Exercise we will leave them to shew they were no Novices, and return to see what became of *Saldagne* after his fall.

CH A P. VI.

Saldagne's Death.

YOU have seen in the Twelfth Chapter of the Second Part of this true History how *Saldagne* kept his Bed in the Baron *d' Arques* House in *Verville's* Appartment, on account of a fall he had had, as likewise, how his Servants had got so unmercifully drunk in a Country Inn, not above two Leagues off from the said House, that *Verville's* Man had no small trouble to make them comprehend that the Lady they had in charge was escap'd, and that the Man his Master had sent along with them had followed her on another Horse. After they had a little rubbed their Eyes, yawn'd three or four times a piece, and stretch'd out their Arms as often to adjust their Chine-bones, they put themselves into a posture of pursuit. *Verville's* Man nevertheless led them a quite contrary way to what the Lovers had taken, and that by his Master's Orders, so that having wandred about for two or three Days in a fruitless Search, they at last return'd to their Master *Saldagne*, who was not yet either out of his Bed or cured of his Fall, they related to him how the Lady had got from them, but that the Person whom Monsieur *Verville* had procur'd them was gone in quest of her. *Saldagne* was like to run mad at the first hearing this News, and soon gave his Servants to understand, that it was well for them he was confin'd to his Bed, for had he been able to stand, or to lift but one Leg from off the Sheets, he would have made them sensible by innumerable Kicks and Bastinado's, that their intolerable Negligence was not to be excused by bare Words. He flew into that violent Passion, and thunder'd out so many Curses against them, that he quite baffled the Surgeon's Art, and brought the Fever again so upon him, that when he came at Night to dress him, he apprehended a Gangreen in his Thigh,

Thigh, from the great Inflammation his Disorder had occasion'd there. He also observ'd a kind of livid Colour on the part, which being a farther bad Sympton, caused him to go immediately and find out *Verville*, to whom he related the whole unfortunate Accident. *Verville* seem'd much astonish'd at the relation, and wonder'd how the occasion of such an Accident could happen, which he nevertheless knew well enough, having been inform'd of all before by his Servant. He notwithstanding pretended a great deal of Ignorance, and went immediately to visit *Saldagne*; till having enquir'd the cause of his Alteration, and hearing it from his own Mouth, he at length redoubled his Grief by confessing to him that he had been the Contriver of what had befallen him, and that rather to have done him a Service than Diskindness, which had never been in his Thoughts. For said he to him, *You may remember no body would entertain this Woman when you ran away with her; and I declare to you, that tho I did suffer your Wife, my Sister, to lodge her within my Father's House, yet was it only with design to procure an opportunity to restore her to her Brother and Friends. Tell me, I beseech you,* proceeded he, *what do ye think would have become of you, if Information had been given in against you, and you had been taken up for a Rape? Could you have procured your Pardon, think you; and don't you yet know that the King never passes by Crimes of that nature? You fancied perhaps,* added he, *that the meanness of her known Birth, and the baseness of her Profession would in a great measure have got you excused; but do not flatter you self in that, for I would have you to know, that she is the Daughter both of a Gentleman and Gentlewoman, and therefore your hopes would have fail'd you there. Besides,* continued he, *tho all the efforts of Justice should not have been able to hurt you, yet remember she has a Brother who would surely have been reveng'd on you for debauching his Sister. He is a Man of Courage, you know, and you have experienc'd it in divers Rencontres; therefore one would think that single Consideration should encline you rather to value than persecute him as you have long done. 'Tis high time now to cease that vain Pursuit, or you may quickly come to repent of not having done it. This Discourse that one would have thought might have both inclin'd *Saldagne* to have reflected and repented, served rather to encrease his Resentments, and made him entertain strange resolutions; which tho he dissembled for the present to *Vervills*, yet he endeavour'd afterwards to put in practice. He made what Haste he could to get cur'd, and as soon as he found himself in a Condition to mount a Horse, took leave of *Verville*, and at the same time posted away towards *Mans*, thinking*

to have found the Company of *Strollers* there; but being inform'd they were gone thence to *Alençon*, he forthwith resolv'd to follow them thither. Passing by *Vivain* he baited his Men, and three Cut-throats he carried along with him, at the Cock, where the *Strollers* had lodg'd. He was no sooner come into the Yard but he heard a great noise. Upon enquiry into the Matter it appear'd to be the Pedlers, who being going to a Fair at *Beaumont* had on the Road discovered the Theft committed on them by *Rancour*, and were therefore return'd to complain of their Hostess, requiring satisfaction; but who told them she thought her self not oblig'd to make it them, by reason they did not entrust her with their Packs, but had had them carried into their Chamber. *That's true*, quoth the Pedlers, *but why the Devil did you put us to lodge in the same Room with those Fugglers, those Mountebanks, for no doubt it was some of them that robbed us?* 'Well, reply'd the Hostess, but did ye find any of your 'Packs slit or torn, or the Cords unloos'd? *Neither of all three*, answer'd the Pedlers, *and that is it which most surprizes us, for we found the Cords ty'd after the same manner we had left them.* 'How then would you have me to repair your loss, quoth the Hostess? get you about your business for a Company 'of Impudent Rogues. The Pedlers were just going to reply, when *Saldagne* swore that if they did not not cease their bawling he would beat them most unmercifully. The poor Pedlers seeing so many lusty Fellows all disguis'd, thought it but prudence to hold their Peace, however waited for an opportunity when they were gone to renew their dispute with the Hostess. After *Saldagne* and his Men and Horses had refresh'd themselves a little, they set forward for *Alençon*, where they arriv'd very late. *Saldagne* for his part could not sleep a wink all Night, and that for thinking on the manner of revenging himself on *Destiny* for taking his Booty from him; and as his Inclinations had been always brutal, so were the Resolutions he came to. Next Day he resolv'd to go to the Play, which was *Pompey the Great* of *Corneille*, and sent one of his Companions before to take places for four. As for himself he came muffled up in his Cloak to avoid discovery, but the rest were in *Querpo*, being not known. All the time the Play was Acting he was as much tormented as the Audience was pleas'd, for all admir'd at the admirable Action of *Madam Star*, who represented *Cleopatra*. When the Play was ended, *Saldagne* and his Friends staid behind all the Company, being resolv'd to attack *Destiny* before they went away. But how luckily were they prevented,

for

for this Company of *Strollers* had gain'd so far both upon the *Nobles* and all the best Citizens of *Alençon* of either Sex, that they never came to the Theatre, or return'd thence, without a great number to attend them. The same Night a young Widow-Lady, by name *Ville-Fleur*, invited the Actresses to Supper in *Saldagne's* hearing, which they out of Modesty declin'd accepting; but being pressed thereto with a great deal of obliging Compulsion, they at length consented, and promised to come. After this they retir'd, but accompanied, as were the Men, with a great number of Persons of the best Note. Among the rest were those Gentlemen that *Destiny* found at the Tennis-Court when he first came to hire it. This second defeat almost made *Saldagne* despair, till at length he resolv'd on one of the most villainous Actions that could be thought on by Man; and that was to carry off *Star* as she came out of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* House, and to stab all those that oppos'd him, under covert of the Night. The three Actresses went to wait on the Lady pursuant to their Promise, and great numbers of Gallants came likewise to wait on them. Now *Saldagne* imagin'd it as easy to carry off *Star* at this Juncture as he had found it before, when she was conducting on Horseback by *Destiny's* Man. He took therefore one of the strongest Horses he had, and putting him into the Hands of one of his Men, plac'd him at one of the Doors of Madam *Ville-Fleur's* House, which open'd into a narrow Street near the Palace, believing that upon some slight pretence or other he might get her out of the House, and then he would mount her on Horseback, and carry her whither he pleased. Whilst he was thus feeding his Fancy with vain Chimera's and imagining his Booty already in his Possession, an *Ecclesiastick* who lov'd good Company, and had scrap'd some small Acquaintance with our *Strollers*, happen'd to be going that Night to Officiate his *Vespers* at Madam *Ville-Fleur's*, and who perceiving a Lackey, whose Livery he did not know, to stand at her Door, began to enquire of him, *Who he was, what he did there, and whether his Master was in the House?* To all these Questions the Fellow answer'd so confusedly that the Priest had just reason to believe him a Rogue. He went therefore up into the Room, where all the Company was, and gave them an account of what he had observ'd; telling them moreover, that he feared there was an Ambuscade laid for some body or other, for that he had heard several People walking about in the darker part of the narrow Street. *Destiny* had taken notice that one of the Audience had hid his Face in his Cloak, and having his Enemy *Saldagne* always in his Thoughts, did not doubt but
it

it was he; nevertheless he concealed his Imaginations, and thought it sufficient for the present only to guard the Women to Madam *Ville-Fluer's* House, were they were to sit up all Night, with as much Company as they could get; but when he came to understand from the *Ecclesiastick*, what I have before told you, he immediately concluded that *Saldagne* was once more contriving to carry off his dear *Star*. This caus'd him and his Company to enter into an immediate Consultation what they had best to do. At last they agreed they would wait the event, and if no body appear'd among them before they broke up, they would go away with as much caution as they could. When they had just determin'd what to do, an unknown Person enter'd the Room, and enquir'd for Madam *Star*. Upon her coming, he inform'd her that a Lady of her Acquaintance desir'd to speak with her in the Street, and beg'd she would only come down for a Moment. Every body then presently knew that this was the Method *Saldagne* had propos'd to himself to procure the possession of his Mistress by, and therefore immediately got themselves into a posture to receive him. It was not thought fit that any of the Actresses should be suffer'd to go down, and therefore they borrow'd one of Madam *Ville-Fluer's* Chamber-Maids for that purpose. She was no sooner got into the Street but *Saldagne* seiz'd her, and offer'd to mount her upon his Horse; but he was not a little surpriz'd when he perceiv'd himself surrounded on all sides with arm'd Men, whereof some had come by the great Door round the Market-place, and others by the lesser Door. Hereupon *Saldagne*, who had always had no more Consideration than his Horse, and scarce so much, let fly a Pistol among them, and slightly wounded one of the Actors before he well knew whether they were come as Friends or Enemies. This rash attempt had half a dozen Shot immediately return'd, whereof one enter'd his Head, and two others his Body. His Companions who were out upon the Scout hearing a noise of several discharges, instead of coming up to assist their Friend, fled incontinently, as such rascally Bullies commonly do where they find any resistance. A Light was forthwith called for, to view the wounded Man who was fallen on the Ground; but nobody knew him except the *Strollers*, who assured the Company it was *Saldagne*. He was thought to be dead, tho he really was not, and which occasion'd the By-standers to lend his Lackey their assistance to throw him athwart his Horse. Being carried after this manner to his Lodging, when he came there his Host presently discover'd some signs of Life in him, and

and consequently did all that lay in his power to recover him, which notwithstanding prov'd ineffectual, for he died the next Day. Being dead his Corps, was carried into his own Country, where he was received with feigned Sorrow by his Sisters and their Husbands, both lamenting outwardly their loss, tho inwardly they were not a little glad of his Death; and I dare be bold to say, that Madam St. Far his Wife, wished him no better Fate. In the mean time Justice was fain to bestir her Stumps a little in the quest of the Murtherers, but no body being found, nor any body making a complaint; besides, the Persons that could be most suspected being of the best Gentry of the Town, the Prosecution was let fall. The Actresses were conducted to their Lodgings, where they learnt the next Day that *Saldagne* was dead, which caused them to rejoice exceedingly, being thereby out of danger of any future Disturbance, meeting every where with Friends, except in him and his Adherents.

C H A P. VII.

The sequel of Mrs. Cave's History.

THE Day after *Saldagne's* Death *Destiny* and *Olive* went to return their hearty Thanks to the *Ecclesiastick*, at that time Prior of *St. Lewis*, for having deliver'd them from a Plague they could never otherwise have hop'd to have got rid of. This *Priory* was a Title rather Honorary than Beneficial, belonging to a little Church situate in an Island made by the River *Sartha*, and between the two Bridges of *Alençon*. You must not wonder if both the Actors and Actresses of this Company receiv'd Benefit from a Priest, since you might have perceiv'd throughout the whole Comical Adventures of this famous History, how many Services and good Offices have been done them by *Curates*. This *Prior*, who before had had but a slender Acquaintance with our *Scrollers*, by this signal token of Kindness had contracted so great a Friendship with them, that they interchangeably visited and eat together almost every Day. Now one Day, while Monsieur the *Prior* was in the *Scrollers* Chamber, which by the by, you must take notice was on a *Friday*, when they did not Act,

Destiny

Destiny and *Madam Star* entreated *Mrs. Cave* to proceed with the account of her Life. She for her part was at first a little loth to comply with their request, till at length being prevail'd upon, and having cough'd three or four times, spit as often, and as some will have it, gravely wip'd her Mouth with her Handkerchief, she just began to get her self into a readiness to speak, when the *Prior* was offering to be gone, believing it seems, that she might have something to deliver which she would not have every body know. He was notwithstanding stop'd by all the Company, and unanimously desired to stay, they assuring him they would be exceeding glad to have him take part of their Adventures. And I dare say, quoth *Star* to him, being a Woman of a ready Wit, you your self have had a share of some in your time, for you don't by any means seem to me to be a Person that has always worn a Cassock. These Words confounded the *Prior* a little at first, but who afterwards coming to himself, frankly own'd he had had Adventures in his time, which possibly might not prove unacceptable in a *Romance*, in the room of many fabulous Stories it is commonly stuffed with. To which *Star* briskly reply'd, that she was very well satisfied they would be entertaining, and therefore immediately engag'd him in the Relating of some of them the first opportunity they should have. Her request he promised to gratify, and then *Mrs. Cave* proceeded with her Account after the following manner. 'The Dog that frighted us prevented what I was then going to say, and what ye shall now hear. The proposal 'the Baron of *Sigognac* caus'd to be made to my Mother, by 'the good Curate, afflicted her no less than it pleased me, 'as I have already told you; but what yet encreased her 'Affliction was, that she could not propose a way to herself 'how she might get out of his House. To do it alone she 'thought would be to little purpose, since she could not think 'to get far before he would certainly send and overtake her, 'and perhaps abuse her to boot. Moreover we thereby ran 'a risque of losing our Baggage, which was the only thing 'we had left to subsist on. At length Fortune offered us 'an opportunity to escape the most plausible that could be, 'which was this; This Baron who had always hitherto 'been of a morose inflexible Temper, was now all of a sudden 'chang'd from his insensible Brutality to the softest of Passions, *Love*, and that to so great an excess, that he became 'even sick with the violence of it, nay more, sick to 'Death. At the beginning of his illness my Mother would 'needs be frequently offering her Service, but she no sooner

'came near his Bed than he always began to rave. This
'my Mother perceiving, and being a Woman of no common
'contrivance, she immediately apply'd herself to his Servants,
'telling them that she observ'd her Daughter and she were
'rather an hindrance to their Lord's recovery than a help,
'and therefore desir'd of them to procure us Horses for our
'selves, and a Waggon for our Baggage, and she would be
'gone. This the Servants would by no means hearken to,
'till at length the Curate coming, and having understood
'the Baron was raving, resolv'd forthwith to deliver him from
'the occasion thereof, and immediately setting about it
'soon provided us with all those necessaries we requir'd.
'Next Morning we loaded the Cart with our Equipage, and
'after having taken leave of the Servants, but especially of
'the obliging Curate, we set forth and arriv'd at Night at
'a little Town of *Perigord*, whose name I have forgot, but
'which I nevertheless remember to be the same place from
'whence a Surgeon had been fetch'd to my Mother, when she
'was wounded by the Baron of *Sigognac*'s Servants, who took
'us for Gypsies. We alighted and went to an Inn, where we
'were immediately discover'd for what we were; for the
'Chamber-Maid no sooner saw us but she cry'd out aloud
'to her Companions, *Courage my Hearts! we shall quickly have,*
a Play acted here, since the rest of the Company are arriv'd.
'This gave us to understand there were some *Strollers* already
'in the Town, which we were heartily glad of, being in hopes
'that we might have the good Fortune to join with them,
'and so get our Livelihoods; wherein, as it happen'd, we
'were not deceiv'd, for the Morning following, after we had
'just discharg'd our Waggon and Horses, two Actors who
'had heard of our arrival came to see us, who acquainted
'us that one of their Companions with his Wife having
'quitted their Company, we if we pleas'd might have their
'places; which if we would but condescend to accept he
'promised himself to perform wonders. My Mother who
'was always very obliging accepted their proffer, and it
'was agreed she should have the chief Parts, another
'Woman that was among them the second, and I such as
'they should allot me, or think me capable of, for I was
'but then thirteen or fourteen Years of Age at farthest.
'We continu'd acting here about fifteen Days, this Town
'being not sufficient to maintain us any longer. My Mo-
'ther press'd heartily to be gone, having a dread upon
'her that as soon as the Baron was recover'd he might make
'search after us, and give us some Affront. We consequent-
'ly

ly set out and rid near 40 Leagues before we pitch'd upon any place where to Act. The Master of the Company, whose name was *Belle-fleur*, talk'd of Marriage to my Mother, but which she absolutely refused, conjuring him at the same time not trouble himself with making love to her, since she began to be somewhat old, and moreover had enter'd into a Vow never to marry again. *Belle-fleur* hearing my Mother's Resolution, troubled her no more with his Addresses. We rubb'd on three or four Years with success. At length I began to grow up, and my Mother became so crazy that she could not well Act her Parts, wherefore the Company having a tolerable Opinion of my Performance, I was substituted in her place. *Belle-fleur* who found he could not have my Mother, demanded me of her for his Wife; but which favour she again deny'd him, having a mind to take the first opportunity to retire to *Marseilles*. But falling afterwards sick at *Troyes* in *Champagne*, and fearing to leave me behind her unmarried in case she should die, she communicated to me *Belle-fleur*'s request. Present necessity oblig'd me to accept the proffer, tho he was old enough to be my Father, yet considering he was a very Honest Man, I was the easier induc'd to consent to marry him. My Mother then had the satisfaction to see me married before she died, which happened in a few Days after. I was concern'd as much as a good Daughter ought to be, which nevertheless wore away in a little time. I began then to apply my self altogether to my Business again, and in a short time became with Child. The Day of my lying down being come, I brought into the World this Daughter *Angelica* you see here, who has cost me so many Tears, and is like to cost a great many more if I continue much longer in this World. As she was going to proceed, *Destiny* interrupted her, telling her she might promise herself a great deal of Satisfaction for the future instead of Disquiet, since so rich a Gentleman as *Leander* had desir'd her Daughter for his Wife. Whilst Mrs. *Cave* was about to finish her Relation, *Leander* enter'd the Room and saluted all the Company: He was all dress'd in black, and attended by three Footmen in Black likewise, which presently gave every body reason to conceive that his Father was dead in earnest. The *Prior* left the Company and went his way; and 'tis here I conclude this Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

The end of Mrs. Cave's History.

AFTER *Leander* had finished his Compliments upon his Arrival, *Destiny* told him, he must desire leave both to condole him for the Loss of his Father, and to congratulate him on account of the great Estate he had left him. *Leander* thank'd him for both, but as for his Father's Death, told him, he had long expected it with Impatience. Nevertheless, added he, *I do not intend to forsake my Profession, which has always been so pleasant to me, however, must desire that my appearing on the Stage may be dispenc'd with, till such time as we are got farther off the place of my Nativity.* This Request was forthwith granted by all. After which, *Madam Star* desir'd to know of *Leander* what Title she must salute him by for the future. His Answer was, That his Father's Title was Baron of *Roche-pierre*, which he had a right to use if he pleas'd, but that having resolv'd to continue among them, he determin'd to be call'd by no other Name than that of *Leander*, being the same under which he had been so happy as to be thought acceptable to his dear *Angelica*. This Name therefore, quoth he, *I am resolv'd to carry along with me to my Grave, as well for the reason just mention'd, as to convince ye all, that I am indispensably dispos'd to perform punctually what I promis'd to the Company at my departure hence.* At these words Embraces were renew'd, many Sighs breath'd forth, some Tears shed, and all in general approv'd the generous Resolution of *Leander*, who approaching *Angelica*, bestow'd a thousand endearing Protestations on her; all which she return'd with so much Wit and good Nature, that he was more and more confirm'd in his Resolution. I would willingly give you the Particulars of their entertaining each other, but that I am not in Love as they were. *Leander* told the Company farther, he had regulated all his Affairs, and put new Tenants into most of his Farms, who having paid Fines amounting in all to near 6000 *Livers*, he had brought the same along with him, to the end that in case the Company wanted Money, he might supply them. He receiv'd abundance of Thanks for this noble Offer. Then *Ragotin*, who had hardly appear'd in the two foregoing Chapters, came forward, and desir'd that since Monsieur *Leander* had been pleas'd to declare he would not act whilst the Players continued in this Country, that he might have his Parts, which

which he promis'd he would perform to all the Advantage imaginable. Whereupon, *Roquebrune*, who had always been his *Opposite*, rose up, and said, That he humbly conceiv'd, *Leander's* Parts belong'd rather to him, than to such a *Whipper-snapper* as he. This Word made all the Company to laugh; after which *Destiny* acquainted the two Candidates, that their several Merits should be considered, and Justice be speedily done them. Then Mrs. *Cave* was desir'd to go on with her History; but first the *Prior* of *St. Lewis* was to be sent for, to the end that having heard hers, he might be the better able to relate his own. Great Attention was given, and she began again thus. 'As I remember I left off at my lying in of *Angelica*. I have already told you the two *Strollers* came to desire us to join with them, but did not tell you, that those two were *Olive* and another who left ye afterwards, in whose Room came our Poet *Roquebrune*. But to come to the greatest of my Misfortunes, I must tell you, that one Day as we were acting the *Menteur*, *Liar*, of Monsieur *Corneille*, in a certain Town of *Flanders*, a Footman that had been keeping a Place for his Lady that was not yet come, left it, and went a drunkening, whereby another Lady got the Place. Soon after, the Lady to whom the Place belong'd came, and finding it taken up, very civilly told the other Lady, that that Place belong'd to her, and therefore desir'd her to let her have it. The other answer'd, that if she had a Place there, she might take it if she pleas'd, but that for her part she would not move an Inch from where she sat. Words thus arose, and from thence they came to Blows. The Ladies cuffed each other heartily, which would have signified little, had not the Men interpos'd; who instead of parting the Fray, increas'd it, taking to either Party, and raising Factions against one another. This was principally caus'd by the Ladies Relations, who both got what Friends they could on their side. Then was there nothing to be heard but squeeking and clashing of Swords, all which we only look'd upon from the Stage, till at length my Husband, who at that time played the part of *Dorante*, seeing so many Swords drawn, and not caring to look on, leapt in among them with his Sword drawn likewise, and endeavour'd to appease the Tumult; when a certain Person from one of the Parties, taking him no doubt for his Enemy, gave him such a home Thrust, as paid him notably for his meddling. This was given unperceiv'd by my Husband; for had he seen it, he would no doubt have parry'd it, being not a little skill'd in fencing. This Thrust nevertheless pierc'd his Heart, whereof he immediately fell dead to the Ground,

which

‘ which occasion’d all the Audience quickly to shift for themselves. I then threw my self off from the Stage into the Pit, and went to assist my wounded Husband, but to my great Grief found him stark dead. *Angelica*, who then might have been about thirteen or fourteen Years of Age, came down immediately to me, together with the rest of the Company, who all join’d with me in my just Complaints, for the Loss of so good a Husband. I buried him the best I could, after that the Coroner had set upon him, who demanded of me if I would have his Warrant to take up the Murtherer. I answer’d, I should be willing to have Justice done upon him, but fear’d I had not wherewithal sufficient to prosecute him, and so declin’d it. We quickly forsook this Town, and went a Strolling on farther, being oblig’d to act for our Maintenance; but our Company was now by no means good, having lost its principal Actor. I was for a long time so grieved at my Husband’s Death, that I could not give my Mind to get up my Parts, but herein *Angelica* always supply’d me from her Memory, when we were on any Scene together. At length we came to a Town in *Holland*, where you know that you, Mr. *Destiny*, your Sister *Star*, and *Rancour*, came to us, and offered to join us if we so pleased, whereof we were not a little glad, being almost quite broke before. The rest of my Adventures have been common to us all, whereof you know as much already as I can pretend to tell you, and that from *Tours*, where our Porter kill’d one of the *Intendant*’s Officers, even to this City of *Alençon*, where we now are. Here Mrs. *Cave* ended her History, shedding a great many Tears; which Madam *Star* did likewise, comforting her all she was able, for the great Misfortunes she had undergone, but withoutal remembred her, she had the less reason to be concern’d now, since she was so near to an Alliance with so worthy a Gentleman as *Leander*. Mrs. *Cave* sobb’d so violently that she could not find time to answer her, neither can I to continue this Chapter any farther, and therefore conclude it.

C H A P. IX.

How Rancour undeceiv'd Ragotin concerning Madam Star ; together with the Arrival of a Coach full of Gentry, and some other comical Adventures of Ragotin's.

THE Play went on prosperously, and one or other was acted every Day, with great Satisfaction to the Audience, which consisted of the better sort, and was generally very numerous, amongst whom nevertheless hapned no Disorders, by reason *Ragotin* was kept behind the Scenes, having no Parts yet given him ; but which he grumbled at, tho' he had been promised some when occasion serv'd. He made his Complaints almost every Day to *Rancour*, whom he put a great Confidence in, tho, by the way, he was one of the very worst of Men. As he plagued him one Day above the rest, *Rancour* said to him, *Monsieur Ragotin, disturb your self no more about this matter, for I must tell you, there is a great deal of Difference between the Bar and the Stage : If a Man have not a more than ordinary Assurance, he will be easily put out on the Stage ; besides, the speaking of Verse requires no common Capacity, and is more difficult to do than you may fancy. You must observe nicely the pointing of Verse, and when you speak it on the Stage, run one Verse into another, that it may seem Prose, and consequently be natural and easie ? You must not sing it out, and stop at the Cesures, or at the end of a Verse, as the Vulgar do, but pronounce it always with a good Grace, and a becoming Action. I would have you therefore, continued he, to wait a little longer, before you come on the Stage, and in the mean time, you may act in some private Masquerade or Farce, to bring your Hand in. You may there play the Part of a second Zani, or Merry-Andrew, and I think we have a Habit within that will be very fit for you, having formerly belong'd to a little Boy call'd Godenot, who had sometimes represented that Person. But, added he, we must first speak to Monsieur Destiny, and Madam Star about it. This they did the same Day, and it was order'd, that next Morning *Ragotin* should represent the said Person. He was instructed by *Rancour* in what he was to say, who as you may have observ'd in the first Part*

of

of this *Romance*, was altogether inclinable to *Farce*. The Plot of what they play'd was an Intrigue which *Rancour* unravelled in favour of *Destiny*. As *Rancour* was preparing to begin, *Ragotin* appeared upon the Stage, to whom the former spoke thus. *Little Boy, my pretty Godenot, quoth he, whether art thou going in such haste?* Then addressing himself to the Company, after having chuck'd him under the Chin and felt for his Beard, *Gentlemen*, said he, *I have always hitherto thought that Ovid's Metamorphosis of Pismires into Pigmies, who had at that time War with the Cranes, was only a Fable, but now I find it to be true; for certainly this is one of that Race, or else the little Man reviv'd, concerning whom, about seven or eight Years since, there was a Song made to this effect.*

The S O N G.

MY Mother would needs have me wed,
 But a Pigmy, alas! is the Man,
 For call him a Husband who can,
 That scarce takes up a Foot of the Bed?
 Yet still this of him may be said,
 That if he be not, he be not a Man,
 He is, he is, he is, he is, he is as much as he can.

At the end of every Verse *Rancour* turn'd and winded *Ragotin* about as if he had been a Poppet, making him to appear in so many ridiculous Postures, as made the Company to laugh heartily. The rest of the Song I have left out as superfluous to our *Romance*.

After *Rancour* had ended his Song, he shew'd *Ragotin* to the Company, telling them he was risen again from the Dead; and to make what he said appear, took off his Masque, and exposed him barefaced, which caused him not only to blush for Shame, but likewise to redden with Anger. He nevertheless was fain to bear it; however to revenge himself, told *Rancour* that he was a downright Blockhead for making his Song with such old fashion'd Rhimes: *But quoth Rancour, I think you are a greater Blockhead for a little Man, since you could not distinguish betwixt an old Song and a new one, this having been made above a hundred Years ago. Also,*

continu'd he, it is with Rhiming as with Language, Custom must regulate all; for since, as Monsieur Rogula has it, who reform'd the French Tongue, we cannot give a reason why we pronounce so and so, no more ought our Ancestors to do why they writ after this manner; and whereas whatever is most ancient is always most valu'd, so ought my Song to be for the same reason. While Ragotin was going to answer, Destiny enter'd, complaining of the long stay his Man Rancour had made, and whom having found in a hot Dispute with Ragotin, he immediately demanded the Cause of their Dispute, but which he could nevertheless never come to know, since they answer'd him both at a time, and so loud that they made him stark mad. His Passion being thus rais'd, he thrust Ragotin against Rancour with great Indignation, and whom Rancour return'd again against him with like Fury, till at last they had tossed him about from one to t'other so long, that he fell down on his Face, and afterwards march'd away on all four under the Curtains. This the Audience all rise up to see, protesting this mute Action was worth all the rest of their Farce, which they could not proceed any farther with, by reason the Actors had quite laugh'd themselves into Confusion. Notwithstanding this Affront, Ragotin still solicited Rancour to bring him in Favour with Madam Star, and the better to encline him to it, often treated him; which was very welcome to Rancour, who did not scruple to feed heartily at the little Man's Cost. But as he was wounded with the same Dart, he had not the Heart to speak either for Ragotin or himself. One Day above the rest Ragotin pressed him so close that he found himself oblig'd to tell him, Monsieur Ragotin, this Star, no doubt, is of the Nature of those in the Firmament, which the Astrologers name wandring, for I have no sooner at any time begun to open your Passion to her, but she twinkles and leaves me without an Answer. Yet how should she answer me, quoth he, if she will not hear me. But I believe I have discovered the occasion of her Indifference, proceeded he, and which no question may surprize you; but a Man that has a mind to be satisfied in any thing must be prepar'd against all Events. This Monsieur Destiny, whom she calls her Brother, I fancy not to be so, for I surpriz'd them the other Day caressing after that manner as such near Relations are not wont to do, and therefore am rather inclinable to believe he is her Gallant, and am more deceiv'd than ordinary, if on the same Day that Leander and Angelica marry, they do not marry likewise. Otherwise I should think her the most indiscreet Woman in the World, added he, to slight your generous Proffer: You that are a
Man

Man of Quality and Merit, without taking notice of your graceful Mien. I tell you this, continued he, *that you may have the more reason to remove her from your Heart, since you will not otherwise fail to torment your self like one of the damn'd.* The little Man, both Poet and Advocate, was so confounded at this Discourse, that he had nothing left to say, but immediately quitted *Rancour*, shaking his Head, and crying after his wonted manner, *Serviteur, Serviteur, &c.* Afterwards *Ragotin* resolv'd with himself to go to *Beaumont le Vicomté*, a little Town about five Leagues distant from *Alençon*, where there was a Market kept every *Monday*. The reason of his going he told the Company was to receive a certain Sum of Money that was owing him in that Town by a Merchant. *But how will you do to go,* quoth *Rancour* to him, *since your Horse has been lately prick'd in shooing, and is lame? he will never be able to carry you so far.* 'It may be not, answer'd *Ragotin*, and therefore I'll hire one that shall, and if I cannot meet with one to my purpose, I can at last walk on Foot, it is not so far. I don't question, added he, but I shall meet with some Company that will go from hence. He sought after, but could not find a Hackney to be let, which induc'd him to enquire of a Pedler that lived next Door to his Lodging, *if he were not disposed to go*, and finding he was, he desir'd the favour of him for a Companion; which the Pedler agreed to, in case he would be going by one a Clock in the Morning, when the Moon would be just up, which he with little difficulty consented to. Now a little before they set out, a poor Nail-smith was gone towards the said Market to dispose of his Nails, which he was accusom'd to make every Week ready for *Mondays* on purpose. This Nail-smith being upon the Road on Foot, with his Wallet upon his Back, and hearing no Noise of Travellers, either before or behind him, thought he had been got out too early; besides, he was a little afraid, when he consider'd he was to pass under several Gibbets where Mens Quarters hung, which oblig'd him to step aside out of the Road, and to go lie down upon a Bank, where he fell asleep. Some little time after *Ragotin* and the Pedler came by, but who said not a Word to each other, the little Man's Thoughts being wholly taken up with Reflections on what *Rancour* had told him. When they came near to the Gibbets, *Ragotin* ask'd the Pedler if he would not count the Persons that were hang'd. The Pedler answer'd, *with all his Heart.* Then they went forwards into the middle of them, and began to count; but at length having met with one that was dropt down, and was very stiff and dry, *Ragotin*, who had always

Thoughts worthy himself, ask'd of his Companion to assist to help him up, and set him against one of the Posts, the which they easily perform'd by help of their Staves. This done, they counted fourteen hang'd, besides this last, and so went on their Journey. They had not gone far, before *Ragotin* had a Maggot come in his Head, to turn about and call to the dead Person to come after him, which he did in these Words; *So ho! you, will you come along with us?* The Nail-smith, who it seems did not sleep very sound, hearing this, rise presently from his Post, thinking some Fellow Travellers had desired his Company, and cried, *With all my Heart, I come, I come*, and immediately began to follow them. The Pedler and *Ragotin*, thinking verily it had been the dead Corps that came towards them, ran away as hard as they could drive; whereat the Nail-smith began to run likewise, crying all the way, *Stay, stay, I come, I come*. As the Nail-smith ran, his Nails he had on his Back made a great Noise, which inclin'd *Ragotin* and the Pedler the more to believe that it was the Corps they had set up against the Gibbet, or else the Ghost of some other Person that drag'd Chains after him; for the Vulgar are of Opinion there's never a Ghost that appears, but he has a Chain fastned to him. This Belief made them to tremble so much that they could not run any farther, so that their Legs not being able to support them longer, they dropt down. This gave the Nail-smith Opportunity to come up with them, whom they at first were miserably affrighted at; but he having bid them good morrow, and telling them they had given him a great deal of Trouble to overtake them, they began to come to themselves, and saw he was no Ghost. They then joined Companies, and continu'd their Journey prosperously to *Beaumont*, where *Ragotin* did what he had to do, and return'd next Morning to *Alençon*; where he found his Friends just risen from Dinner, to whom having related the Story of his Adventure; they laugh'd so heartily, that they were almost ready to burst. The Women for their parts were so extremely tickled, that they haw-hawk'd out so loud, that they were heard cross the way, and which 'tis probable they would have continu'd much longer, had they not been interrupted by the Arrival of a Coach full of Country Gentry. This Coach belonged to one *Monsieur de la Fresnay*, who was about to marry his Daughter, and was come to *Alençon* to entreat the Strollers to come and act a Play at her Wedding. This Lady, who was none of the wisest, desired they would act the *Sylvins* of *Mairet*. This the Actresses were hardly able to forbear

forbear laughing at, telling her that if her Ladyship would have that, she must procure them a Book, for they had not one by them; the Lady answered, she would lend them one; adding withal, that she had all the Pastorals bound up together in one Volume, *viz.* those of Ragan, being the Fair Fisherman, the Love-hater, Plocidon, the Mercer, &c. together with several others whose Titles she had forgot. Such Plays as these, quoth she to them, are proper for you Strollers that are always in the Country, and cannot perhaps go to the Expence of such sumptuous Habits, as the Death of Cinna, Heraclius, Rodogune, and the like, would require. Moreover, the Verse in Pastorals savours not so much of Bombast, as that of hericock Poems. Besides, Pastorals are of a nature more conformable to the Simplicity of our first Parents, who wore nothing but Fig-leaves even after they had sinned. Her Father and Mother were all the while hearkening to their Daughters Discourse with great Attention and Wonder, imagining that the greatest Orators of the Kingdom could not be able to utter any thing beyond it. After this, the Strollers desir'd time to prepare themselves, and had eight Days given them. The Company parted after Dinner, just as the Prior of St. Lewis happen'd to come in. Madam Star told him he had done well to come, having sav'd Olive the Trouble of looking after him. The Actresses seated themselves upon the Bed, and the Actors in Chairs. The Door was shut, and the Porter had Orders to send away every Body that came to speak with them. After Silence proclaim'd, the Prior began his History, as you may find in the following Chapter, if you'll take but the pains to read it.

C H A P. X.

The History of the Prior of St. Lewis, and the Arrival of Monsieur Verville.

THE beginning of this History, quoth the Prior, cannot but be a little tedious, since it consists chiefly of Genealogy. Nevertheless, this sort of beginning is necessary to introduce a perfect Understanding of the matter in Dispute. I shall not endeavour to disguise my Condition, since I am in my own Country. In another it may be I might have pass'd for what I really was not, which

nevertheless I have never yet done. I have always been very sincere in this point. 'I am then a Native of this City, the
 ' Wives of my two great Grand-fathers were Gentlewomen,
 ' and had a *de tactt* to their Sir-names. But as you know,
 ' the eldest Sons going away with the greatest part of the
 ' Estate, leave but little for the younger Children; who according to Custom, are either oblig'd to go into Orders,
 ' or else to marry some inferior Person or other, suitable to
 ' their Conditions, provided she be but rich and honest, pursuant to the Proverb which has been a long time currant
 ' in this Country, *More Money and less Honour.* So that
 ' my two Grandmothers were married to two rich Tradesmen, the one a Woollen-draper, and the other a Linen-draper. My Father's Father had four Sons, whereof my Father was not the eldest. My Mother's Father had two Sons
 ' and two Daughters, whereof she was one, and married to the second Son of the Woollen-draper, who had left off his
 ' Trade to follow Petty-fogging, whereby he fool'd away most of his Estate, which was the Reason he left me but
 ' little. My Father had formerly thriv'd very much by his Trade, and married a very rich Woman for his first
 ' Wife, who died without Children. He was pretty well
 ' advanc'd in Years when he married my Mother, which she consented to rather out of Duty than Inclination, inso-
 ' much that there was more of Aversion on her Side than Love, which no doubt was the reason they were thirteen Years married before they had the least hopes of having any Children.
 ' At last my Mother was big, and when the time of her Lying-in was come, she brought me into the World with a great deal
 ' of Pain, having been four full Days in Labour. My Father, who was at that time employ'd in prosecuting a Man that
 ' had killed his Brother, was over-joy'd, when at his Return the Women gave him Joy of a Son. He treated them all as
 ' well as he could, and made some of them drunk, having given them strong White-wine, on the Lees, instead of Perry; which he has many a time after told me, and whereat
 ' we have laughed heartily. Two Days after my Birth I was baptised. My Name signifies little to be mention'd. I had
 ' for Godfather the Lord of the Place, a very rich Man, and my Father's Neighbour; who having understood by the Lady,
 ' his Wife, that my Mother was with Child, after so many Years Marriage, desired he might hold what God sent her to
 ' the Font. What he desired was readily granted. My Mother having no more Children than me, bred me with all the Care
 ' imaginable, and perhaps a little too nicely for one of her
 ' Qu ality.

Quality. As I came to grow up it was observ'd I would be no Fool, which occasion'd me to be mightily belov'd by every body, especially my Godfather, who had but one only Daughter, that had been married to a Gentleman a Relation of my Mother's. She had two Sons, one elder by a Year than I, and one younger by a Year, but both who were as backward in Parts as I was forward; which occasion'd my Godfather to send for me always when he had any of the better sort of Company, (which you must know he often had, being accustomed to treat all the Princes and great Lords that pass'd by our Town) to divert them, which by dancing, singing and prattling I did. For this purpose I was always kept in a better Garb than ordinary, and had surely made my Fortune had not Death taken him away suddenly as he was on a Journey to *Paris*. I nevertheless was not so sensible then of his Death as I have been since. My Mother sent me to study, and I profited extremely; but when she understood my Inclinations ran towards the Church, she took me from the College and brought me into the World, notwithstanding her Vow to devote her First-fruits to God, if he should please to give her any. She prov'd quite contrary to other Mothers, who do all they can to prevent their Childrens falling into ill Courses, for she was continually feeding me with Money, Sundays and Holidays especially, to go a Gaming, or to the Tavern. Nevertheless having some Discretion of my own, all my Liberties and Abilities amounted only to making merry sometimes with my Neighbours. I had contracted a more than ordinary Friendship with a young Lad, Son to a certain Officer belonging to *Lewis XIII's* Queen *Dowager*, who had likewise two Daughters. He lived in that fine Park, which as you may have heard was one of the greatest Delights of the ancient Dukes of *Alençon*. His House there had been given him by the aforesaid Queen *Dowager*, his Royal Mistress, who had an Appennage upon that Dutchy. We led a pleasant Life in this Park, but that still like Children, never thinking of what was to come. This Officer of the Queen's was called Monsieur *du Fresne*, who had a Brother an Officer likewise, who belong'd to the King. This Brother requir'd *du Fresne* to send his Son to him, which he could by no means refuse to do. Before the Lad went for the Court he came to take leave of me, and I must own the parting with him rais'd the first Grief I ever felt. We lamented our Separation reciprocally; but I had much greater reason two Months after, when I heard from his Mother the News of his Death. I shew'd as much Concern at the Loss of him as I was capable of shewing and
went

' went immediately to join with his Sisters in their Grief for
 ' him, which was exceeding great. But as time lessens all things,
 ' when this sad remembrance was a little over, Madam *du Fresne*
 ' came and desired my Mother that I might teach her younger
 ' Daughter to write, whose Name was Mademoiselle *du Lys*, to
 ' distinguish her from her elder Sister, who bore the Name of the
 ' Family. The reason of her troubling me, she said, was be-
 ' cause her Writing-master had been newly gone, and tho there
 ' were several others in the Town, yet none would teach abroad,
 ' and truly she thought her Daughter's Quality too great to go
 ' to School. She excused her self very much for this Liberty she
 ' had taken, but withal intimated, that this Familiarity might
 ' end in something more important, meaning a Marriage, which
 ' was soon after agreed on privately between my Mother and her.
 ' My Mother had no sooner proposed this Employment but I
 ' readily accepted it, and went immediately after Dinner to
 ' wait on my Scholar, finding a secret Spring within, that
 ' push'd me on more than ordinary, tho I knew not at that
 ' time what it was. I had not been above eight Days in this
 ' Exercise, before the young Lady my Scholar, who was much
 ' handsomer than her Sister, began to be very familiar with me,
 ' calling me in Raillery her little Master. It was then I began
 ' to find something in my Heart I had been but little acquaint-
 ' ed with before, and the young Lady, for ought I could per-
 ' ceive, began likewise to feel the same. We were from that
 ' time inseparable, and were never so well pleased as when we
 ' were left alone together, which hapned not seldom. This
 ' sort of Conversation lasted about six Months, before we pre-
 ' sum'd to discover the Sentiments of our Hearts, which never-
 ' theless our Eyes had spoke sufficiently all the while. One Day
 ' I had a mind to try to make a Copy of Verses in her Praise,
 ' to see how she would receive them; but having never made
 ' an Attempt of that kind, I was afraid I should not succeed
 ' in it. Notwithstanding I immediately set my self about read-
 ' ing the best Romance-writers and Poets I could find, having
 ' rejected those of the *Melesines*, *Robert the Devil*, *Amon's four*
 ' *Sons*, the fair *Maguelonne*, *John of Paris*, &c. which are tri-
 ' fling Compositions, and only fit for Children. At last look-
 ' ing by chance into *Marot's Works*, I met with a Roundelay
 ' very proper for my purpose. This I immediately transcribed
 ' Word for Word, and which is as follows,

A Roundelay.

Your Face and Tongue so pleasing prove,
 That I both gaze and hear;
 And whilst your Charms invite to Love,
 Your Chains am glad to wear:
 But since you make of me a Slave,
 And use me at your Pleasure,
 Why may not I my Mistress have
 To occupy my Leisure?

'I gave her these Verses, which she read with a great deal
 'of Pleasure, as I could perceive by her Countenance. After
 'having read them she thrust them into her Bosom, whence
 'they not long after fell upon the Ground, and were taken up
 'by her elder Sister, contrary to her Knowledge, which however
 'she afterwards came to know, by means of a Lackey. She
 'thereupon ask'd her Sister for them, and perceiving she made
 'some difficulty to let her have them, she flew into a great
 'Passion, and went and complained to her Mother, who forth-
 'with order'd her Sister to give them her, which she presently
 'did. This sort of proceeding gave me a great deal of hopes,
 'while a serious Reflection on my Condition made me as much
 'to despair. Now whilst we thus pleased each other with
 'our Fancies, my Father and Mother being pretty well ad-
 'vanc'd in Years, determin'd to marry me, and one Day
 'made me acquainted with their Intentions. My Mother dis-
 'covered to my Father the Project she had laid with Madam
 'du Fresne, but he being a Man of more Sense than ordinary,
 'absolutely rejected it; saying, that that young Lady's Qua-
 'lity was too great for mine, and besides, she had too little
 'Money to support it, well knowing she would expect to be
 'maintained according to her Condition. But as I was the on-
 'ly Son of my Father, who was tolerably rich, as likewise Heir
 'to an Uncle, who had no Children, by the Custom of *Norman-*
 '*dy*, many Families look'd upon me as worthy their Alliance,
 'and consequently made me to stand Godfather to divers Chil-
 'dren, with several young Ladies of the best Quality in our
 'Neighbourhood, those being the common means to promote
 'Marriage,

Marriage, which nevertheless had no effect upon me, having been before entirely devoted to my dear *du Lys*. I was notwithstanding so continually persecuted by my Parents to marry some other, that to avoid their Importunities, I resolv'd to go to the Wars, altho I was not then above sixteen or seventeen Years of Age. New Levies being made in this City to go to *Denmark*, under Command of the Count of *Montgomery*, I list'd my self privately with three younger Brothers my Neighbours. We set out in pretty good Equipage, and my Father and Mother were so extremely concern'd at my Departure, that the latter was almost like to die with Grief. How *du Lys* bore my so sudden leaving her, I could not tell as then, but which I understood afterwards from her self. We embark'd at *Havre-de-Grace*, and sail'd very succesfully till we came withing sight of the *Sound*; but then arose so furious a Tempest, that the like was scarce ever known before. Our Ships were soon separated, and that which I was in, commanded by the Count himself, was driven very luckily to the Mouth of the *Thames*, where by the help of a Reflux we quickly got up to *London*, the capital City of *England*. There we staid about six Weeks, during which time I had opportunity to survey the Rarities of that superb City, and above all, the shining Court of its King, who was then *Charles I.* of that Name. The Count of *Montgomery* returned afterwards to his Seat *Port-Orson* in *Normandy*, whither I did not care to go, and therefore desir'd of him to permit me to go for *Paris*, which he did. I embark'd then on Board a Vessel bound for *Roan*, where I not long after arriv'd safe, and from thence went partly by Boat, and partly by Land to *Paris*. There I met with a near Kinsman of mine, who was the King's Wax-chandler. I begg'd of him to make use of his Interest to get me into the *Guards*. He promis'd he would, and did it, but was fain to be my Surety, for at that time no body was to be admitted without one. I was receiv'd into *Monsieur de la Rauderie's* Company. My Cousin lent me Money to equip my self, for in my Sea-voyage I had spoiled all my Cloaths. I thus became equal to many Cadets of good Families, who carried Muskets as well as I. About that time the Princess and great Lords of *France* rise against their King, and amongst them *Monsieur* the Duke of *Orleans*; but his Majesty, thro the Policy of the great Cardinal *Richlieu*, broke all their Measures, but that not without taking a Journey first to *Brittany* with a gallant Army. We arrived at *Nantes*, where the first Person made an Example of, was the Count

of Calais, who had his Head struck off there. This rais'd a Terrour in all the others, insomuch that they su'd to his Majesty for Peace, which being granted, the King return'd to Paris. In our way we stopt at Mans, where my Father came to see me, old as he was, having been before acquainted by my Cousin, that I was in the King's Guards. He begg'd of my Captain to discharge me, which he obtain'd with some Difficulty, or rather, for some Consideration. We then return'd to this City, where it was agreed, the only way to keep me at home was to marry me. A Surgeon's Wife that was Neighbour to a Cousin German of mine, hearing this, brought along with her the Under-bailly's Daughter of a Town about three Leagues off, under pretence of Devotion, being Lent-time, but her true reason was to entrap me if possible. Having seen her but once, I was desir'd to do it again at my Cousin's House, which I did, and after about an Hour's Conversation with her, she went her way, when all the Company told me, she was a Mistress for me; to which I bluntly reply'd, I did not like her. My reason was not because she was not rich and handsome, being both in Perfection, but because all the Beauty in the World could have no Power upon me, as long as my dear *du Lys* was in my Thoughts. I had an Uncle, my Mother's Brother, of a severe Temper, who coming one Night to our House, after having rallied me extremely for the Slights I had put upon the Under-bailly's Daughter, told me I must resolve to go and visit her at her own House, in the Easter Holidays, there being those of a much greater Quality than I, who would be proud of such a Match. I answer'd neither one way nor other, but when the Holidays came, I was forc'd to go thither with my said Cousin, the Surgeon's Wife, and a Son of hers. When we came, we were very courteously receiv'd and treated for three Days together. We were also carried to all the said Under-bailly's Farms, at every one of which we were handsomely entertained. We went likewise to a large Village, about a League off this Gentleman's House, to pay a Visit to the Curate of the Place, who was a Brother to this Lady's Mother, and who gave us a very civil Reception. At last we return'd home as we came, that is, as to what concern'd me, as little in Love as before. It was nevertheless resolv'd, that in a Fortnight's time our Marriage should be concluded; which term being expired, I was compell'd to return to the Bailly's House, together with three Cousin Germans,

‘ Germans, two Advocates, and an Attorney of this Jurisdiction; but as good Luck would have it, they could agree upon nothing, wherefore the Business was put off till *May* next. But that Saying is certainly true, *That Man proposes, and God disposes*: For a little before the said Time, my Mother fell sick, and my Father four Days afterwards, both whose Maladies ended in Death, the former dying on *Tuesday*, and the latter on *Thursday* following. Altho’ I was very sick my self, yet I made shift to go visit my aforesaid severe Uncle, who was extremely ill likewise, and who died in less than a Fortnight’s time. Some time after all this, the *Bailly’s* Daughter was propos’d to me a-new, but which I would hear nothing of, having now no Parents to force me. My Heart was altogether in the aforesaid Park, where I frequently walked, but never half so often as I had done in Imagination. One Morning, when I thought nobody had been stirring in the *Sieur du Fresne’s* House, I walk’d leisurely before it, and was not a little surpriz’d, when I saw *du Lys* singing at the Window an old Song, which had for its upholding,

Ah! why is he from me, the Man that I love?

‘ This oblig’d me to draw nearer, and to make her a very low Bow, which I accompanied with this or the like Expression; *I could wish with all my Heart, Madam, you had the Satisfaction you so much desire; and were it in my Power to contribute towards it, I would do it, with as fervent a Passion as ever I have shew’d to approve my self your most humble Servant.* She return’d my Salutation, answering me not a Word, but continuing to sing on, she chang’d the Burthen of her Song to,

Ha! see him before me, the Man that I love.

‘ You may imagine this was not heard by one that was deaf, and having been a little in the Wars, I had Courage enough to reply, tho’ not in Verse, *I should have just Reason to believe you sincere, Madam, if you would but oblige me so far as to open the Door.* At the same time she call’d to the Lackey, spoken of before, and bid him to open the Door to me. I went in, and was receiv’d not only by her, but likewise by her Father, Mother, and elder Sister, with all the Civility and good Will imaginable. Her Mother ask’d me why I was so great a Stranger, and why they had not
‘ seen

'seen me as frequently as they were wont? My Mourning, *she told me*, was no just Excuse, since I must be allow'd to divert my self now as well as before; and in a Word, she gave me to understand that I should always be extremely welcome to her House. My Answer was only to shew the little Merit I had to pretend to, and which I express'd in some few ill-order'd Phrases as I had done before. But at length all concluded with a Breakfast of Milk, which you know in this Country passes for a good Treat. *And which is notwithstanding none of the worst, Sir*, quoth Madam Star, *but pray go on*. 'When I was taking Leave to be gone, the Mother ask'd me if I would not give my self the Trouble to accompany her and her Daughter to see an old Relation of theirs that lived about two Leagues off; I answer'd, she did me Wrong to ask me the Question, when an absolute Command would have been much more obliging to me. The Journey was pitch'd upon for next Day. The time came, and the Mother got up upon a little Mule they had in the House, the elder Sister rid her Father's Horse, and I carried behind me my dear *du Lys*. What Discourse we had upon the Road I'll give you leave to guess, for as for my part I have forgot it. All I am able to tell you is, that *du Lys* and I often stole from the Company, and went to recreate our selves in an adjoining Grove, which had a little River that ran thro' the midst of it, upon whose Banks we had the Pleasure both to hear the warbling of the Birds, and the purling of the Stream, to which we added our mutual Endearments, and many innocent Caresses which passed between us. It was there we enter'd into a Resolution to divert our selves considerably at the approaching *Carnevale*. Some time after this Journey, while I was making Syder in the Suburbs called *la Barre*, and which join to *du Lys's* Father's Park, she came running to me, whereby I presently guessed she had something more than ordinary to say to me. After having chid me a little for finding me in that Condition, she took me aside, and told me that the Gentleman whose Daughter was at Monsieur de *Planche-Planete's* Brother-in-Law's, had brought another Gentleman his Friend to make Love to her, and whereof she thought fit to get an opportunity to come and tell me. *It is not*, added she, *that I distrust my Power of refusing him, but because I had rather you should find out some means to send him packing*. To this I reply'd, 'Go you and make much of him, that he may not be gone before I come, and I'll assure you he shall not be there by to Morrow this time.

'She

She left me extremely well pleased, and I immediately put off my Syder to my Servants Management, and went directly home; where taking a clean Shirt, and another Suit of Clothes, I hasted to find out my Companions; for you must know there were fifteen of us young Fellows, who had each a Mistress, and were all jointly engag'd to cut any Man's Throat that should offer but to interfere with either. I acquainted them with what I have already told you, and all concluded that this Gallant, who was a Gentleman of *Lower-Maine*, must be found out, and be forc'd to return from whence he came. We went then forthwith to his Lodging, where he was at Supper with the other Gentleman his Introducer. We did not stick to tell him downright that he must speedily be gone, and that there was nothing to be got for him in that Country. The Introducer reply'd, that we did not know what they were come about, and that when we did, we would not be so much concern'd at it. Then I stept up, and clapping my Hand to my Sword, said, *If I have her Heart, I have it, and if you do not quit her this Minute, I'll quickly send your Souls a Wool-gathering.* One of them reply'd, that the Contest was not equal, and that if I were alone I durst not have said so much. To which I answer'd, *You are two, and here is a Gentleman and I,* taking one of my Comrades, *that will presently go and dispute the matter with you farther.* The Gentleman accepted the Challenge, and we were all going out when the Master of the House, and a Son of his prevented us, persuading the Gentlemen, that their best way was to be gone, and not to stand disputing with us, whom they were positive they would get nothing by. They took their Advice, and we never heard a Word of them after. Next Morning I went to wait on my dear *du Lys*, telling her all that had passed, wherewith she seem'd very well satisfied, and gave me abundance of Thanks for delivering her from her Lover. The Winter now approaching, the Nights began to be long, and which we passed away at *Questions and Commands*, and such like sorts of Plays, but which being every Night repeated, at length grew tedious, and therefore I determin'd to give a Ball. I conferr'd with *du Lys* about it, and she consented to it; I ask'd her Father's Leave, and he granted it me. The following Sunday we danc'd all Day, and which we continued to do often, till at length there came so many People that *du Lys* desir'd me to give it over, and think on some other Diversion. We then resolv'd to get up a Comedy and act it, which we not long after did accordingly. Here Madam *Star*
interrupted

interrupted the Prior, saying, *Sir, since you are upon Comedy, pray give me leave to ask you, if this History of yours be much longer, for it begins to grow late, and Supper time approaches.* 'Ah! Madam, quoth the Prior, there is twice as much to come yet. Then it was thought necessary to put it off to another opportunity, that the Actors might have time to dress for the Play, and had it not been for that reason, Monsieur *Verville's* arrival would have interrupted it, who got easily into the Chamber, by reason the Porter was asleep. His coming surpriz'd the Company extremely. He very courteously embrac'd them all, and chiefly Monsieur *Destiny*, whom he hugged closely more than once. Afterwards he began to tell them the occasion of his Journey, which you shall have in the following Chapter, altho it be very short.

CHAP. XI.

Resolutions of Destiny's Marrying with Star, and Leander with Angelica.

THE Prior of St. *Lewis* would have been gone but *Destiny* stopt him, telling him that Supper would be ready speedily, and he should keep Monsieur *Verville* Company, whom they had entreated to Sup with them. The Hostess was called up and order'd to get something extraordinary. Clean Linen was laid, good Cheer made, many Healths drank, and a great deal talk'd. After the Cloath was taken away, *Destiny* desir'd to know of *Verville* the occasion of his coming into those Parts. He answer'd it was not on account of his Brother-in-Law *Saldagne's* Death, which his Sisters lamented no more than he, but by reason of a business of importance, he had to negotiate at *Rennes* in *Britany*; so that being that way bound, he could do no less than turn a little out of the Road to visit so good a Friend as him. *Destiny* thank'd him heartily for the Honour he had done him, afterwards inform'd him of all the ill Designs *Saldagne* had had against him; which you may have seen in the VI. Chapter of this

this Third Part, as likewise with the manner of his Death. *Verville* shrug'd up this Shoulders at this Relation, saying, he had deservedly met with what he had so industriously sought after. After Supper *Verville* made Acquaintance with the *Prior*, whom *Destiny* recommended to him for a very worthy Gentleman. Having sat up a little with them, the *Prior* retir'd, when *Verville* took *Destiny* aside and demanded of him what made *Leander* in Mourning, and how he came to have so many Lackeys after him all in Black likewise. He satisfied him quickly in his Demands, and moreover acquainted him that he was return'd with design to marry Madam *Angelica*. And you, quoth *Verville*, When do you design to marry? Methinks it is high time to let the World know who you are, which cannot be done without a Marriage; adding withal, that if his Business had not call'd him suddenly away, he would have stay'd to see both his and *Leander's* Marriage solemniz'd. *Destiny* answer'd it was necessary for him to know Madam *Star's* Mind before he declared himself. Hereupon *Star* was presently called, and the Marriage propos'd to her, whereto she readily answer'd, that she ever would be rul'd by the advice of her Friends. At last it was agreed that when *Verville* had finish'd his Affairs at *Rennes*, he should return by *Alençon*, and then all matters should be concluded. The same was agreed upon between the Company and Mrs. *Cave* concerning her Daughter's Match with *Leander*. Then *Verville* took his leave of the good Company and went to Bed. Next Morning he set forth for *Britany* betimes, and arriv'd not long after at *Rennes*, where he immediately went to wait on Mounseieur *la Garrouffiere*, who, after the accustom'd Compliments, told him there was a company of *Strollers* in that Town, one of which had a great resemblance of Mrs. *Cave*. This caused him to go next Day to the Play, where having seen the Person mention'd to him, he was forthwith inclin'd to believe that he must needs be a Relation of *Cave's*, he was so like her. After the Play was ended he went upon the Stage, and enquir'd of him what Country he was of, whence he came, how long he had been a Player, and by what means he got into the Company? To all which Questions he answer'd so directly, that it was no hard matter for *Verville* to guess that he was Mrs. *Cave's* Brother, who had been lost ever since his Father was killed at *Perigord* by the Baron of *Sigognac's* Page. This he frankly own'd, adding withal, that he had never been able to meet his Sister since. Then *Verville* let him know she was at that time in a Company of *Strollers* at *Alençon*; that she had met with many Misfortunes, but that now she was like

like to have large amends made her by a Gentleman of 12000 Livres a Year, who was suddenly to be married to an only Daughter of hers; and farther, that this Gentleman was now along with them, and acted among them. He also acquainted him that the Marriage was to be consummated at his return to *Alençon*, and that it was very necessary he should go along with him, both to see his Sister, and to wish his Niece Joy. The *Stroller* was extremely pleased at this News, and promis'd to be going as soon as he pleas'd; but we must leave him a while, packing up his Awls, and return before him to *Alençon*. The *Prior of St. Lewis* came the same Day that *Verville* went away, to acquaint the *Strollers* that the Bishop of *Sées* had sent to speak with him, to communicate some matter of Importance to him, that he was very sorry that he had not then leisure to perform his promise, but that however there would be no time lost, for while he was at *Sées* they might go to *Fresnaye* to act *Sylvia* at the Wedding of the Lord's Daughter, and at his return he would certainly finish what he had begun. He went forthwith, and the *Strollers* immediately set themselves about preparing for their departure likewise.

C H A P. XII.

What happen'd at the Journey to Fresnaye, as likewise another Misfortune of Ragotin's.

THE Night before the Wedding, a Coach and several Saddle-Horses were sent for the *Strollers*. The Actresses went in the Coach, together with *Destiny*, *Leander*, and *Olve*. The others rid on the Horses, and *Ragotin* mounted his own Nag, which he still kept, because he could not sell him, and who was now cur'd of his Lameness. He would have fain persuaded either *Star* or *Angelica* to have got up behind him, giving for reason, that they might ride much easier than in the Coach, which jolted People together; but however neither of them would accept his Proffer. To go from *Alençon* to *Fresnaye*, it was necessary to pass thro the

Forest of *Perfaine*, which was in the Province of *Maine*. They had not gone above a Mile into his Forest, before *Ragotin* call'd out to the Coach-man to stop, alledging he saw a Troop of Horse-men coming towards them. It was not however thought necessary so to do, yet every one would be upon his Guard. When he came near the Horse-men, *Ragotin* gave notice it was *la Rappiniere* with his Archers. Hereat Madam *Sar* began immediately to look Pale, which *Destiny* perceiving, told her she had no reason to fear any Insult being offer'd her there, by reason *la Rappiniere* would never pretend to any such thing, in the Presence both of his Archers and Monsieur de *la Fresnaye's* Servants, whose House they were also near. *La Rappiniere* knew well that it was the Strolling-company which were coming towards him, and therefore advancing to the Coach-side with his accustomed Impudence saluted the Actresses, to whom he made very coarse Compliments; which they returned cold enough to have put any one out of Countenance, that had not so much Brags in his Forehead as *la Rappiniere* had. He told them he was looking after Robbers that had robb'd some Trades-men near *Balon*, and that he was informed they were coming that way. Whilst he was thus talking to the Strollers, one of the Archer's Horses that was a little wanton, leapt upon *Ragotin's* Horse's Neck, which he going backward to avoid, hapned among a parcel of dead Trees, whereof one pointing directly towards him, took him under his Waistcoat, and hung him from his Saddle; which being willing to disengage himself from, he spur'd his Horse lustily, and thereby remain'd like a Scare-crow truss'd up in the Air; for his Horse no sooner felt his Favours than he left him crying he was kill'd, run thro and I know not what. The Standers-by laugh'd so heartily to see him hanging in this Posture, that they had no manner of regard to assisting of him: Indeed they call'd once or twice to the Foot-men to unloose him, but they ran away on the other side laughing. In the mean time his Horse was run quite away, and would not suffer himself to be stoppt. At length, after every body had laugh'd their Belly full; the Coach-man, who was a strong lusty Fellow, stept down from his Seat, and approaching *Ragotin*, lifted him off from his Tenter-hook, and took him down. The Company gather'd about him, and made him believe he was wounded, but that they could not get him cur'd till they came to the next Village, where there was a good Surgeon, and therefore that in the mean time, they must apply some green Leaves to him, so keep the Wound from festering, which they immediately did.

did. They afterwards put him into the Coach in *Olive's* room, who came out. Whilst this pass'd, the Foot-men and *Olive* went after his Horse that would not be stop't, and notwithstanding his being got a great way, brought him back again to his Master. This done, *la Rappiniere* left the Company, and they continu'd onwards of their Journey towards the Gentleman's House, where they soon after arriv'd, and sent thence for a Surgeon, whom they had privately instructed what he was to do. He seem'd to Probe the imaginary Wound that *Ragotin* had, whom they had put to Bed. He likewise pretended to Tent it, and afterwards Bound it up, telling his Patient, that if it had been never so little on the other side, he had been no longer a Man of this World. He then order'd him a strict Diet, and so left him to his repose. The little Man was so imaginarily afflicted at this Accident, that he could not but believe he was desperately wounded. He therefore did not think fit to rise to assist at the *Ball* which was given after Supper. This *Ball* was furnisht with Musick from *Mans*, the Musicians of *Alençon* being gone to a Wedding at *Argenton*. Several Country-dances went about, and the *Strollers* danc'd divers *French* ones. *Destiny* and *Star* perform'd a *Saraband* together, which was admir'd by all the Company, consisting as well of Country Gentry as Peasants. Next Day the *Strollers* play'd the Pastoral which the Bride had desir'd. *Ragotin* caus'd himself to be carry'd to the sight on't in a Chair, with his Night-cap on. Afterwards they made good Cheer, and the next Morning after Breakfast, having been well paid, set out for *Alençon* again. As soon as the Coach was brought out, they did what they could to disabuse *Ragotin* concerning his imaginary Wound, but all to no purpose, for he still persisted he felt the Pain on't. They nevertheless put him into the Coach, and arriv'd safe at *Alençon*. Next Day they would not Act, the Actresses being desirous of a little respite. The same Day the *Prior* of *St. Lewis* returned from *Sées*, who going to visit our Company, *Madam Star* told him he could never meet a better opportunity than now to finish his History. He requir'd no farther entreaty, but proceeded as you may find in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

The Continuation and Conclusion of the Prior of St. Lewis's History.

IF the beginning of this History, quoth the Prior, where you have met with nothing but Joy and Contentment, has been tiresom to you, the rest you are about to hear, I fear will be much more. This consists of nothing but the reverse of Fortune, Despair, and Grief, for past Pleasures. To begin then where I left off: 'You must know, that after our Comrades and 'I had got up our Parts, and rehears'd several times, we 'Play'd perfect one *Sunday* Night, in Monsieur du Fresne's 'House; the rumour of which being got abroad in the Neigh- 'bourhood, so many People crowded thither, altho we took 'what care we could to keep the Park Gates shut, that we 'found no small difficulty to get to the Stage, which we had 'had rais'd for us in a midling sort of a Hall. This Place be- 'ing not near large enough for our Audience, two Thirds of the 'Company were forc'd to stand without; whom to get rid of, 'we promis'd that on *Sunday* following, we would Play again 'in the Town, and in a more spacious Room. We per- 'form'd our Parts indifferent well for Beginners, only one a- 'mong us who was to Act the Secretary of King *Darius*, the 'Death of that Monarch being the Subject of our Play, ac- 'quitted himself so ill, that altho he had not above two 'lengths to speak, which he perform'd well enough at our 'Rehearfal, yet when he came to Act, he was so faint- 'hearted, that we were forc'd to thrust him on upon the 'Stage; where he spoke so extremely ill, that made all the 'Audience to laugh. The Tragedy being ended, I began 'the *Ball* with *du Lys*, which lasted till Midnight. We took 'a great deal of Pleasure in this Exercise, and without say- 'ing ought to any Body, quickly got up another Play; I 'nevertheless did not omit to make my ordinary Visits in 'the mean time. One Day as we were sitting together by 'the Fire-side, a young Gentleman hapened to come in, to 'whom we gave place. After we had discours'd a while, 'he put his Hand in his Pocket, and pull'd out a Picture in 'Wax in *Relievo* very well done, and which he said was the 'Picture of his Mistress. After all the Ladies had seen it
(round,

‘round, it came to my turn to look on it. When I had considered it a little, I found it was made for *du Lys*, to whom I fancy’d this Gallant pretended. I therefore without any more ado, threw the Box, Picture and all into the Fire, where the little *Bustum* melted immediately; and when the Owner thereof would have snatched it out, I threatned to throw him out at the Window. Mounseieur *du Fresne*, who loved me as much at that time, as he hated me afterwards, swore he would force that Intruder to make more haste out than he had done in; and going to perform his Oath, the young Spark skip’d over every bodys Head, and ran out in Confusion. I follow’d him without any body in the Company’s being able to hinder me, and having overtaken him, told him, that if he took any thing amiss, we two had each of us a Sword by our Sides, and were in a convenient Place to decide the Difference. But his Answer was, he had nothing to say to me, and so went his way. The *Sunday* following, we Acted the Play we had done before, according to our Promise, in a great Hall belonging to a Neighbour, by which means we had fifteen Days to study the other Play. I design’d to adorn it with some Enterludes of Dancing, and for that purpose, chose out six of my Companions that Danced the best, and made the seventh my self. This Enterlude consisted of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, that were desperately in love with each other. In the first Entry *Cupid* appear’d, and in the others the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, all drest in white, and their Habits all beset with narrow Blue-ribbon Knots, which was the colour *du Lys* delighted in, and which I have worn ever since, altho for some reasons I will tell you hereafter, I afterwards added some Bows of Fillemot. These Shepherds and Shepherdesses, made their Entrys two by two, and when they were all together, form’d the Letters of *du Lys*’s Name; *Love* let fly a Dart at each Shepherd, and threw Flames at the Shepherdesses, all which bow’d the Knee in Token of Submission. I had compos’d some Verses to be Sung in this Enterlude, which we perform’d, but the great length of time has made me to forget them; and if I had remembred them, I should never have dar’d to repeat them before you that are so good Judges. Having kept the Acting of our second Play secret, we were not so embarrassed with Company as we had been before. The Play was *The Amours of Sacripantus King of Circassia with Angelica*: The Story taken from *Ariosto*. We perform’d the Enterlude likewise, and I would have begun as we were wont

to do after the Play, but Monsieur *du Fresne* opposed it, alledging we must needs be too much tir'd, and therefore dismised us. We resolv'd however private we had done it now, to make the representation of this Play more publick, which we afterwards perform'd before every Body, in my Godfather's Hall, on *Shrove-Sunday*. In the Day time *du Lys* desired if I intended to have the Ball that Night, that I would begin it with a young Lady a Neighbour of hers, who was then drest in blue Taffeta as well as she, which I did. Whilst we were dancing there arose a Whispering among the Company, some whereof cry'd out aloud, *He's mistaken, he's deceiv'd*, which made both *du Lys* and I to laugh, and which the other Lady perceiving, cry'd, *The People are in the right, for you have taken one for the other*. To which I answered abruptly, *Pardon me, Madam, I know what I do*. At Night I Masqu'd my self with three of my Comrades, and carried a Flambeau to prevent my being known. In this Equipage, we went into the Park, and afterwards to the House. My three Companions enter'd only, and I stood at the Door. *Du Lys* observing the three Masquers, presently found I was not among them; when coming to the Door she immediately discover'd me, and spoke to me these obliging Words. *Disguize your self after what manner you please, for I shall always know you*. After having put out the Flambeau. I came up to the Table, where there was a Box and Dice set. I took up the Box and began to rattle it, whereupon *du Lys* ask'd me who I would be at? I made her a sign I would be at her. She reply'd, *How much will you throw at?* I pointed to a knot of Ribbons and Coral Bracelet which she wore on her left Arm. Her Mother would by no means have her venture that, but she burst out a laughing, saying she was not affraid of venturing it. I threw and won, and afterwards made my Fair Adversary a present of my Winnings. The same did my Companions to the elder Sister, and the other Ladies that were come to pass their Evening there. After this we took our leaves; but as we were going out, *du Lys* came behind me, and untying the Ribbons that held my Mask on, it immediately fell off; whereat I turning about, she said to me, *Thus People are to be us'd that go away before their time*. I was a little ashamed, but nevertheless very glad to have any Opportunity to talk farther with her. The others unmask'd likewise, and we went in again, and spent that Night very agreeably. The last Night of the *Carnivale* I gave the Ball again, when we were fain to take up with the lesser Company

'pany of Musicians', the greater being pre-engag'd by other Gentry. During *Lent* we were forc'd to lay aside Diversions a little, to give way for Devotion, and I can assure you for our parts, *du Lys* and I never wanted a Sermon. The Feast of *Easter* approaching, young Madam *du Fresne* ask'd me laughing if I would carry her and her Sister to St. *Pater*, a Village about a quarter of a League off the Suburbs of *Montfort*, whither People are wont to go out of Devotion on *Easter-Mundays*, and where one meets all the *Beau-Monde*. I answer'd I would willingly wait on them both thither, or any whither else. The Day we were to go being come, as I was going out of our House to fetch the Ladies, I met a young Fellow, a Neighbour of mine, who asking me whither I was going in such haste, I told him to the Park to wait on the young Ladies there to St. *Pater*. To which he reply'd I might save my self the labour, for to his certain Knowledge their Mother would not permit them to go along with me. This News stund me so much that I had not a Word to say, but going into my House set my self about thinking what might be the occasion of so sudden an alteration. After having reflected a good while, I could guess at nothing but my little Merit and mean Condition. This consider'd, I could not but exclaim extremely against their Carriage to me, since they had seem'd well enough pleas'd as long as I diverted them with *Balls*, Enterludes, Plays, and Serenades, which I frequently did to my no small charge, but now that those ceas'd they slighted me. The Anger I conceiv'd made me resolve to go to the Assembly at St. *Pater* without them, whilst they it seems were waiting for me in the Park. The time being past that I had promised to come, *du Lys* and her Sister, with some other Ladies their Neighbours, went without me. After having paid their Devotion in the Church, they came out into the Church-yard, and seated themselves on the Wall under a great shady Elm. Some time after I pass'd by, but that at a distance. *Du Fresne* made a sign to me to come near, which I took no notice of, making as if I did not see them. Some Neighbours that were with me told me a Lady beckon'd to me, but I seem'd not to hear them neither, and going on cried at the same time, *Come lets go and drink a Bottle at the Four Winds*, which we did. I were no sooner got home to my House but a Widow who had been formerly our *Confidante*, came to speak with me, telling me briskly that she wonder'd how I could neglect doing my self the Honour of waiting on the young Ladies *du Fresne* to St.

Pater;

Pater; acquainting me moreover, that *du Lys* was very much concern'd at the disappointment, and that I must endeavour speedily by some means or other to make a compensation for my Fault. I was extremely both surpriz'd and pleas'd to hear this, and having let her know all the Reason I had to do so, which I have acquainted you with before, I went along with her to the Park-Gate where the Ladies were. I left her to make my Excuse, for I could not pretend to do it my self, being so Extremely troubled that I should not have known what I said. Then the Mother, addressing her self to me, told me I ought not to have been so credulous as to mind what People said, and that she believed what had been told me was done by some Body that envy'd me; and lastly, she assured me I should always be unfeignedly welcome to her House, and whither we immediately went. I had then the Honour to give my Hand once more to *du Lys*, who likewise told me she had been extremely concern'd at my Carriage, especially when I seem'd not to take notice of the Sign her Sister made me at St. *Pater*. I ask'd her Pardon humbly, yet made her but confus'd Excuses, being not entirely come to my self. I would have been reveng'd on the young Man that had so impos'd upon me, had not *du Lys* entreated me not so much as to think of it; adding, that I ought to be satisfied with finding the contrary of what he had told me. I obey'd her in this, as I did in every thing always after. We pass'd our time the most agreeably that could be, and experienced what is commonly said of Lovers, that their Language is chiefly that of the Eyes. One *Sunday* after *Vespers* we gave each other to understand by this mute Language that we would after Supper go up the River, and have only such Persons with us as we could best fancy. For this purpose I sent presently to hire a Boat, and immediately after went my self with the Companions I had pitch'd upon, to the Park-Gate, where the Ladies waited for us; but as ill-Luck would have it, three young Men that were not of our Company, were at that juncture talking with them. They did what they could to shake them off, but they observing it, seem'd the more desirous to stay. This was the reason that when we came up to the Gate we thought fit to pass by, contenting our selves with only tipping them the Wink to follow us, which they soon after did, but with the young Fellows along with them; which we perceiving immediately enter'd our Boat, and landed near one of the Gates of the City, where we met the *Sieur du Fresne*, who forthwith demanded of me where I had left his Daughters? I not knowing presently
what

'what Answer to make, told him frankly, I had not had the Honour to see them all that Night. Having heard this, he took his leave, bidding us good Night, and went towards his Park, at the Gate whereof he overtook his Daughters; whom asking where and with whom they had been, *du Lys* pertly answer'd with such a one, naming me. At that the Father reach'd her a sound Box o'th'Ear, together with *you Lye* at the end on't; *for* continued he, *had he been with you tho it were much later, I should never have ask'd you the Question.* Next Day the Widow I mention'd before came again to let me know what had happen'd the Night foregoing, and acquainted me that *du Lys* was extremely angry with me, not only at the box o'th'Ear she had received on my account, but also at my disappointing her, she intending to have got quickly rid of those Impertinent young Fellows. I excus'd my self as well as I could, and declin'd going near her for four Days together. But one Day, as she and her Sister sat with some other young Ladies on a Bench before a Shop in the Street next the City Gate which I was going out at, towards the Suburbs, I pass'd by them, moving my Hat a little, but without so much as looking upon, or saying any thing to them. The other Ladies immediately ask'd what was the meaning of my so cold Deportment, which they scarce took to be Civil? *Du Lys* gave them no Answer, but her elder Sister told them she did not know the Reason, and that if they had a mind to be satisfied farther, they must know it from my self. Adding withal, *Come let us go place our selves a little nearer the Gate, that he may not be able to get by us as he comes back without taking more notice.* I quickly return'd, when this good Sister catching me hold by the Cloak, and pulling me to her, said, *How comes it, Haughty Sir, that you can pass by your Mistress without taking any notice?* And at the same time forc'd me down by her; but when I turned to embrace her, and tell her the reason, she flung away like a Mad thing. I staid a little longer with them and after went my ways. I resolv'd then not to go near my Mistress for some Days longer, and which I perform'd, but which seem'd as so many Ages to me; till at length one Morning meeting Madam *du Fresne*, she stop'd me, asking what had made me so great a Stranger to her House? I answer'd it was on account of the ill Humour of her younger Daughter; whereupon she immediately promis'd to make up the Difference, and for that end bid me meet her within an Hour at her House. I was not a little impatient till I had obey'd her, and therefore went punctually at the time appointed.

pointed. As I was going up to her Chamber according to her Direction, I met *du Lys* coming down; who perceiving me, made so much haste by me, that I could not stop her. I afterwards went into the Chamber, where I found her Sister, who began immediately to Simper; whereupon I told her how briskly her Sister had gone by me, but she assur'd me that was all feigned, and that to her Knowledge, she had gone a Hundred times to the Window, to look whether she could see me, and farther, that she was now gone but into the Garden, whither I might follow her if I pleas'd. I took the hint, and went to the Garden-door, but found it lockt, whereupon I beg'd of her to open it, but she would not, which her Sister hearing from the top of the Stairs, came down and open'd it for me, by a Trick she had got. I went in, but *du Lys* ran from me as if she had been mad. I followed and overtook her, and catching her by one of her Sleeves, pull'd her down upon a Camomil-bank, clapping my self at the same time down by her; I made her all the Excuses I was capable of making, but she continued inexorable; at length I acquainted her, that my Passion was not to be fool'd with, and therefore if she did not quickly think fit to let me know her Mind, Despair might drive me to the doing of something, which she might repent having been the Cause of. This nevertheless wrought nothing upon her, the which perceiving, I drew my Sword out of the Scabbard, and presenting it to her naked, desir'd she would be pleas'd to thrust it thro' my Heart; telling her at the same time, that it was altogether impossible for me to survive a deprivation of her Favours. She thereupon rose to be gone, informing me, she had never yet kill'd any body, and that when she was so dispos'd, I should not be the first Person. Then I stop't her, and beg'd she would stay and see me do it my self; to which she answer'd coldly, I might do as I pleas'd, for she should not go about to hinder me. At that, I clapt the Point to my Breast, and put my self into a posture to fall upon it, which she observing, immediately grew pale, and kickt away the Hilt from the Ground, so that the Sword falling down, she assur'd me, that that Action had extremely frighted her, and beg'd I would let her see no more such sights. I answer'd I were willing to obey her, providing she would be less unkind to me for the future, which she promis'd to be. We afterwards embrac'd so lovingly, that I could have wisht to have had a Quarrel with her every Day of my Life, to occasion so charming a Reconciliation.

'conciliation. Whilst we remain'd in these Transports, her
'Mother enter'd the Garden, and told us, she would have
'come sooner, but that she imagin'd we had no need of her
'interposing to reconcile us.

'One Day, as the *Sieur du Fresne*, his Wife, *du Lys* and
'I were walking together in the Park, this good Mother told
'me aside, that she had been a faithful Advocate in my be-
'half. She might easily speak this without her Husband's
'hearing it, since he was very deaf. We both thank'd her,
'but that rather by Gesture than Words. A little after,
'Monsieur *du Fresne* took me aside, and told me, his Wife
'and he had agreed to give me their younger Daughter in
'Marriage, before he went to Court to wait his Quarter
'in his Turn, and therefore desir'd I would put my self
'to no more Charges in Serenades or the like. I return'd
'him my Acknowledgments, but after a confus'd manner,
'being more than ordinarily transported at so unexpected
'a Happiness. But I well remember, I told him I should
'never have dar'd to have ask'd his Daughter in Marriage,
'as well considering my small Merit, as the Inequality of
'our Conditions. To which he reply'd, that as for Merit,
'he was well satisfied I had sufficient, and for Quality,
'every body knew I had that would very well supply it;
'meaning, I suppose, my Estate. I don't remember what
'reply I made, but this I know well, that he invited me that
'night to Supper, and where it was concluded, that the *Sun-*
'*day* following, we should have a meeting of our Friends to
'finish the Nuptials. He acquainted me likewise, what Por-
'tion he design'd to give his Daughter, but as for that I
'told him I had sufficient for us both, and therefore required
'her person only. Then I thought my self the most happy
'Man in the World: But alas! that Happiness did not
'last long, for the Night before we were to be married,
'as *du Lys* and I were sitting upon a Grass-plat, we per-
'ceiv'd at a distance, a Counsellor of the *Presidial-Court*,
'coming to pay a Visit to the *Sieur du Fresne* his Kins-
'man, whereat both she and I conceiv'd the same Thought
'at a time, and began to be both concern'd, tho' we knew
'not well at what, which nevertheless, the event of what we
'feared made but too perspicuous. For next Day, when I
'went to meet the Company at *du Fresne's* House, ac-
'cording to Agreement, I found *du Lys* at the Court Gate cry-
'ing. Upon asking her what she ail'd, I could obtain no
'answer; whereupon I enter'd the House, and found her Sister
'in the same Condition; I ask'd her likewise, what was the
'meaning

' meaning of so many Tears? She answer'd sobbing, I
' would know but too soon. Then I went up into the
' Chamber, and found her Mother, but she no sooner saw me,
' than she went out, without scarce speaking a word to me,
' for Tears, Sobbs, and Sighs had so disturbed her that all
' she could do, was to look pitifully upon me, and cry,
' *Ah poor young Man!* ' I resolv'd to know the Cause of
' this sudden Change, and therefore immediately went to
' Monsieur *du Fresne's* Chamber, where I found him sitting
' in an Eldow-chair. At my coming in, he told me blunt-
' ly, he had alter'd his Mind, and would not now marry
' his younger Daughter before his elder, and tho' he did,
' it should be sure not to be before his return from Court.
' I answer'd upon these two Heads, first, That his elder
' Daughter would not be at all displeas'd, to have her
' younger Sister married before her, provided it were to me,
' since she had always loved me as her Brother, and more
' than once profess'd as much. And secondly, I acquainted
' him I would willingly stay for her ten Years, instead of three
' Months that he should be from home. At last, he told me
' in plain Terms, that I must think no more of his Daugh-
' ter, and so turn'd from me. Having heard this, I imme-
' diately determin'd to go home and kill my self. But as
' I was drawing my Sword for that purpose, the afore-
' said Widow, that had formerly been our Confidante,
' came in upon me where I was, and prevented me in that
' Design, by telling me she came from *du Lys*, and that
' she desired me by her, not to afflict my self, but have Pa-
' tience, and Matters might perhaps change to my Advantage.
' She farther inform'd me from her, that I had her Mother
' and Sister sure to my Interest, and above all herself, whose
' Kindness and Constancy to me was unalterable. She like-
' wise told me, the Sisters had resolv'd as soon as their
' Father was gone, to give me an Opportunity to con-
' tinue my Visits as before. Tho this Discourse was ex-
' tremely pleasing to me, yet could it not altogether comfort
' me, for I afterwards fell into so deep a Melancholy, that
' Despair suggest'd to me, to consult the Devil about my
' Fate. Hereupon, a little before Monsieur *du Fresne's* De-
' parture, I went to a large Copse, about half a League from
' the Town; where it was the Vulgar Report, that evil Spi-
' rits inhabited, and where 'tis certain the Fairies, who are
' no doubt the Devil's Imps, had formerly been. I went a
' great way into this Copse, and when I thought I was far
' enough began to call upon, and invoke the Spirits to
' assist

'assist me in this worst of Misfortunes; but after I had
'pray'd and bawl'd for some time to no purpose, and only
'heard the Birds warble, which I interpreted to be their con-
'cern for my Misfortune, I return'd home to my House,
'not at all satisfied; when throwing my self upon the Bed,
'I was immediately seiz'd with so wild a Frenzy, that I
'even lost my Speech; insomuch, that 'twas thought I could
'never have escap'd Death. *Du Lys* was ill at the same time,
'and much after the same manner, which has inclin'd me
'to believe ever since, that there is something more in Sympa-
'thy than ordinary, for as the Cause of our Sicknefs was
'the same, so was its effect; which we understood by our
'Doctor and Apothecary, having both the same, but as
'for our Surgeons they were several. I grew well a little
'before *du Lys*, which made me to go, or I might rather
'say, be carry'd to see her. When I came to her House, I
'found her abed, and her Father gone to Court. She no
'sooner saw me, than she seem'd to recover, which made me
'desire her to rise, but she was no sooner got out of Bed, than
'she fainted away in my Arms. This made me extremely
'sorry that I had requested so unreasonable a thing of her, and
'therefore I had her immediately put to Bed again; where,
'after some time, I left her to recover by Sleep, which per-
'haps she would not have done had I staid with her. Not
'long after, we were both entirely recovered, and pass'd our
'time very pleasantly, all the while her Father continued
'absent, till at last returning again, he was inform'd by some
'secret Enemies of ours, that I had kept his Daughter com-
'pany ever since he had been from home. This made him
'to rave extreamly, and to forbid his Wife and Daughters
'seeing me any more; which I learnt afterwards by our
'Confidante, as likewise, that they had notwithstanding
'engaged in a Resolution to see me often, and inform'd me
'of the means by this Widow. The first was, that I should
'observe when this unkind Father came into the City, when
'I might go to his House, and continue there till his return,
'which was well enough known by his Knock. Then were
'I to step behind the Tapestry, and afterwards, while
'either a Man, Maid, or one of his Daughters took off his
'Cloak, I might easily slip out behind him; which he could
'never hear, by reason as I have told you before, he was
'deaf. This Contrivance I frequently made use of, which be-
'ing at length discovered, I was forc'd to have recourse to
'another, which was to meet my Mistress and Friends in
'our Confidants Garden, which I did several times, but at
'last

' last that Plot was likewise detected. We then made use
 ' of the Churches for our Meeting, but which also came to
 ' be known: So that at last, we had nothing to rely upon
 ' but common Chance, which now and then afforded us an
 ' Interview in one or other of the Walks of the Park, but then
 ' we were fain to use a great deal of caution to prevent being
 ' seen. One Day after I had been with *du Lys* a considerable
 ' while, for we div'd to the very bottom of our Misfortunes, and
 ' took all the measures imaginable to surmount them, I would
 ' needs accompany her to the Lower-Court-Gate, where being
 ' just come, we perceived at a distance her Father coming dire-
 ' ctly towards us from the Town. To fly was to no purpose,
 ' for he had already seen us. She then immediately entreated
 ' me to think of some invention to excuse us: I put off that task
 ' to her, alledging she had the more subtle Capacity. In the
 ' mean time the old Gentleman came up with us, and whilst
 ' he was going to scold, she told him that I having understood
 ' he had some Rings and other Jewels, by him, for he had
 ' Jewellers always at Work for him, being as covetous as
 ' he was deaf, I was come to know if he would please to fur-
 ' nish me with some to present to a young Lady at *Mans* whom
 ' I was going to marry. He was easily inclin'd to credit my
 ' pretence, and carrying me up Stairs shewed me several,
 ' whereof I chose two, one a small Diamond, and the other a
 ' Rose of Emeralds. We presently agreed on the price, which
 ' I paid him down on the spot. This expedient gain'd me a
 ' continuance of my Visits for some time, till at length begin-
 ' ing to grow jealous of the Cheat, he demanded of his Daugh-
 ' ter why I did not make more haste to *Mans*. She thereupon
 ' advised me to go thither for a little time, which I did.
 ' This City is one of the pleasantest in the whole Kingdom,
 ' as ye know well, and where there is the most Quality,
 ' which induced me to make plenty of Acquaintance. I lodg'd
 ' at the *Green Oaks*, where also lay at the same time an *Ope-*
 ' *rator*, who kept a Stage to sell his Physick on, but that on-
 ' ly till such time as he could get a Company of *Strollers* to-
 ' gether to Act, that being his principal design. He had al-
 ' ready got several Persons of Quality, and among others a
 ' Count's Son, whose Name I shall beg leave to conceal; a
 ' young Lawyer of *Mans*, who had formerly belong'd to a
 ' Company, together with a Brother of his, and an old Co-
 ' median, who was a great Proficient in *Farce*. He besides
 ' expected a young Lady from *Laval*, who had promised him
 ' to run away from her Father for that purpose. With this
 ' Man I got acquainted, and one Day for want of better dis-
 ' course

course made him acquainted with all my Misfortunes, whereupon he perswaded me to engage with him in his Design, and that might prove a means to make me forget my hard usage. I readily accepted his offer, and would have certainly engag'd in it had but the Lady that was expected come. But it seems her Parents had been acquainted of her Intentions, and therefore took care to frustrate them, which obliged me to quit the Undertaking. Love notwithstanding furnish'd me with a Stratagem to renew my Conversation with *du Lys* without Suspicion, and that was to carry the Lawyer before-mention'd, and another young Man of my Acquaintance, to both whom I had discover'd my Design, along with me to *Alençon*. They soon after appear'd in this City, one under the title of a Brother, and the other a Cousin German of an imaginary Mistress of mine. I carried them to the *Sieur du Fresne's* House, whom I had before desired to pass for my Relation, which he condescended to do. He did not fail likewise to say a great many fine things in my Favour, assuring them they had pitch'd upon a very deserving Person to make an Alliance with, after which he invited us to Supper. My Mistress's Health was drunk and *du Lys* pledg'd it. After my Friends had continu'd about four or five Days in this City they return'd to *Mans*, but I staid behind, and had a freer access than ever to my Mistress. At last Monsieur *du Fresne* asked me why I delay'd so long to conclude my Marriage, which made me to apprehend that my Stratagem might be at length discover'd, and then I should shamefully be driven out of the House as before. This made me to enter into the most barbarous Resolution that ever Man in Despair conceiv'd, and which was to kill *du Lys* to prevent another's ever having the Possession of her. For this purpose I got a Ponyard, and going to her desired her to take a Walk out with me, which she granted. I thereupon led her before she was aware into a brambly part of the Park quite out of any Path-way. There I discover'd to her the cruel design Despair had suggested to me to preserve her to my self, and at the same time drew the naked Ponyard out of my Pocket. She looked so charmingly upon me, and spoke so many soft things to divert my Intentions, that she at length found it no difficult matter to disarm me. She seiz'd the Ponyard then, and throwing it into the Bushes told me she must be gone, and that she should not care to trust her self any more with me alone. She was going to tell me farther, that she never had deserved this usage at my Hands, when I interrupted her, desiring she

would but afford me a meeting next Day at her *Confidante*. She promised, and accordingly came. I saluted her, and we lamented our common Misfortune together, and after a great deal of Discourse she advis'd me to go to *Paris*, and promised that tho I staid away ten Years, yet would she not entertain any Body else in the mean time, which nevertheless she did not keep to. When I was about to take leave of her, which you may imagine I could not do without a great many Tears, she said she thought it necessary that her Mother and Sister should be of the Secret, and therefore the Widow was immediately sent to call them, whilst I continued alone with her. It was then we open'd our Minds to each other more than we had hitherto done; whereupon at length she told me, that if I had Thoughts of carrying her away, she would willingly consent to it, and follow me wheresoever I pleas'd, and that if any were sent out after us, and should overtake us, she would pretend to be with Child by me. However my Love was so Honourable towards her, that I would by no means consent to any hazard of her Reputation on my account, but leave the event of all things to Fortune. In the interim her Mother and Sister came, and we broke our Resolutions to them, which caused fresh Tears and Embraces on all sides. In short I took my leave of them in order to my Journey to *Paris*. Before I set out I writ a Letter to *du Lys*, the contents whereof I have forgot, but you may imagine I omitted nothing therein that might serve to raise her Compassion, and my *Confidante* that carry'd it assur'd me she could not read it for weeping, and much less return an Answer. I have forborn telling the several other Adventures that happen'd during our Amour, to the end I might not trespass too far on your Patience; such as the Jealousie *du Lys* conceived at a Cousin-German of hers that came to see her, and lived at her Father's for three Months together, as also on account of the Gentleman's Daughter that brought the Gallant whom I sent away packing. Together with several Rencountres I had by Night for her sake, in two whereof I was wounded, once in the Arm, and another time in the Thigh. But to end all Digressions, I must e'en let you know that I departed at last for *Paris*, where I arriv'd safe, and continued about a Year. Not being able to maintain my self there equal to what I had done in this City, as well by reason of the excessive Dearness of Provisions, as by having diminished my Fortune by the expences I were at on account of *du Lys*, as you have heard
before,

before, I was fain to put my self to one of the King's Secretaries, who had been married to his Prodecessor's Widow. Tho' this Lady confer'd many Favours upon me, yet was I always so blind as not to perceive them, tho' some of them were so open that most of the Family took notice of them. One Day having bought some Holland for Neckbands and Wristbands to my Shirts, and given them to some of the Maid Servants to make, my Mistress came by and observ'd them; when asking who they were for, and understanding they were mine, she bid them to finish them as soon as they could, but leave the Lace for her to put on. Afterwards whilst she was working on them, I by chance enter'd the Chamber, when she called to me, and told me she was at work for me; which surprized me so much that I could only return her Thanks, and so went out. But one Morning to my greater wonder, whilst I was writing in my Bed-chamber, which was not very far off hers, she sent for me by one of her Lackeys. Whilst I was going to wait on her, I heard her rave like mad against one of her Chamber Maids, and her Waiting-Gentlewoman in these Words, *Get ye out of my Chamber ye Blunderers, ye Buffleheads, you know not how to do any thing as ye should.* As they went out I came in, whereupon, having rallied them yet a little longer, she bid me shut the Door and come and dress her, and particularly to take the clean Smock from the Toilet and put it on for her. At the same time she stript off her foul one, and expos'd her self naked to my sight. I was so greatly asham'd at this Action of hers, that I told her I should be less serviceable to her that way than her Maids, therefore desired her to send for them again, which she was nevertheless oblig'd to do by the sudden arrival of her Husband. I had no reason to doubt of her Intentions, but as I was young and timorous, was likewise apprehensive of some unlucky Accident, therefore resolv'd to ask leave speedily to be gone, which I did soon after, whereto the Husband answer'd nothing, and the Wife suddenly turn'd her Chair toward the Fire and bid the Butler clear the Table. After this, I went down to Supper with the Steward, and being at Table, a Niece of my Ladys, of about twelve Years old, came to me from her Aunt, to know whether I had the Courage to eat before I went. I forgot what answer I sent her, but I well remember she immediately fell sick and was forc'd to keep her Bed. Next Morning sometimes she sent for me to go for a Physician. When I came near her Bed-side, she catch'd me by the Hand, and told

me, I had been the occasion of her Illness. This augmented my former Apprehensions, and therefore the same Day I list'd my self in the Troops that were then raising at *Paris*, for the Duke of *Mantua*, and departed without saying ought to any Body. Our Captain came not along with us, leaving the Command of his Company to his Lieutenant, who was a common Robber. The same were the two Sergeants, for they plunder'd wherever they came; the Lieutenant and one of the Sergeants were at last hang'd by the Provost of *Trojes* in *Champagne*, but who spar'd one of the Sergeants, on account of his being Brother to a *Valet de Chambre* of the Duke of *Orleans*. We hereby remain'd without a Leader, whereupon the Soldiers with common Consent pitch'd upon me to command the Company, which consisted of four-score Men. I took this Post upon me, with that Authority as if I had really been their Captain. I drew out my Company, mustered them, and distributed Arms amongst them, which I receiv'd at *St. Reine* in *Burgundy*. At length we fil'd off to *Ambrun* in *Dauphiny*, where our Captain came to us, expecting scarce to find a Man in his Company; but when he perceiv'd all I had done, and that I had preserv'd Sixty eight of the Men, having lost only twelve in our March, he hugg'd me heartily, and gave me the Colours and his Table. The Army was one of the finest that ever went out of *France*, but which had the ill Success you may have heard of, meerly thro the bad Intelligence between the Generals. After its Defeat, I staid at *Grenoble*, to avoid the Barbarity of the Peasants of *Burgundy* and *Champagne*, who murder'd all that fled, in such great numbers, that it introduc'd the Plague into those two Provinces, and which afterwards likewise spread throughout the whole Kindom. Having staid some time at *Grenoble*, where I had got a great deal of Acquaintance, I at length resolv'd to go for this City where I was Born, but travelling out of the High-road, for the reason above mentioned, came at length to a small Town, call'd *St. Patrick*, where the Lady of the Mannor's Son was raising a Company of Foot, to go to the Siege of *Montauban*. I list'd under him, and he having discovered something more than ordinary in my Countenance, after having demanded of me who I was, and being told the Truth by me, he desir'd me to accept the Tutelage of a young Brother of his, to whom he had given the Colours, which I readily did. We departed then for *Noens* in *Provence*, being the Place of Rendezvouz for the Regiment; but before

' we had been there three Days, our Captain's Steward robb'd
 ' his Master and fled. He gave orders to have him pursu'd,
 ' which prov'd to no purpose. He then desir'd me to
 ' take the Keys of his Coffers; which I did not keep long,
 ' by reason he was commanded from the Regiment, to wait
 ' on the great Cardinal *Richelieu*, who then headed the Ar-
 ' my for the Siege of *Montauban*, and other rebellious Towns
 ' of *Guyenne* and *Languedoc*. He nevertheless carried me a-
 ' long with him, and we found his *Eminence* in the Town
 ' of *Albi*, whence we waited on him to the aforesaid rebel-
 ' lious City, but which continued not long so, after this
 ' great States-man's setting down before it. During this March
 ' we had a great number of Adventures, which I don't think
 ' fit to bring you acquainted with, for fear of proving tire-
 ' some, having but too just reason to believe I have been
 ' so too much already—— To this Star reply'd, he would
 ' deprive them of a great deal of Pleasure, if he did not con-
 ' tinue his Adventures to the end. He went on then, after the
 ' following manner—— I got a great acquaintance in this
 ' Illustrious Cardinal's House, and that chiefly with the Pages,
 ' whereof there were eighteen of *Normandy*, who all made ex-
 ' treme much of me, as did likewise the rest of his *Emi-
 ' nence's* Servants. As soon as the Town was yielded, our
 ' Regiment was Disbanded, and we return'd to *St. Patrice*.
 ' The Lady of the Mannor had a Suit at Law with her eld-
 ' est Son, and was going to *Grenoble* to prosecute it. As soon
 ' as we were got home, we were desir'd to accompany her
 ' thither, but which I had no manner of Mind to do, hav-
 ' ing determin'd to go as I told you before: We were how-
 ' ever prevail'd upon to comply with her request, which I
 ' have not since repented of; for whilst we were at *Grenoble*
 ' soliciting this Suit, the late King of *France*, *Lewis XIII.* hap-
 ' ned to pass by that way into *Italy*, when I had the Honour
 ' to meet in his Retinue, all the great Lords of this Country,
 ' and amongst the rest, the Governour of this City; who
 ' being well acquainted with Monsieur *St. Patrice*, after
 ' having offer'd me what Money I wanted, recommended
 ' me heartily to him, so that I had then no reason to com-
 ' plain. I met likewise five young Men of this City, three
 ' whereof were Gentlemen, who had been my intimate Ac-
 ' quaintance. I treated them the best I could, both at our
 ' House and at the Tavern. One Day as we were com-
 ' ing from Breakfast at an Inn, in the Suburbs of *St. Lau-
 ' rence*, which is on the other side of the Water, we hapned
 ' to stop upon the Bridge to see the Boats pass, when one of

‘the Five told me seriously, he very much wonder’d I had
‘not enquir’d of them after *du Lys*. I told him I durst
‘not, for fear of hearing that which would not please me.
‘They reply’d, I had done wisely to flight her that had broke
‘her Word to me. I thought I should have died at this
‘News, however must know more to the same purpose;
‘for they immediately acquainted me farther, that my De-
‘parture for *Italy* was no sooner heard of there, than *du Lys*
‘was marry’d by her Parents to a young Man, whom they
‘nam’d to me, and to whom I had the most aversion of any
‘of her Pretenders. Then I began to break out and rail
‘at her, in all the ill Language that Jealousie could sug-
‘gest; I call’d her Tygres, Traiteurs and the like, for that
‘she could suffer her self to be marry’d, when she knew
‘I was so near, and would certainly require an account
‘both from him and her. I then took a Purse out of my
‘Pocket which she had given me, wherein I kept a Brace-
‘let of hers, and a blue Ribbon, and putting a Stone into
‘it to make it sink, threw it in a great Passion into the
‘River, uttering these Words at the same time: *So may I*
blot her out of my Memory, as I abandon this Purse to the Plea-
sure of the Waves. ‘These Gentlemen were not a little sur-
‘priz’d at my Proceeding, and therefore told me they
‘were extremely sorry they had let me know so much, which
‘nevertheless I would have come to the knowledge of
‘some way or other. They added moreover to comfort me,
‘that what *du Lys* had done was wholly by compulsion, for
‘they perfectly perceiv’d an aversion in her to the Person;
‘and which was demonstrable enough, in that she languish’d
‘all the time she was marry’d to him, and died not long af-
‘ter. This News encreas’d my Grief, and comforted me at
‘the same time. I took leave of these Gentlemen, and went
‘home, but so alter’d, that young Madam St. *Patrice*, the
‘good Lady’s Daughter observ’d it, and ask’d me what I
‘ail’d. I gave her no answer, yet at length upon pressing
‘me farther, told her the Story of my whole Adventures,
‘together with the News I had just then heard. This good
‘natur’d young Thing, being extremely concern’d at the Re-
‘lation, which might be perceiv’d by her crying, went im-
‘mediately and told it to her Mother and Brothers; who all
‘assur’d me they commiserated my Misfortunes, and would do
‘all that lay in their Power to redress them, but that in the
‘mean time I must be comforted and have Patience. The Suit
‘betwixt the Mother and the Son, ended by an Arbitration,
‘and so we return’d. I then began to think of settling in the
‘World.

' World. The House where I was, would have been sufficient
 ' to have afforded me a Character, had I been dispos'd to mar-
 ' ry, but tho' several good Matches were offer'd me, yet would
 ' I accept of none. Then I return'd to my former Resolution
 ' of being a *Capuchine*, and required the Habit, but I met with
 ' so many obstacles in this intention which would be but te-
 ' dious for you to hear, that I soon quitted that design likewise.
 ' About this time the King commanded the *Arrierban* of the
 ' Gentry of *Dauphiny* to go to *Casal*. Monsieur de St. Patrice de-
 ' sir'd me to go along with him, which I could not well re-
 ' fuse. We departed and arriv'd there, and you know what
 ' was the Success of it. The Siege was rais'd, the Town given
 ' up, and Peace concluded thro the Mediation of *Mazarine*.
 ' This was the first step he made to the Cardinalship, and to
 ' that prodigious Grandeur which he arriv'd to afterwards in
 ' the Government of *France*. We return'd to St. Patrice where
 ' I still persisted in becoming a *Recluse*, but divine Providence
 ' order'd it otherwise. One Day Monsieur de St. Patrice per-
 ' ceiving my Resolution, told me he would advise me to take
 ' Orders as a Secular Priest. I reply'd I had not Capacity:
 ' He answer'd there were those that had less. I resolv'd then
 ' upon it, and took Orders upon an allowance of a Hundred
 ' Livres a Year that Madam St. Patrice gave me. I said my
 ' first Mass in our Parish Church, and upon which occasion
 ' my Patroness treated about Thirty Priests and several Gentry
 ' of the Neighbourhood. I liv'd with too rich People to want
 ' Preferment, for in six Months time I got a considerable *Pri-*
 ' *ory*, and two other small Benefices. Some Years after I had
 ' a very large *Priory* and a very good Curateship given me, for
 ' I had taken a great deal of pains in my Study, and was
 ' arriv'd to that perfection in Preaching that I could mount the
 ' Pulpit before the best Auditory, and even in presence of any
 ' Bishop. I manag'd my Revenues with discretion, and in a
 ' short time got together a considerable Sum of Money, where-
 ' with I retir'd into this City, where I think my self extremely
 ' happy in meeting with so good Company, as likewise in hav-
 ' ing done them some small Service. *Rather*, quoth *Star*, the
 ' greatest that could be done for any Body. She was going to say
 ' more, when *Ragotin* started up and said he would write a Co-
 ' medy upon this Story, which would afford a more than ordi-
 ' nary Decoration of the Stage: For Example, a fine Park with
 ' a great Wood and a River, with Lovers walking and fight-
 ' ing, and a Priest saying his first Mass in it. What could be
 ' finer? This made all the Company laugh, when *Roquebrune*
 ' who had all along contradicted *Ragotin* told him, *You will never*

be able to do any thing in the Matter. You know nothing of the Rules of the Stage; besides you must change the Scene, and continue three or four Years upon it. Then the Prior said, 'Gentlemen, pray don't dispute upon this point, for I have taken care of it my self already. You may remember that Monsieur du Hardy never observ'd Rules so strictly, no more than some others of our late Poets have done, such as the Author of *St. Eustace*, &c. Monsieur Corneille likewise would not have been so nice in this particular had not Monsieur Scudery been so severe on his *Cid*. But for the most part these are such Faults as the better sort of Judges term beautiful ones. I must tell you, quoth the Prior, I have Compos'd a Play on the Subject of my Adventures my self, and have call'd it *Fidelity preserv'd after Hope lost*. I have also taken for my Device a wither'd Tree with only a few blasted Leaves on it, and a Spaniel-Dog lying at the Root of it with this Motto out of his Mouth, *Depriv'd of Hope yet always Faithful*. My Play hath been acted several times. The Title you have chose for it, quoth Star, is as much à propos as your Device and Motto, for tho your Mistress has prov'd false to you, yet you continue constant to her, resolving never to Marry any other. The Conversation ended by the arrival of Monsieur Verville and Monsieur la Garrouffiere, and here ends this Chapter, which no doubt has been tedious as well in regard of its length as Subject.

C H A P. XIV.

Verville's Return, accompanied by Monsieur la Garrouffiere. The Actors and Actresses Marriages; together with another Adventure of Rago-tin's.

ALL the Company were extremely surpriz'd to see Monsieur la Garrouffiere. As for Verville's return it had been long expected with impatience, and that chiefly by the two Couples that were to be married. The Company demanded of la Garrouffiere what News he had brought. He answer'd

swer'd none but that Monsieur *Verville* having communicated an Affair of Importance to him, he was glad of the occasion to come and see them again, and to offer them a continuance of his Services. Hereupon *Verville* made a sign to him that that matter was to be talked of in private, and to break off the Discourse, presently presented the *Prior* of *S. Lewis* to him, who he told him was his particular Friend, and moreover a Man of Worth. Then *Star* told them he had just concluded a Story the most entertaining that could be imagin'd, which caused these two new arriv'd Gentlemen to profess their concern for not having come before to have had their share of it. After this *Verville* went into another Room, whither *Destiny* followed him, when after they had continu'd there for some time, they called in *Star* and *Angelica*, and afterwards *Leander* and Mrs. *Cave*, whom Monsieur *la Garrouffiere* followed without invitation. When they were all together Monsieur *Verville* told them he had acquainted Monsieur *la Garrouffiere* with the Design of their Inter-marriages, whilst he was at *Rennes*, and that he had presently resolv'd to go home by *Alençon*, to assist at their Weddings. The two Couple gave him a great deal of Thanks, and return'd him their Acknowledgments of the Honour he had done them. *But now I think on't*, quoth Monsieur *Verville* to *la Garrouffiere*, *had not we best have the Man up that waits below*. 'I think so, reply'd *la Garrouffiere*, if the Company were willing. They answer'd any Friend of his or Monsieur *Verville*'s would be welcome at any time to them. The Man was thereupon sent for up. As he enter'd the Room Mrs. *Cave* look'd stedfastly upon him, and began to be mov'd, tho she knew not at what. She was ask'd if she knew that Man? She answer'd she could not remember she had ever seen him. Then she was desired to take more notice of his Face, which she did, and began to find so many of her own Features in him that she cry'd out, *It is not my Brother sure?* Whereupon he immediately went to her, and embracing her, told her he was her Brother, whom variety of Misfortunes had kept so long from the sight of her. He afterwards saluted his Neice and the rest of the Company, and then assisted at the secret Conference, where it was concluded that the two Marriages should be speedily solemniz'd. All the difficulty at last was what Priest should marry them. Then the *Prior* who had been called in to the Conference stept up, and said he would talk about that with the Parsons of the two Parishes in the City, and of that of the Suburbs of *Montfort*; and if they made any difficulty about it, he would return to *Sées* and obtain leave of that Bishop

Bishop, and providing he would not grant it, he would go and procure it from the Bishop of *Mans*, who was his intimate Acquaintance, and within whose Diocess his small Concern lay. The Company was very well pleased with his Proposal, and desired him to take that trouble upon him. Then was a Notary privately sent for, and the Marriage Contracts drawn. I don't tell you the Particulars of them, because they never came to my Knowledge; but certain it is, the Parties were soon after married accordingly. Monsieur *Verville*, Monsieur *la Garrouffiere*, and the *Prior* of *St. Lewis* were Witnesses to the Contracts. This last went immediately to discourse the afore-said Parsons, but neither of them would marry them, alledging several Reasons that the *Prior* perhaps was unable to answer for want of Capacity. This made him resolve, according to his Promise, to go to *Sées*. For this purpose he took *Leander's* Horse, and one of his Servants, and went to wait on the Bishop of that Diocess, who was very unwilling to grant his Request. The *Prior* urg'd, that these People were truly of no Diocess, being here to Day and gone to Morrow, and yet could not be reputed Vagabonds, as the three Parsons would needs have them to be, by reason they had the King's Licence, and by consequence were Subjects of that Diocess wherever they happen'd to come. Also, that those Persons for whom he required a Licence were at present in the Diocess of *Alençon*, over which his Lordship had Jurisdiction, and that therefore he humbly requested the favour of a Licence for them, they being very honest People. Hereupon the Bishop gave the *Prior* liberty to have them married in what Church he pleased. He would have called his Secretary to have drawn up the Licence in Form, but the *Prior* told him that a Word or two under his own Hand would be sufficient. Next Day our Solicitor return'd to *Alençon*, where he found the betroth'd Parties making all manner of Preparation for their Nuptials. The other *Strollers* who had not been admitted of the Secret, wondered what all that Provision meant, especially *Ragotin*, who was most concern'd to know it. What oblig'd them to keep it so secret related wholly to *Destiny*, for as for *Leander* and *Angelica*, every body knew they were to be married. Another reason likewise was their fear of not obtaining a Licence; but no sooner were they secure of one than they made the Matter publick, and having read the Marriage Contracts before all the Company, proceeded to appoint a Day for the Solemnization. This was a cruel Blow to poor *Ragotin*, whom *Rancour* whisper'd in the Ear, Did not I tell you what this would come to? I had always mistrusted it. Here-
upon

upon the poor little Man fell into a deep Melancholy, which enclin'd him to that Despair which you may read of in the last Chapter of this *Romance*. He became so disorder'd, that while he was walking one Holiday before the great Church of *Notre-dame*, at the time of the Ringing of the Bells, he fancied they were made to ring the following Words on purpose to affront him,

*This-Mor-ning-Ra-go-tine
Got-drunk-by-too-much-Wine :
Go-home, go-home.*

This made him to go immediately into the Belfry, and rattle the Sexton, telling him he ly'd, for that he had not drunk so much as he imagined. But, quoth he, *I should not have been angry if you had made your Bells to cry,*

*The-Mu-ti-neer-De-sti-ny
Has-got-thy-dear-Star-from-thee,
Ra-go-tin-Ra-gotin.*

For then I should have rejoiced to have found inanimate Bodies sensible of my Wrongs. But to call me Drunkard, a Name I never deserv'd, I will be reveng'd of you and your Bells if possible. Having said this, and crowded on his Hat fast to his Head, he mounted up a pair of winding Stairs which he thought went to the place where they were ringing, but which were indeed those belonging to the Organ. When he began to perceive that this was not the Belfry Stair-case, he was somewhat troubled; nevertheless going on forwards, he at length met with a little low Door which went under the Tiles: Here he crept in; and whereas other People would have been forc'd to creep on, by reason of the low pitch of the place, he nevertheless afterwards had room to walk upright; when coming at last to another Door that opened into the Ringing-Room, he went in and found several Persons at it *Ding-dong*, with that eagerness that they never look'd behind them. At his first entrance he saluted the Fellow that stood next him with all the injurious Language he could think of, calling him *Villain, Rascal, Sot, Puppy, Blockhead, Clown*, and what not; which notwithstanding the Noise of the Bells hindred that Person or any of the rest from hearing. At this *Ragotin*, believing himself not only affronted but despis'd, went up to the said Fellow and gave him a good lusty thump on the Back with his Fist. The Fellow feeling himself struck, turn'd about
of

of a sudden and cry'd, *What little T---d Fly's this? --- I wonder who sent thee hither to strike me?* Ragotin was about to have given him a reason for what he had done, when the Ringer holding his Bell-rope in one Hand, and catching him by the Arm with the other, twirl'd him about, and at the same time gave him such a kick in the A--e, that he sent him Headlong down a pair of Stairs into the Chimé-room. He tumbled so violently, with his Face foremost against some of the Clock-work, that his Nose gush'd out with Blood, besides the many other parts of his Body that were extremely bruise'd. This made him to roar out like a Bull; but perceiving no Remedy, and fearing to go up again to the Ringer, he ran down Stairs as fast as he could drive to complain to the Lieutenant Criminal who lived hard by. This Magistrate seeing Ragotin in that pickle, was easily inclin'd to believe what he told him; but after having heard the reason likewise, from the Sexton that followed him to his House, he could not forbear laughing immoderately, tho' he pity'd him at the same time, well knowing the little Man must needs have his Brain out of order to be guilty of such Extravagancies. Nevertheless to content him what he could, he told him he would do him Justice, and consequently sent a Footman for the Ringer, who being come, he demanded of him why he had abused that little Gentleman there with his Bells. To which he answer'd, he knew not how he could abuse him, since he and his Companions rung only after their wonted rate,

Or-le-ans-Bois-gen-cy
No-tre-dame-de-Cle-ri :
Ven-dosme-Ven-dosme.

But that indeed after he had once struck him he did kick him, which happening to be towards the top of the Stairs, he could not help his falling to the bottom. The Lieutenant Criminal bid the Ringer be more cautious for the future how he bestowed his Favours of that kind, and advis'd Ragotin to be wiser hereafter than to trust to his Imagination, since it had so palpably deceiv'd him. Ragotin, not finding it likely to have any farther Justice done him in this Case, went home as well satisfied as he could; when the Actors perceiving his Face bruise'd and bloody in many places, enquir'd of him what had been the occasion of it, but which he would by no means tell them, yet they soon after came to know it by others; which caus'd them, together with Monsieur Verville and Monsieur la Garouffiere to laugh exceedingly at him. The Wedding-day being at length come, the Prior of St. Lewis told the Parties he had made choice of his own Church

to marry them in, whither they went soon after, with as little Noise as they could, and were married after a very pious Exhortation. The Business being ended, they returned to their Lodgings, where they din'd; after which they did not know how to pass their time till Supper. As for Plays, Enterludes, and Balls, they had been so us'd to them, that they were not at all entertaining, and therefore they propos'd to hear some Novel read. *Verville* said, for his part he knew none. If *Ragotin* had not been melancholy, he had been the properest Person to relate one, but he was dumb. Then *Rancour* was spoke to to tell that of the Poet *Roquebrune*, which he had promis'd the Company he would do when occasion serv'd, and none could happen better than now. His Answer was, he was not at all in Humour; and besides, that he did not care to bespatter his Friend *Roquebrune* with Aspersions, since he had better deserv'd of him of late than he had formerly done. At length Monsieur *la Garrouffiere* told the Company, that if they would accept of what he could entertain them with, he would tell them some Adventures he had been an Eye-witness of, and which you will find in the following Chapter.

C H A P. XV.

The Two Jealous Ladies, a Novel.

MY Father, who was a Councillor of the Parliament of *Rennes*, said Monsieur *la Garrouffiere*, and who design'd me for his Successor, as I am, sent me to the College to qualify me for that purpose. But whilst I continu'd in my own Country he fancied I profited but little, and therefore resolv'd to send me to *la Fleche*, where you know the Jesuits have their best College throughout all *France*. It was in this little Town that what I am about to tell you hapned, and moreover at the same time that I studied there. --- There were two Gentlemen, the most accomplish'd in all that place, who altho they were a little advanc'd in Years, were nevertheless not marry'd, as it often happens amongst Persons of any Quality, who according to the Proverb, *Between whom we would have, and whom we would not, we remain a long time unmarried*. This Saying was nevertheless cross'd at last by these two well-bred Gentlemen. One of these, who was called Monsieur *de Fons-blanche*, married

ried a Daughter of the Family of *Chateau-d'un*, who were a meaner sort of Gentry, but very rich. The other, whose Name was Monsieur *du Lac*, marry'd a Lady from the City of *Chartres*, who was not rich, but nevertheless exceeding beautiful, and of so good a Family, that she was related to several Dukes, Peers, and Marshals of *France*. These two Gentlemen, who could share the Town betwixt them, had been always good Friends till after their Marriage, when their two Ladies looking enviously on each other, they quickly occasion'd a Rupture between the Husbands. Madam *de Fons-blanche* was not, 'tis true, handsom in Countenance, yet she had nevertheless a graceful Mein, was well shap'd, had a great deal of Wit, and was very obliging. Madam *du Lac*, as beautiful as she was, yet wanted Address; she had Wit indeed a great deal, but so ill manag'd, that she thereby rather render'd her self avoidable than acceptable. These two Ladies were of the Humour of most Women now a days, who never think they live great, unless they have a Score or two of *Beaux* after them. This caus'd them to employ all the Arts they had in making Conquests, but wherein *du Lac* succeeded much better than *Fons-blanche*, for she had subdued all the Youth of the Town, I mean, among the Quality, for she would by no means suffer any others to speak to her. This Pride and Affectation occasion'd a great many Murmurings against her, which at length broke out into open Detraction, but nothing harm'd her, for it is thought it rather contributed to, than hinder'd her procuring new Lovers. *Fons-blanche* was not so desirous of having a great number of Sparks. She nevertheless had some, which she manag'd with a great deal of Address, and whereof there was one a very handsom young Fellow, who had as much Wit as she, and was one of the bravest Youths of his time. This Spark was her greatest Favourite, but at length his Diligence caus'd him to be suspected by the Neighbours, and Slander began to talk loud. It was here the Rupture began between the two Ladies, who before had visited each other very civilly, nevertheless with a little jealous Envy. *Du Lac* began at last to slander *Fons-blanche* openly; to spy into her Actions, and do all that lay in her Power to ruin her Reputation, especially about the afore said Gentleman, whose Name was Monsieur *du Val-Rochet*. This soon came to *Fons-blanche*'s Ears, who was extremely nettled at it, and said, that if she had Lovers, it was not by Scores as *du Lac* had, who every day gain'd new Conquests by her Impostures. *Du Lac* hearing this, quickly return'd her the like Reflections. Whence you may imagine, that

‘ that these two Women liv’d together in a Town like a Brace
‘ of Dæmons. Some charitable People did all they could to
‘ reconcile them, but which prov’d in vain, for they could
‘ never be prevail’d upon so much as to see each other. *Du*
‘ *Lac* thought, the only way to offend *Fons-blanc* to the quick
‘ would be to get away her Lover *du Val-Rochet* from her. She
‘ then caus’d Monsieur *de Fons-blanc*, to be acquainted under
‘ hand, that he was no sooner out of Doors, which he was of-
‘ ten, either a hunting or a visiting, but that *du Val-Rochet* lay
‘ with his Wife; and farther, that several Persons of Credit
‘ were ready to testifie, that they had seen him come naked out
‘ of her Bed. Monsieur *de Fons-blanc*, who had never yet had
‘ any Suspicion of his Wife, was nevertheless inclinable to re-
‘ flect a little upon what he had heard, and in Confusion, de-
‘ sir’d his Lady to oblige him so far, as to entertain *du Val-*
‘ *Rochet*’s Visits no longer. She seem’d all Obedience, neverthe-
‘ less insinuated so many Reasons why she might safely ad-
‘ mit him, that he gave her Liberty, and suffer’d her to act
‘ as before. *Du Lac* perceiving this Contrivance of hers had
‘ not had its desir’d effect, resolv’d to get some opportunity to
‘ talk with *Val-Rochet* her self. She was both fair and subtle,
‘ two Qualities sufficient to surprize the wariest Heart, tho it
‘ had been never so much engag’d. *De Fons-blanc* was ex-
‘ tremely concern’d at being like to lose her Lover, but much
‘ more when she heard, that *Val-Rochet* had spoke unhandfomly
‘ of her. This Grief was augmented by her Husband’s Death,
‘ which hapned a little while after. She went into close
‘ Mourning ’tis true, but still Jealousie got the Ascendant of
‘ her outward Concern. Her Husband had been scarce buried
‘ fifteen Days, before she had a secret Conference with *Val-*
‘ *Rochet*. I know not the Subject of their Discourse, but the
‘ Event makes me pretty well able to guess at it, for in little
‘ more than a Week after, their Marriage was made publick,
‘ so that in less than a Month’s time she had two Husbands,
‘ a living and a dead. This seems to me to have been the most
‘ violent effect of Jealousie imaginable; for to deprive *du Lac*
‘ of her Lover, she both forfeited her Modesty by marrying so
‘ soon, and forgave the unpardonable Affront *Val-Rochet* had
‘ offer’d her. *Du Lac* was almost ready to run mad when she
‘ first heard this News, and resolv’d forthwith to have him
‘ assassinated as he went on a Journey to *Britany*; but which he
‘ being made acquainted with, she was prevented in that De-
‘ sign. Then she enter’d upon the strangest Thought that ever
‘ Jealousie could suggest, and that was, to set her Husband
‘ and *Val-Rochet* together by the Ears, which she brought about
‘ by

by her pernicious Artifices. They quarrell'd divers times, and at length came to a Duel, which *du Lac* encourag'd her Husband in, being none of the wisest Men in the World, that *du Val-Rochet* might have an Opportunity to kill him, which she fancied no hard matter, and then she propos'd to hang him out of the way for his pains. But as Fortune would have it, it happen'd quite otherwise; for *Val-Rochet* trusting to his Skill in Fencing, seem'd to despise *du Lac*, thinking he durst not make a Thrust at him, but wherein he was extremely deceiv'd; for whilst he put himself out of guard, *du Lac* made a home Thrust at him, and run him thro the Body, whereof he instantly died. This done, *du Lac* went home to his House, and acquainted his Wife therewith, who was not only surpriz'd, but concern'd at so unexpected an Accident. He after this fled away privately to a Relation of his Wives, who as I have told you before, had several Persons of Quality to her Kindred, who labour'd incessantly to obtain her Husband's Pardon from the King. Madam *Fons-blanche* was not a little astonish'd when she was first told that her Husband was kill'd; but coming afterwards to her self, she was advis'd to bury him quickly and privately, to prevent his Body being arrested by the Bailiffs. Thus in less than six Weeks time, *Fons-blanche* had been a Widow twice. *Du Lac* not long after obtain'd his Pardon, which was confirmed by the Parliament of *Paris*, notwithstanding all the opposition the deceas'd Person's Widow could make. This made her to entertain a wilder Design than Madam *du Lac* had done before, and that was to stab *du Lac* as he walked in the Market-place with some of his Friends. For this purpose she provided her self of a Ponyard, and marching up to him, attackt him so furiously, that before he could get himself into a Posture of Defence, or have any of his Friends turn about to help him, she had stabb'd him mortally in two Places, whereof he died three Days after. His Wife immediately got this Virago seiz'd and clapt up in Prison. Her Tryal came on, and she was condemn'd to die, but her Execution was respited, by reason of her being with Child; nevertheless, not long after the Stench of the Prison did the Work of the Hang-man, for she died of a Disease caus'd thereby, after having been first delivered before her time, and her Child being baptiz'd died likewise soon after. Madam *du Lac* began afterwards to reflect on what she had been the occasion of, and therefore forthwith resolv'd to turn Nun, which she did, after having put her Affairs in order, in the Nunnery of *Almenecbe*, in the Dioecsis

' of *Sées*, where she now continues, if she be not yet dead of
' her Austerities which she voluntarily inflicted on her self.

The Actors and Actresses continu'd their Attention, even while Mounſieur *la Garrouffiere* had done ſpeaking, ſo well they lik'd the Story he had entertain'd them with. *Roquebrune* ſtarting up all of a ſudden, told the Company, after his uſual way, that this was a rare Subject for a Grave Poem, and he would make an excellent Tragedy of it, which he would reduce to Dramatick Rules. The Company took little notice of what he ſaid, but all admir'd at the wonderful Courage of the Women, who being puſh'd on by Jealouſie, did not boggle at the moſt hazardous Attempts. Then it was diſputed, whether Jealouſie were a Paſſion or not, and all concluded, that whatſoever it was, it ruin'd the nobleſt of Paſſions, *Love*. There was a good while yet to Supper, when all the Company agreed to go and walk in the Park, which they did, and afterwards ſat themſelves down on the Graſs. Then *Deſtiny* ſaid, he thought nothing ſo pleaſant as *Novels*, which *Leander* confirming, offer'd to relate another concerning a Neighbour's Daughter of his, which was accepted, and after three or four times coughing, he began as follows.

CHAP. XVI.

The Capricious Lady, a Novel.

' **T**Here liv'd in a ſmall Town of *Britany* call'd *Vitray* an
' ancient Gentleman who had been married a great while
' to a very virtuous Lady without having any Children by
' her. Amongſt other Houſhold-Servants he had a Steward
' and a Houſekeeper, thro' whoſe Hands moſt matters relating
' to the Family paſſed. Theſe two Perſons, as moſt Servants
' do ſooner or later, made Love, and promis'd each other
' Marriage. They had ſo well play'd their Parts in their ſeveral
' Stations, that both the good old Gentleman and his Lady
' died not long after very much incumber'd. As for the two
' Servants they became rich and married, having little or no
' Regard to their Maſter's Miſfortune. Some Years afterwards
' a certain ill Accident fell out that cauſed the Steward to
' fly his Country, which to do the more ſecurely, he liſted
Y 'himſelf

himself in a Troop of Horse, leaving his Wife without Children. She having waited for his Return about two Years, and hearing nothing of him, caus'd a Report to be spread abroad that he was dead, and accordingly went into Mourning for him. When this was a little over, she was sought after by several Persons in Marriage, and amongst the rest by a rich Merchant who marry'd her, and at the Years end had a Child by her, who might be about four Years old when her Mother's first Husband return'd home to his House. To tell you which was the most surpriz'd, the two Husbands or the Wife, is not in my Power; but certain it is, the first Husband's occasion of going away still continuing against him, he was easily prevail'd upon by the other Husband to take a small Sum of Money to be gone again. 'Tis true, he ever now and then return'd secretly for a little Subsistence from his Wife, which was not refus'd him. In the mean time the Daughter, whose Name was *Margaret*, grew up, and being rich, tho' she was not handsom, did not want for Sparks to court her. Among the rest was a rich Merchant's Son, who did not mind his Father's Business, but lov'd to frequent Gentries Company, where he often met with his Mistress *Margaret*, who was received among them on account of her Riches. This young Man, whose Name was *Monsieur de St. Germain*, had a good Countenance, and Courage enough to engage him often in Duels, which at that time were very frequent. He danc'd gracefully, gam'd with all the better sort of Company, and was always well drest. In the many Meetings he had with this young Lass, he took all Opportunities to let her know what a Kindness he had for her, and how desirous he was to be her Husband. This she seem'd to approve of well enough, and consequently invited him to come and see her at home, which he did by Permission of her Father and Mother, who extremely favour'd the Match. But afterwards, when he was about to ask her of her Parents, he would by no means do it till he had her Consent first, not believing when she had yielded so far in other things she would oppose him in that; but to his great Surprise, upon putting the Question, he found her to repulse him furiously, both in Words and Actions. Hereupon he went his way, and forbore visiting her for five or six Days, hoping thereby he might in some measure abate his Passion; but to his Disappointment found that it had taken too deep Root to be so easily remov'd, in-somuch that he was quickly forc'd to go see her again. He had no sooner enter'd her House but she went out of it among
her

her Companions in the Neighbourhood, whither he followed her, after having had a Promise from her Father and Mother to use their Endeavours to make her more sociable. This nevertheless they durst not attempt to do with Rigour, she being their darling and only Daughter, and therefore chose rather to represent to her mildly what Injustice she did the young Man, after having once profess'd to love him. To this she gave no Answer, and notwithstanding all was said, continu'd in her ill Humour; for whenever he offer'd to come near her she would still change her place. Then he would follow her, but she always flew from him. One Day as she was getting away he caught her by the Sleeve; she told him he rumbled it, and that if he offer'd to come near her any more she would give him a Box o'th' Ear. In a word, the more he follow'd her the more she avoided him. When she was at the Ball, and he offer'd to dance with her, she affronted him, telling him she was out of order, and at the same time danc'd with another. She at length arriv'd to that pitch of Ill-nature that she occasion'd him Quarrels, and he above four times accepted Challenges upon her account, in all which he nevertheless came off safe, which she seem'd to be very sorry for. All this ill Usage did but enflame his Passion the more, like Oil thrown upon the Fire, insomuch that his Visits were made the more frequently for his being discourag'd. One Day above the rest he fancy'd his Perseverance had wrought an Alteration on her, for that she suffer'd him to come near her, and seem'd to hearken attentively to what he said to her. His Language was this, Why do you thus fly me, insensible Fair one! that cannot live without you? If I have not Merit sufficient to deserve you, yet consider at least the Excess of my Passion, and the many Indignities I have born from you with Patience. *Very well, answer'd she, you may flatter your self with that Fancy if you please, but I would have you to know, that the best way for you to win upon me, is to get as far out of my sight as you can; and because you cannot well do so as long as you continue in this Town, I command you, which if you have that Respect you pretend for me, you will not fail to obey me in, to list your self in the Troops that are now raising; and after you have made a few Campaignes it may be you may find me more kind. This small Puttance of Hope which I afford you ought to encline you to obey me, but if you will not do it, lose me for ever.* Then she drew off a Ring from her Finger, and gave it him, saying, *Keep this Ring to put you in mind of me, but remember I forbid you to come any more near me, tho' to take your leave of me.* This said, she suffer'd him to take a parting Kifs of her, and so went

into an adjoining Chamber locking her self up. Then this wretched Lover went to take leave of her Father and Mother, who pity'd him extremely, promising to continue always his Friends, and next Day he list'd in a Troop of Horse that was raising to go to the Siege of *Rochelle*. His Mistress having enjoin'd him not to see her again, till after his Return, he durst not pretend to attempt it; however, the Night before his Departure he gave her a Serenade under her Window with this Complaint at the end of it, which he sung to the melancholy Strains of his Lute.

The Words of the Serenade.

IRis, inexorable Fair!

Whom neither Lover nor Friendship sway,
Will you not pity my Despair,
Rather than Innocence betray?

Will you for ever cruel prove,
And must I think your Heart of Stone;
Will you not yet consent to Love,
But suffer me to be undone?

Alas! Fair Nymph, at length I yield
To Fate, and take my last Adieu.
Never was Lover surer kill'd,
Nor Mistress less concern'd than you.

When I am dead some Friend of mine
Shall rip up this unhappy Breast,
And to your Power my Heart resign,
But leave to Earth and Worms the rest.

The capricious Creature at the Sound of this Serenade got out of her Bed, and opening the Shutters of the Window peep'd thro the Glass, and set up so hearty a Laugh as might well make the poor Lover think he was not like to succeed in his

his Design. Just as he was about to express his Mind farther, she clapt to the Shutter, crying out to him aloud, *Keep your Promise, Sir, for your own sake, and it may be I may not be worse than mine.* With this Answer poor St. Germain retir'd, and a few Days afterwards set out with his Troop for the Siege of Rochelle. This Town, as you may have heard, held out very obstinately for some time, till at length it was forc'd to surrender upon Discretion. Then was it that the Troop wherein St. Germain rode was disbanded, and he consequently return'd to Vitray. He no sooner arriv'd than he went to wait on his unkind Mistress Margaret; who permitted him, 'tis true, to salute her, but afterwards told him he had return'd too soon; and that she was not yet dispos'd to receive him, therefore desir'd him to be gone again. His Answer was in these mournful Words, *You are certainly the most cruel Creature of your Sex; and I plainly perceive you desire nothing more than the Death of him that has all along approv'd himself the most faithful Lover in the World. You have put me four times upon single Trials of my Courage, and I have always had honourable Escapes. You then would have me hazard my Life in the Army, and I have likewise come off safe there, even where many a less unhappy Wretch than I has met his end: But since I find you so ardently covet my Ruin, I will go seek my Fate in so many places that it shall be out of the Power of Fortune to afford me any more Deliverances; but it may be you will not be able to forbear repenting of having occasion'd this, since my Death shall be of that kind as will not only surprize but encline you to pity me!* Adieu, then, added he, *most cruel of your Sex, adieu for ever!* Having utter'd these Words, he was rising to be gone, but which she would not suffer till she had told him that she did not by any means desire his Death, and that what she had done by engaging him in Duels, was only to be the better convinc'd of his Courage, that he might be the more worthy of her. And lastly she let him know that she was not yet dispos'd to receive his Addresses, but that time, for ought she knew, might make an Alteration upon her to his Advantage. With these Words she left him and retir'd. The small Hopes she gave him put him upon a Stratagem which was like to have spoil'd all, and that was to make her jealous. He consider'd with himself, that since she had shew'd some good Will towards him, she would not fail to be jealous if she really lov'd him. He therefore sought out a Comrade of his that had a Mistress that lov'd him as much as his slighted him. He desir'd him to give him leave to make his Addresses to her, and that he would do the like to his; to the end he might observe how she would take it. His Comrade would by no means grant his Request till he had his Mistress's Consent;

‘ which nevertheless soon after demanding, he easily obtain’d.
‘ The first time that these two Ladies came together, which I
‘ should have told you they did almost every Day, the two Lovers
‘ made their exchange according to Agreement, *St. Germain*
‘ stepping up to and courting his Comrade’s Mistress, whilst
‘ his Comrade did the like to the haughty *Margaret*, who re-
‘ ceived him but very coldly. But as soon as she perceived
‘ her former Spark and his Mistress laugh’d, she began to fly
‘ out into a great Passion, well knowing then that this ex-
‘ change had been concerted on Agreement, and therefore im-
‘ mediately flung out of the Company with Tears in her Eyes.
‘ This caused the obliging Mistress to go after and endeavour
‘ to appease her, telling her this Stratagem of her Lover’s
‘ was only to know her Mind the better, and not to either
‘ circumvent or affront her, and therefore earnestly entreated
‘ her to take no farther notice of it, but rather to favour the
‘ constant Addressee of so sincere a Lover as *St. Germain* had
‘ long been to her. All this notwithstanding gain’d little up-
‘ on the humourish *Margaret*; whereupon the unfortunate *St.*
‘ *Germain* was driven to so fierce a De pair that for the future
‘ he sought nothing so much as to shew the violence of his
‘ Love by some rash Action, which he hop’d might procure
‘ his Death. This Resolution one Night, not long after, he
‘ had an occasion to put in Practice, for whilst he and Seven
‘ of his Comrades were coming out of a Tavern half drunk,
‘ and with their Swords by their sides, they chanc’d to meet
‘ three or four Gentlemen, amongst whom was a Captain of
‘ Horse. With these they began to dispute the Wall, and
‘ which they obtain’d by being the greater Number; but the
‘ Gentlemen returning immediately after with four or five
‘ more of their Company, pursued these Persons that had
‘ so greatly affronted them, and overtook them in the High-
‘ Street; when *St. Germain* being the foremost, and having been
‘ the forwardest in the Affront, the Captain discovering him
‘ to be a Trooper by his Hat, stept up to him and gave him
‘ such a lusty blow with a Back-Sword, that he cut thro his
‘ Hat and cleft part of his Scull. Having done this, and
‘ thinking themselves sufficiently reveng’d, the Captain and his
‘ Companions march’d off, leaving *St. Germain* for dead in the
‘ Arms of his Friends. He had little or no Pulse left, and less
‘ Motion, insomuch that they immediately carried him home,
‘ and sent for several Surgeons, who found Life yet remain-
‘ ing in him. These dress’d his Wound, stitch’d up his Scull
‘ and then bound it up. The Noise of this Contest had at first
‘ alarm’d the Neighbourhood; but they were much more
‘ surpriz’d

‘ surpriz’d when they heard a Man had been so dangerously
‘ wounded. The thing was talk’d about from one to t’other after
‘ a different manner, however all concluded that *St. Germain*
‘ was a dead Man. This Report quickly got to his cruel Mi-
‘ stress’s House; who tho undrest, yet immediately ran to see
‘ him, and whom she found in the condition I have told you.
‘ As soon as she saw Death begin to shew its self in his Face
‘ she fell down in a Swoon, and it was found no easy matter
‘ to recover her. When she came to her self the Neighbours be-
‘ gan to accuse her of being the Cause of this Disaster, and
‘ that if she had not been so unkind to him he would never
‘ have been so desperately rash, this being but the result of
‘ what he had frequently threaten’d. Then began she to tear
‘ her Hair, wring her Hands, and do all that mad People
‘ are wont to do. She afterwards proceeded to serve him with
‘ that diligence that all the time of his Illness she would
‘ neither undress her self, lye down on the Bed, nor permit
‘ any of his Sisters to do any thing about him. After he came
‘ to himself, and began to know People, it was judged neces-
‘ sary she should absent her self, which she was nevertheless
‘ with great difficulty prevail’d on to do. He at length was
‘ cur’d, and when he came to be perfectly well, was married
‘ to his capricious Mistress *Margaret*, to the Satisfaction of
‘ every body, but much more of himself. After *Leander* had
‘ finish’d this *Novel*, the Company return’d to the Town, where
‘ having well supp’d, danc’d, and the like, they put the new
‘ marry’d Couples to Bed. These Weddings had been kept so
‘ secret that they had no Visitors for two Days after, but on the
‘ third they were so embarras’d with Company that they had
‘ not leisure left them to study their Parts. After a little time
‘ they all return’d to their Exercise as before, except *Ragorin*, who
‘ was fallen into a perfect Despair, as you will find in the
‘ following Chapter.

C H A P. XVII.

Ragotin's Despair and Death, with the End of the Comical Romance.

R *Anconr* now perceiving, that he as well as *Ragotin* had no more hopes left of his succeeding in his Love to *Star*, got up betimes, and went to the little Man, whom he found likewise risen and writing at the Table. Upon his enquiry what he was doing, he told him he was writing his own Epitaph. *How!* quoth *Ranconr*, do People use to make their Epitaphs before they are dead? But what surprizes me yet more, continu'd he, is that you make it your self. 'Yes, I have made it my self, answer'd *Ragotin*, and will shew it you. He thereupon open'd a Paper, which was folded, and read these Verses.

Ragotin's EPITAPH.

H *Here th' unlucky Ragotin lies,*
Who liv'd a Slave to fair Star's Eyes,
Yet Destiny him of her depriv'd;
Which made him take a Journey strait
To th' other World, compell'd by Fate,
For needs must where the Devil driv'd.
For her a Stroller he became,
And here with Life concludes the same.

This is fine indeed, quoth *Ranconr*, but you will never have the Satisfaction to read it on your own Tomb; for it is the common Opinion that dead People neither see nor understand any thing they do that survive them. 'Ah! answer'd *Ragotin*, you have partly been the cause of my Misfortunes, for you always gave me hopes I should succeed, and yet I am very
well

'well assur'd you all along knew the contrary. Then *Rancour* protested to him that he knew nothing certainly of it, but confess'd he had all along suspected it as he had told him before, when he advis'd him to stifle his Passion, she being the proudest Woman in the World. *But methinks*, added he, *her Profession of a Stroller, which you know is none of the most honourable, might have somewhat abated her Self-conceit; yet it has always so happen'd, that these sort of Women take much more upon them than belongs to them. But at length, continu'd he, I must discover something to you that I have kept a Secret till now, and that is, That I was as much in Love with Madam Star as you, and I know not how a Person that had so much Conversation as I had with her could have well avoided it; but now that I find my self out of hopes as well as you, I am resolv'd to leave the Company, especially since Mrs. Cave's Brother is come to it, who can act all those Parts I did, and therefore I believe they will be the more willing to part with me. I will then go to Rennes, where the other Company is, and whereinto I do not question but I shall be receiv'd, because they at present want an Actor.*

'Then, quoth *Ragotin*, since you were in Love with the same 'Person, I do not know how you should speak to her for 'me. But *Rancour* swore like a Devil he was a Man of Honour, and had done all that in him lay to promote his Interest, but said he could never prevail to be heard. Well then, quoth *Ragotin*, *you have resolv'd to quit the Company, and so have I, but I have determin'd to make a larger leap and forsake the World too. Rancour* made no Reflections on his Epitaph, thinking he meant only retiring to a Convent, and therefore took no care to prevent his doing himself any harm. As for the Epitaph he never spoke of it to any body except the Poet *Roquebrune*, to whom at his Request he gave a Copy. When *Ragotin* was alone he began to think what method he should make use of to rid himself of the World. He took a Pistol and charg'd it with a Brace of Bullets to shoot himself thro the Head, but then he was afraid that way would make too much Noise. Then he took the Point of his Sword and put it against his Breast, but as soon as he felt it prick it made him sick, and therefore that method was rejected. At last he went down into the Stable, where whilst the Hostlers were at Breakfast, he took one of the Halters that he found lying there, and fastning one end to the Rack, put the other with a Noose about his Neck; but when he was about to let himself swing, he found he had not the Heart to do it, and therefore waited till some body came in, when he was resolv'd upon it. At length a Gentleman came, and then he let go the hold of his Hands, but still kept one Foot bearing

bearing on the Manger. However he might have been strang-
led had he continu'd so hanging for any while. The Boy
that went to put up the Gentleman's Horse seeing *Ragotin*
hang in that manner, thought verily he had been dead,
and therefore began to bawl out like mad for help. All
the Family came down, and seeing a Man hang'd, imme-
diately took the Rope from his Neck, and brought him to
himself, which you may imagin was not very easie to do.
Then he was ask'd what made him to enter upon so strange
a Resolution, but no Answer could be got out of him.
Afterwards *Rancour* took Madam *Scar* aside, whom I might
have call'd by the Name of *Destiny*, but being so near to
the end of this Romance it will be scarce worth while, and
told her the occasion, as he believed, of this strange Under-
taking. She seem'd much surpriz'd, but was much more
when she heard this wicked Man tell her he was still in
the same Mind to make away with himself, but would not
attempt it any more by a Halter. To this *Scar* answer'd
not one Word, whereupon *Ragotin* took his leave and de-
parted. Some little time after he made known to the Com-
pany a design he had to accompany Monsieur *Verville* to *Mans*.
The Company was willing enough to part with him as long
as he had a Companion, but would not have car'd to trust
him alone. Next Morning they set out betimes, after that
Monsieur *Verville* had made a thousand Protestations of con-
tinu'd Friendship to the Actors and Actresses, but especially
to *Destiny*, whom he embrac'd, professing the great Joy he had
to see his Designs accomplish'd. *Ragotin* made a long Ha-
rangue by way of Compliment, but which was so confus'd
that I don't think fit to insert it. When they were ready to
go, *Verville* enquir'd if the Horses had drank. The Hostler told
him it was too soon in the Morning, but he might let them
do it on the Road if he pleas'd. Then having taken leave
of Monsieur *la Garrouffiere*, they mounted and set for-
wards. Monsieur *la Garrouffiere* mounted likewise to go
home, to whom the new married Couples return'd abun-
dantly of Acknowledgments, for coming so far to honour their
Nuptials with his Presence. After a hundred Protestations of
Service on both sides, he set out, and *Rancour* follow'd him,
who notwithstanding his Insensibility could not forbear weep-
ing. *Destiny* wept also, calling to mind the many Services
Rancour had done him, especially that upon the *Pont-neuf* at
Paris, when he was there set upon and robb'd by *la Rapot-
niere* and his Followers. As soon as *Verville* and *Ragotin* were
got to a River they immediately went therein to water their
Horses,

Horses, but it was *Ragotin's* peculiar ill Fortune to light on a place where the Bank had been cut down, which causing his Horse to stumble, he threw the little Man violently over his Head into the River, which was exceeding deep in that part above others. Poor *Ragotin* knew not how to swim, and tho he had, his Equipage of Carabine, Basket-hilt Sword, and Cloak, would have sunk him in spite of his Teeth. One of *Verville's* Men immediately rode after *Ragotin's* Horse to catch him, whilst another stript himself and leapt in after the Master to save him, but found him dead. Then Company was call'd, and the Body taken out and laid on the Grass. Next the *Strollers* were sent for, who mightily condol'd poor *Ragotin's* Fate; which having done, they took him and buried him in *St. Catherine's* Chapel, which is not very far from this River. This dismal Event nevertheless verified the Proverb, *That he that was born to be hang'd would never be drown'd.* *Ragotin* experienc'd the reverse, for he could not strangle himself and so might be drown'd. Thus ended the Life and Adventures of this little comical Advocate, who shall be remembered by the Inhabitants of *Mans* and *Alençon* as long as they have any taste for *Strolling*, or relish for Stage-Plays. *Roquebrune* seeing *Ragotin* in his Grave, said that his Epitaph must be alter'd after the following manner.

Here th' unlucky *Ragotin* lies,
 Who lived a Slave to fair *Star's* Eyes,
 Yet Destiny him of her depriv'd;
 Which made him strait resolve to float
 To th' other World without a Boat;
 For needs must where the Devil driv'd.
 For her a Stroller he became,
 And here with Life he ends the same.

The Actors and Actresses return'd home to their Lodgings, and continu'd their Exercise with their ordinary Applause.

A
T A B L E
OF THE
CHAPTERS
IN THE
Comical Romance.

The First Part.

Chap.		Page
I.	A Company of Strollers come to the Town of Mans.	1
II.	What sort of Man la Rappiniere was.	3
III.	What deplorable Success the Play had.	5
IV.	Wherein farther mention is made of Monsieur la Rappiniere; and of what happen'd that Night at his House.	7
V.	Which contains no great Matter.	9
VI.	The Adventure of the Chamber-pot: What Disturbance Rancour made that Night in the Inn: the Arrival of Part of the Strolling Company: Doguin's	

The Contents.

Doguin's Death ; and other memorable Occurrences.	12
VII. The Adventure of the Litters.	15
VIII. Wherein are contained many Things necessary to be known, for the understanding of this true History.	17
IX. The History of the Invisible Mistress.	20
X. How Ragotin receiv'd a Blow on the Fingers with a Busk.	33
XI. Which contains what you'll find, if you'll but take the Pains to read it.	36
XII. A Combat in the Night.	40
XIII. The History of Destiny and Mrs. Star.	45
XIV. How the Curate of Domfront was carried away.	58
XV. The Operator, or Mountebank's Arrival in the Inn. A Continuation of the History of Destiny and Star. A Serenade.	62
XVI. The Opening of the Stage, with other Matters of no less Consequence.	83
XVII. The ill Success of Ragotin's Civility.	85
XVIII. The Continuation of the History of Destiny and Star.	87
XIX. Some Reflections which are not amiss. Ragotin's new Disgrace, and other Things, which you may read if you please.	96
XX. The shortest in this present Book. Ragotin's Fall off his Horse, and something of the like Nature which hapned to Roquebrune.	100
XXI. Which perhaps will not be found very Entertaining.	101
XXII. The Impostor Out-witted. A Novel.	104
XXIII. An unexpected Misfortune, which prevented the acting of the Play.	119

The

The Contents.

The Second Part.

Chap.	Page
I. W hich serves only as an Introduction to the rest.	123
II. Of the Boots.	125
III. The History of Mrs. Cave.	129
IV. How Destiny found Leander.	138
V. Leander's History.	140
VI. A cuffing Battle. The Death of mine Host, and other memorable Matters.	143
VII. Ragotin's panick Fear, attended by several Mishaps. The Adventure of the dead Body. A Shower of Cuffs, Boxes, and other surprizing Accidents, worthy to have a place allotted them in this true History.	147
VIII. What became of Ragotin's Foot.	153
IX. Another of Ragotin's Misfortunes.	158
X. How Madam Bouvillon could not resist a certain Temptation; and besides, how she got a Bunch in her Forehead.	160
XI. Of what perhaps will entertain the least of the whole Book.	164
XII. Which it may be will be as little diverting as the foregoing.	168
XIII. An unhandson Action of the Sieur la Rappiniere; and a farther Account of Madam Star's and Destiny's Travels.	127
XIV. The Judge in her own Cause, a Novel.	176
XV. A matchless piece of Impudence in the Sieur la Rappiniere.	201
XVI. Ra-	

The Contents.

XVI. Ragotin's Misfortune.	203
XVII. <i>Some Passages between the little Ragotin and the great Baguenodiére.</i>	211
XVIII. <i>Which has no occasion for a Title.</i>	216
XIX. <i>Of the two Rival Brothers, a Novel.</i>	218
XX. <i>How Ragotin's Sleep came to be disturb'd.</i>	239

The Third Part.

Chap.	Page
I. W hich may serve for an Introduction to the Third Part.	241
II. <i>Where you'll find Ragotin's Design.</i>	244
III. <i>Leander's Project and Harangue, together with Ragotin's being admitted among the Strollers.</i>	247
IV. <i>Of Leander's Departure; the Strollers going for Alençon, and Ragotin's Misfortune.</i>	251
V. <i>What happen'd to the Strollers between Vivain and Alençon, together with another Misfortune of Ragotin's.</i>	256
VI. <i>Of Saldagne's Death.</i>	262
VII. <i>The Sequel of Mrs. Cave's History.</i>	267
VIII. <i>The End of Mrs. Cave's History.</i>	271
IX. <i>How Rancour undeceiv'd Ragotin concerning Madam Star; together with the Arrival of a Coachful of Gentry, and some other Comical Adventures of Ragotin's.</i>	274
X. <i>The History of the Prior of St. Lewis, and the Arrival of Monsieur Verville.</i>	279
XI. <i>Resolutions of Destiny's marrying with Star, and Leander with Angelica.</i>	289
XII. <i>What happen'd in the Journey to Fresnaye, as likewise another Misfortune of Ragotin's.</i>	291
XIII. <i>The</i>	

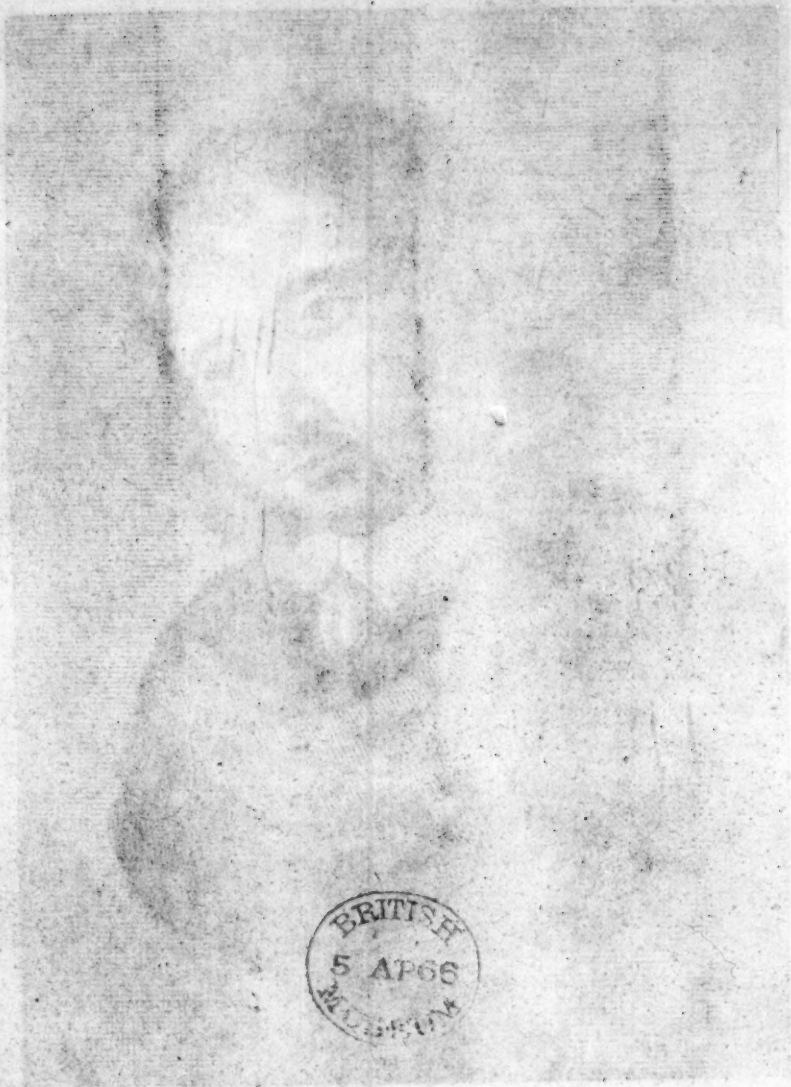
The Contents.

XIII. <i>The Continuation and Conclusion of the Prior of St. Lewis History.</i>	294
XIV. <i>Verville's Return, accompanied by Monsieur la Garrouffiere. The Actors and Actresses Marriages; together with an Adventure of Ragotin's.</i>	312
XV. <i>The two jealous Ladies, a Novel.</i>	317
XVI. <i>The Capricious Lady, a Novel.</i>	321
XVII. <i>Ragotin's Despair and Death, with the end of the Comical Romance.</i>	328

F I N I S .

5 AP 66

SCARRON'S



SCARRON's Novels.

NOVEL I.

Avarice Chastis'd :

OR, THE

Miser Punish'd.

TIS not quite a thousand Years ago since a pretty Younger, who was full as ambitious as poor, and had a greater Itch to be thought a Gentleman than a rational Creature, left the Mountains of *Navarre*, and came in Company with his Father to find that at *Madrid* which was not to be got in his own Country, I mean, Wealth and Riches; which are sooner acquired at Court than any other place, and indeed are seldom obtain'd there but by Importunity and Impertinence. He had the Credit, I cannot inform you how it came about, to be received as a Page by a certain Prince, which Quality in *Spain* is not so gainful, as that of a Lackey in *France*, and not much more honourable. When he first put on his Livery, he was about twelve Years old, and from that very moment might be term'd the thriftiest Page in the World. All his worldly Stock, not to reckon his Expectations, that were very big, consisted of a wretched Bed set up in a Garret, which he had hired in that Quarter of the Town where his Master lived; and where he pigged every Night with his venerable Father, who may be said to have been rich in

gray Hairs, because by procuring him the Charity of well-disposed Persons, they helpt to maintain him. At last the old Gentleman troop'd off, at which his unrighteous Son rejoic'd, fancying himself already enriched, by that which his Father did not spend. From that very Hour he enjoind himself so severe and strict an Abstinence, and practis'd so wonderful a Frugality, that he spent not a Farthing of that little Money his Master gave him to keep Body and Soul together. 'Tis true, he did this at the Expence both of his Belly, which often grumbled at him for it, and of all his Acquaintance. *Don Marcos* (for that was our Hero's Name) was of a Stature a little below the common Pitch; and for want of due repairing the Decays of his Pigmy Carcass, became in a short time as slender as a Lath, and as dry as a Deal-board. When he waited on his Master at Table, he never took away a Plate with any Meat in it, but he dexterously whipt the better part into his Pocket; and because it could not so well contain Soops, and such like Liquids, he made Money of a great Number of Torch-ends, which he had scrap'd together with much Industry, and thereby bought him a pair of Tin Pockets; by the help of which he soon began to perform Miracles for the Advancement of his Fortune. Misers are for the most part careful and vigilant, and these two good Qualities, join'd to the furious Passion which *Don Marcos* had to become rich, made his Master to take such a Fancy to him, that he was resolv'd never to part with so excellent a Page. For this reason he made him wear a Livery till he was thirty Years old. But at last this Phoenix of a Servant being oblig'd to undergo the Tonfor's Hands too often, to clear him of his ungodly Beard, his Master metamorphos'd his Page into a Gentleman, and thus made him what Heaven never design'd him to be. Now you must know his Revenues were hereby augmented by the addition of several *Reals* a Day; but instead of encreasing likewise his Expences, our Spark shut his Purse so much the closer, as his new Employ, one would have thought, might have oblig'd him to open it. He had heard Stories of some of his Profession, who for want of a Valet would call up your Fellows that cry Brandy about Streets in a Morning, to make their Beds, and sweep their Chambers, under pretence of buying some of their Liquor; and of others, who in the Winter got themselves undrest at Night by your Cryers of gray Pease or Linkboys: But as this was not to be done without some sort of Injustice, and in regard our *Don Marcos* made a Conscience of wronging every one but himself, he thought it much better to shift as well as he could without a Valet.

He

He never burnt an inch of Candle in his Chamber, but what he stole; and to manage it with more Oeconomy, always began to unbotton himself in the Street at the very place where he lighted it, put it out as soon as he got to his Lodgings, and so tumbled into Bed in the dark. But still finding there was a cheaper way of going to Bed, his busie inventing Genius set him upon making a Hole in the Wall, which divided his Room from that of his Neighbour, who no sooner lighted his Candle, but our Don immediately open'd his Hole, and by that means received Light enough to do any thing he had occasion for. Being not able to dispence with himself from wearing a Tilter at his Breech, by reason of his noble Descent, which required it of him, he clapt a Lath into a Scabboard, wore it one Day on the right, and the next on the left side, in order to use his Breeches to some sort of Symmetry, and because his trusty Whinyard wou'd wear them out the less, being equally divided between the right and the left. At break of Day he stood at the Street-door, begging in God's Name for a Cup of Water of every Tankard-bearer that passed by, and thus furnished himself with enough of that Element to serve him several Days. He wou'd often come into the common Hall, where his Masters other Servants us'd to take their Repasts, and whatever he saw them eat, was sure to commend it to the Skies, to give him some sort of Privilege to taste it. He never laid out a farthing in Wine, yet drank more or less every Day, either by sipping of that which was publickly cryed about Streets, or else by stopping Porters that were carrying some to the Taverns, whom he would ask to give him a taste of their Wine, that if he liked it, he might know where to send for it. Once riding towards *Madrid* upon a Mule, he so dexterously cheated the Eyes of his Inn-keepers, that he fed trusty *Dapple* with the Straw of the Beds, where he lay; but the very first Day of his Journey, being weary of paying for his Servant's Dinner, who was the first he ever had, he pretended he could not drink his Landlord's Wine, and therefore sent the poor Fellow to find out better, a full League at least from the Inn where he then was. The Servant accordingly beat the Hoof thither, relying upon his Master's Honour, who nevertheless fairly gave him the slip, and so the Wretch was forced to beg all the way to *Madrid*. In short, *Don Marcos* was the living Picture of Avarice and Filching, and was so well known to be the most covetous Devil in *Spain*, that at *Madrid* he advanced himself into a Proverb, for they there called a pinching Miser a *Don Marcos*. His Master and all his Friends told a thousand merry Stories of him, and that even before his Face, because he under-

stood Raillery to Perfection, and wou'd stand a Jest as well as a manag'd Horse will Fire. 'Twas an usual Saying with him, that no Woman cou'd be handfom if she loved to take, nor ugly if she gave Money, and that a wise Man ought never to go to Bed, unless for the Satisfaction of his Conscience, he had turned the Penny the same Day. His excellent Theory, seconded by a most exact Practice, had brought him together, by that time he was forty Years old, above 10000 Crowns in Silver, a prodigious Sum for a Grandee's Gentleman to get, especially in *Spain*. But what may not a Man save in the compass of many Years, who steals all he can both from himself and other People? *Don Marcos* having the Reputation of being rich, without being either a Debauchee or a Gamester, was soon courted in Marriage by abundance of Women, who loved the Money more than the Man, and whose Number in all parts of the World is great. Among others that offered to carry the Marriage Yoke with him, he met a Woman whose Name was *Isidore*, who passed for a Widow, tho in truth she had never been married, and appeared much younger than she was, by patching, painting, and tricking up her self, in all which Mysteries she was skill'd to Admiration. The World judged of her Wealth by her way of living, which was expensive enough for one of her condition; and those who frequently guess at random, and love to magnifie Matters, bestow'd on her at least three thousand Livres a Year, and some ten thousand Crowns in Plate, Jewels, and the like convenient Moveables. The Fellow that propos'd her to *Don Marcos* for a Wife, was a notable Sharper, one that trucked in all sorts of Merchandize, but his principal Subsistence was selling of Maidenheads, and making of Matches. He spoke to *Don Marcos* of *Isidore* in such advantageous Terms, that he set him upon the Tenter-hooks to see this Miracle, (a Curiosity he had never express'd for any Woman before) and so effectually perswaded our unthinking Cully that she was rich, and the Widow of a certain Cavalier, descended from one of the best Families in *Andalousia*, that from that very instant he had an itch to be married to her. The same Day this Proposal was made to him, our Marriage-pimp, whose Name was *Gamara*, came to call upon him, to introduce him into *Isidore's* Company. Our covetous Hunk was ravish'd to see the Neatness and Magnificence of the House into which *Gamara* conducted him, but he was much more so, when this Master of the Ceremonies assur'd him it belong'd to *Isidore*. He was perfectly transported at the Richness of the Furniture, the Alcoves, and Rooms of State, and a Pro-

fusion

fusion of sweet Scents, that rather seem'd proper for a Lady of the highest Quality, than one that was to be a Wife to a Grandee's Gentleman and no better. Then as for the Mistress of this enchanted Castle, he took her for a Goddess. *Don Marcos* found her busie at work between a Damsel and a Chamber-maid, both so beautiful and charming, that whatever Aversion he had to expensive Living, and a great Number of Servants, yet he resolv'd to marry *Isidore*, were it only for the Vanity to be Master of two such charming Creatures. Whatever *Isidore* said to him was utter'd so discreetly, that it not only pleas'd, but perfectly ravish'd him; and what contributed to make an entire Conquest of his Heart, was a Collation as nice as neatly serv'd up, where the clean Linen and the Silver Plate were all of a piece with the other rich Moveables. There sat down to this Entertainment, a young Gentleman very well dress'd and well made, whom *Isidore* pretended to be her Nephew. His Name was *Augustine*, but his good Aunt call'd him *Augustinet*, altho the pretty Baby was above twenty Years old. *Isidore* and *Augustinet* strove who should make *Don Marcos* most welcome, and during the repast helpt him to all the choicest Bits. Now whilst our trusty Miser laid about him like a *Harpy*, and cram'd his half-starv'd Guts with Victuals enough to have lasted him eight Days, his Ears were charm'd by the melodious Voice of the Damsel *Marcella*, who sung two or three passionate Airs to her Harpsichord. *Don Marcos* lost no time, but fell on like a Devil, it being at another's Expence. The Collation ended with the Day, whose Light was supplied by that of four large Candles in Silver Sconces, of admirable Workmanship and Weight, which *Don Marcos* at that moment design'd within himself to reform into one single Lamp, so soon as he was marry'd to *Isidore*. *Augustinet* took a Guittar and play'd several Sarabands and other Tunes, to which that cunning Jilt *Marcella*, and *Inez* the Chamber-maid danced admirably well, striking their Castagnets exactly to the time of the Guittar. The discreet *Gamara* whispered *Don Marcos* in the Ear, that *Isidore* never sat up late; which hint our civil Gentleman taking immediately, rose from his Seat, made her a thousand Compliments and Protections of Love, more than he had ever done to any Female, wish'd her and the little *Augustinet* a good Night, and so left them at liberty to talk of him what they thought fit. *Don Marcos*, who was up to the Ears in Love with *Isidore*, but much more with her Money, protested to *Gamara*, who accompanied him to his Lodgings, that the charming Widow had

intirely gain'd his Affections, and that he would give one of his Fingers with all his Soul, that he were already marry'd to her, because he never saw a Woman more made to his Mind; altho in sober truth he confessed, that after Marriage he would retrench somewhat of that endless Ostentation and Luxury of hers. She lives more like a Princess than the Wife of a private Man, cries the prudent *Don Marcos* to the dissembling *Gamara*; and she does not consider, continued he, that the Moveables she has, being turned into Money, and this Money being joined to mine, we may be able between us to purchase a pretty handsom Estate, which by God's Blessing, and my own Industry, may make a considerable Fortune for the Children Providence shall bestow on us. And if our Marriage, proceeded he, should prove without Issue, then since *Isidore* has a Nephew, we will leave him all, provided I like his Behaviour, and find him no way addicted to ill Husbandry. *Don Marcos* entertain'd *Gamara* with these Discourses, or somewhat of the like nature, till he came before his own Door. *Gamara* took leave of him, after he had given him his Word, that next Morning he should conclude his Marriage with *Isidore*, by reason, he said, Affairs of this nature were as soon broke off by Delays, as by the Death of either of the Parties. *Don Marcos* embraced his worthy Marriage-jobber, who immediately after went to give *Isidore* an account in what disposition of Mind he had left her Lover. In the mean time our amorous Coxcomb takes an end of a Candle out of his Pocket, fixes it to the point of his Sword, and having lighted it at a Lamp, which burnt before a publick Crucifix hard by, not without dropping a few hearty Ejaculations for good Success in his Affair, opened the Door of the House where he lodged, and repaired to his wretched Bed, but that rather to think of his Amour than to sleep. *Gamara* came to visit him next Morning, and brought him the agreeable News that his Business was done with *Isidore*, who wholly left it to his Discretion to appoint the Day of Marriage. Our besotted Lover told *Gamara* he was upon Thorns till it was over, and that if he were to be marry'd that very Day, it would not be so soon as he wished. *Gamara* reply'd, it lay solely in his own Power to conclude it whenever he pleased; when *Don Marcos* embracing him, conjur'd him to use all his Diligence to get the Contract dispatch'd that very Day. He appointed *Gamara* to give him a Meeting after Dinner, while he went to his Master's Levée, and waited on him at Table. Both met exactly at the time of Assignment, and then immediately went

to *Isidore's* House, who received them much better than the Day before. *Marcella* sung, *Inez* danced, *Augustinet* play'd upon the Guittar, and *Isidore*, the principal Actress of this Farce, gave her Spouse that was to be, a noble Repast, for which she knew well enough how to make her self full amends afterwards. *Gamara* brought a Notary, who perhaps was a counterfeited one. The Articles of Marriage were sign'd and seal'd. It was propos'd to *Don Marcos* to play a Game at *Primera* to pass away the time. Heaven bless me, cry'd the astonish'd *Don Marcos*, I serve a Master who would not let me live a quarter of an Hour with him, if he knew I was a Gamester; but God be praised, I don't so much as know the Cards. How much does it delight me, replies *Isidore*, to hear Signior *Don Marcos* talk after this manner? I daily preach the same Doctrine to my Nephew *Augustinet* here, but your young Fellows are not a Farthing the better for all the good Advice that is given them. Go, foolish obstinate Boy, says she to *Augustinet*, go and bid *Marcella* and *Inez* make an end of their Dinner, and come and divert us with their Castagnets. While *Augustinet* went to call up the Maids, *Don Marcos*, stroking his Whiskers with admirable Gravity, thus carry'd on the Discourse. If *Augustinet*, says he, has a mind to keep in my Favour, he must renounce gaming and staying out late a Nights. If he'll keep good Hours, I am content with all my Heart he should lie in my House; but I'll have my Windows barred, and Doors locked and bolted before I go to Bed: Not that I am in the least jealous in my Temper, for I think nothing can be more impertinent, especially where a Man has a virtuous Wife, as I am going to have; but Houses, where there is any thing to lose, cannot be too well secur'd against Thieves; and for my part I should run distracted, if a Villain of a Thief, without any other Trouble than that of carrying off what he found, should rob me in an instant of what my great Industry had been scraping together for many Years; and therefore, continues *Don Marcos*, I forbid him gaming and rambling a Nights, or the Devil shall roast him alive, and I will renounce the Name of *Don Marcos*. The cholerick Gentleman utter'd these last Words with so much Vehemence and Passion, that it cost *Isidore* abundance of fair Speeches to put him in a good Humour again. She conjured him not to trouble himself about the matter, assuring him that *Augustinet* would not fail to answer his Expectation in all Points, because he was the most tractable and the best-condition'd Boy that ever was known. The coming in of *Augustinet* and the Dancers, put

a stop to this Discourse, so they spent the greatest part of the Night in dancing and singing. *Don Marcos* being loath to give himself the trouble to walk to his Lodgings so late, would by all means have persuaded *Isidore* to give her consent, that they might live together from that time forward like Man and Wife, or at least that she would suffer him to lie at her House that Night. But our Widow putting on a severe Countenance, protested aloud, that ever since the unhappy Day, on which her Widowhood commenced, no Man living had put his Leg within her chaste Bed, which she reserved to her Lord and Master, nor should do so, till the Rites of the Church were performed; adding, that in her present Circumstances her Reputation would not suffer her to let any Man, but only her Nephew *Augustinet*, lye in her House. *Don Marcos* gave her his humble Thanks for her Civilities, notwithstanding his amorous Impatience. He wish'd her a good Repose, return'd to his own Lodging accompany'd by *Gamara*, took his End of a Candle out of his Pocket, fixed it to the point of his Sword, lighted it at the Lamp of the Crucifix, and in short, did every thing else that he had done the Night before; so punctual was he in every respect, unless it were that he omitted to say his Prayers, because he thought his Affair as good as concluded, and so did not want the Assistance of Heaven to farther it. The Bans were soon published, a cluster of Holidays coming together: In fine, this Marriage, so much desired on both sides, was celebrated with more Expence and Formality, than one would have expected from so sordid a Miser, who for fear of touching his six thousand Crowns, had borrow'd Money of his Friends to defray the Charges of that Day. The chief Servants belonging to his Master were invited to the Wedding, who all concurred in commending the happy Choice he had made. The Dinner was sumptuous and noble, tho provided at the Expence of *Don Marcos*, this being the first time he had ever bled in his Pocket, and to do him Justice, out of his Excess of Love he had bespoke very fine Wedding Cloaths for *Isidore* and himself. All the Guests departed in good time, and *Don Marcos* with his own Hands locked the Doors, and barred the Gates, not so much to secure his Wife, as the Coffer wherein his Money lay, which he had ordered to be set by his Bed-side. In short, the marry'd Couple went to Bed, and *Don Marcos*, not finding all he expected, began even then perhaps to repent of his Marriage: *Marcella* and *Inez* were grumbling together at their Master's Humour, and blam'd their Mistress for being so hasty to be marry'd. *Inez* swore by her Maker she would sooner

sooner chuse to be a Lay-Sister in a Convent, than endure to live in a House that was shut up at nine. And what would you say were you in my case, says *Marcella*? for you have the Pleasure of going sometimes to Market to buy Provisions for the Family; whereas I, who am my Lady's Waiting-woman forsooth, must never peep abroad, but live a solitary Life with the chaste Wife of a jealous Husband; and as for the Serenades we used to hear so often under our Window, I now expect to hear them no more than the Musick of the Spheres. Yet for all this, replies *Inez*, we have not so much reason to complain as has poor *Augustinet*. He has spent the best part of his Youth in waiting upon his Aunt, who has disposed of her self as you see; she has set a formal Pedagogue over his Head, who will reproach him a hundred times a Day with every bit he eats, and with his fine Cloaths, which God knows whether he came honestly by or not. You tell me News, says *Marcella*, that I never heard before, and I don't wonder that our Mistress has made so foolish a Bargain on't, when her Nephew *ad honores*, is forced to pass his time with us. If I would have believed his fair Promises, I might easily have carry'd off the young Spark from his Aunt before this, but she has kept me from my Childhood, and I ought in Conscience to be faithful to those whose Bread I have all along eat. To tell you truth, continued *Inez*, I have no Aversion to the poor Boy, and must own, I have often pitied him, to see him sad and melancholy by himself, while other People are making merry, and diverting themselves. After this manner did these Servants entertain each other, and reason upon their Mistress's Marriage. The good *Inez* soon fell asleep, but the virtuous *Marcella* had other things to mind. No sooner did she find her Bed-fellow fast, but she steals out of Bed, dresses her self, and packs up in one Bundle the Wedding Cloaths of *Isidore*, and some of *Don Marcos's* things, which she had dexterously convey'd out of their Chamber, before the provident Master had lock'd the Door. This having done, away she marches, and because she had no design to return, she left open the Doors of the Apartment, which *Isidore* had hir'd in that House. *Inez* awak'd not long after, and missing her Companion, had the Curiosity to enquire what was become of her. She listen'd at *Augustinet's* Door, not without some little Suspicion, and spice of Jealousie; but hearing not the least Noise there, she examin'd every place else where she thought it probable to find her, but miss'd of her Aim. At length seeing the Doors wide open, she ran up Stairs, and rapt at the Chamber-door of the

new marry'd Couple as hard as she could drive, whom she strangely allarm'd by this Noise. She told them *Marcella* was gone, that she had left the Doors open, and that she was afraid she had carry'd off some things, which she never design'd to restore. *Don Marcos* leapt out of Bed like a mad Man, and ran to his Cloaths, but found them gone as well as those of *Isidore's*; when turning suddenly about, to his inexpressible Mortification, he saw his dear Spouse of so different a Figure from what had charm'd him before, that he thought he should have sunk through the Floor. The unfortunate Lady being awakened so on the sudden, had taken no notice that her Tower was not upon her Head. She saw it lying on the Ground near the Bed, and was going to take it up; but alas! we do nothing orderly when we go rashly to work, and in Confusion. She put the back part of it before; and her Visage, which had not received its usual Refreshment so early in the Morning, the Gloss of her Paint and Washes being gone, appeared so ghastly to *Don Marcos*, that he fancied he saw a Spectre. If he cast his Eyes upon her, he beheld a terrible Monster, and if he carried his Sight elsewhere, he found his Cloaths were missing. *Isidore*, who was in a strange Disorder, perceived some of her Teeth hanging in the large, long, and well provided *Mustacho's* of her Husband, and went about in this Consternation to recover them; but the poor Man, whom she had so dismally affrighted, not being able to imagine she stretched out her Hands so near his Face, with any other design than to strangle him, or pluck out his Eyes, retired some Paces backward, and avoided her Approaches with so much Address, that not being able to come up to him, she was forced at last to tell him, that some of her Teeth were lodged in his Whiskers. *Don Marcos* directed his Hands thither, and finding his Wife's Teeth, which formerly belonged to some Elephant, a Native of *Africk*, or the *East Indies*, dangling in his Beard, flung them at her with a great deal of Indignation. She gathered them up, as likewise those that were scattered in the Bed, and up and down the Chamber, and then retired to a little Closet with this precious Treasure, her Painting Brush, and some other Necessaries she had placed upon her Toilet. In the mean time *Don Marcos*, after he had heartily renounced his Maker, sat him down in a Chair, where he made sorrowful Reflections upon his being married to an old Beldame, whom he found by the venerable Snow, which sixty long Winters had strow'd upon her bald Skull, to be at least twenty Years elder than himself, and yet was not so old neither, but that he might expect to be plagued with
her

her twenty Years more. *Augustinet*, who upon this Noise had got up in haste, came half drest into the Room, and endeavour'd all that lay in his Power to appease the worthy Husband of his Aunt by Adoption: But the poor Man did nothing but sigh and beat his Thighs with his Hand, and sometimes his Face. He then bethought himself of a fine Gold Chain he had borrow'd to set himself off on the Day of his Marriage, but to compleat his Vexation, there was nothing but the Remembrance of it left him, for *Marcella* had taken care to secure it among the other things she had carried off. He looked for it at first with some Tranquillity, yet as carefully as might be; but after he had wearied himself to no purpose in looking for it all over the Chamber, he found it was lost, and his Labour likewise, when certainly no Despair could equal his. He gave such terrible Groans, as disturb'd all the Neighbourhood where he liv'd. Upon these doleful Cries, *Isidore* bolted out of her Closet, and appear'd so much renew'd, and beautiful, that the poor Man thought this was the third time they had chang'd his Wife. He look'd upon her with Admiration, and did not express himself angrily to her. At last he took out of one of his Trunks the Cloaths he wore every Day, drest himself, and attended by *Augustinet* enquir'd in every Street after the perfidious *Marcella*. They look'd for her in vain till Dinner, which was made up of what they had left the Day before. *Don Marcos* and *Isidore* quarrell'd with one another, like People that had a desire to dine, and dined like People that had as good a Stomach to quarrel. However, *Isidore* sometimes endeavour'd to bring back *Don Marcos* to his peaceable Humour, speaking to him in as submissive and humble Terms as she cou'd think of; and *Augustinet* us'd his best Entreaties to reconcile them to each other; but the Loss of the Gold Chain was more to *Don Marcos* than a Stab with a Dagger. They were ready to rise from Table, where they had done little else but quarrel, while *Augustinet* all alone by himself employ'd his Teeth to the best purpose; during which there came into the Room two Men from the Steward of the Admiral of *Castile*, who desir'd the Lady *Isidore* to send the Silver Plate he had lent her for fifteen Days only, and which she had kept above twenty. *Isidore* cou'd not tell what other Answer to make, but that she would go and fetch it. *Don Marcos* pretended the Plate belong'd to him, and that he was resolv'd to keep it. One of the Men stay'd still in the Chamber, lest they should remove that which they made such Difficulty to restore, while the other went to find out the Master of the House, who came, and reproach'd *Isidore* with her unjust

unjust Dealing, took no notice of the Opposition *Don Marcos* made, and in spite of all he said to him, mov'd off with the Plate, and left the Husband and Wife quarrelling about this new Disaster. Their Dispute, or to speak more properly, their Quarrel was in a manner concluded, when a Pawnbroker, accompanied by his Porters and Followers, came into the Room, and told *Isidore*, that since he was inform'd she was marry'd to a Man of Bulk and Substance, he was come to fetch away the Moveables she had hired of him, and the Money due for the Loan of them, unless she was minded to buy them. Here *Don Marcos* lost all Patience, he called the Broker sawcy Rogue and Rascal, and threaten'd to belabour him lustily. The Broker told him he valued not his big words, that every honest Man ought to restore what did not belong to him, and fell foul upon *Isidore* with unmannerly Language, who was not wanting on her side to give him as good as he brought. He struck her, she return'd the Blow, and the Floor was in a minute cover'd with the counterfeit Teeth and Hair of *Isidore*; and with the Cloak, Hat and Cloves of *Don Marcos*, who interpos'd to defend the virtuous Rib of his Side. While the Combatants were gathering up their things that were fallen; while the Broker remov'd the Moveables, and paid himself as honest Brokers use to do; and while all of them together made a Noise as if Hell were broke loose, the Landlord of the House, who lodg'd in an Apartment above, came down into *Isidore's* Room, and acquainted her, that if they design'd to make such a Noise as that every Day, they must e'en go seek out another Lodging. 'Tis you, you impertinent Puppy, that must seek out another Lodging, replies *Don Marcos*, whose Anger had made him look as pale as a Ghost. Upon this the Landlord answer'd him with a Box on the Ear, and our angry Don was looking for his Sword or Ponyard, but *Marcella* had carry'd them off; *Isidore* and *Augustinet* interposed in the Scuffle, and with much ado appeased the Master of the House, but not *Don Marcos*, who beat his Head against the Walls, calling *Isidore* an hundred times Cheat, Strumpet, and Thief. *Isidore* with Tears in her Eyes answer'd, that a poor Woman ought not to be blam'd for setting her Brains to work to get a Man of such Merit as *Don Marcos* was, and therefore he had more reason to admire her for her Wit, than to beat her as he did; adding, that even in point of Honour, a Man ought never to lay Hands on his Wife. *Don Marcos* swearing most heroically, protested his Money was his Honour, and that he was resolv'd to be unmarried, whatever it cost him. To this the meek *Isidore* replied with a world of Humility, that she would still be his loving

Wife,

Wife, that their Marriage had been celebrated in the usual Forms, and 'twas impossible to dissolve it, for which reason she advis'd him to sit still and be patient. When this point was pretty well over, the next Question was, where they should take another Lodging, since this was too hot for 'em. *Don Marcos* and *Augustinet* walked out to find one, and in this interval *Isidore* enjoy'd a little breathing time, and with the trusty *Inez*, comforted her self for the ill Humour of her Husband, so long as she saw his Trunks full of Money still in the Chamber. *Don Marcos* took a convenient Lodging in his Master's Neighbourhood, and sent *Augustinet* home to sup with his Aunt, not being able, as he said, to bring himself as yet to eat with such an impudent Cheat. Towards the Evening he came home as furly as a baited Bear, and as fierce as a Tyger. *Isidore* endeavour'd with all her Arts to soften him into a better Temper, and next Morning had the Boldness to desire him to go to his new Lodging and stay there to receive the Moveables, that *Augustinet* and *Inez* were going to carry to a Cart, which they had newly hired. *Don Marcos* accordingly went, and while he expected their coming, the ungrateful *Isidore*, the knavish *Augustinet*, and the jilting *Inez*, with all expedition convey'd the whole Substance of this unfortunate Man into a Cart, drawn by four lusty able Mules, went into it themselves, quitted *Madrid*, and took the Road to *Barcelona*. *Don Marcos* who had exhausted all his Patience, in waiting for their coming, went back to his former Lodging, found the Doors shut, and was inform'd by the Neighbours, that they had remov'd from thence with their Goods several hours before. Upon this he return'd to the place from whence he came, but did not find what he expected. Immediately he went back to the old place, suspecting the Misfortune that had happen'd to him: he breaks open the Chamber-door, where he could see nothing but a few wretched wooden Platters, an old rusty pair of Tongues, a batter'd pair of Bellows, the broken Leg of a crippled Andiron, and such like precious Ware, which they had left behind them, as not thinking it worth their while to encumber the Cart with them. Now he was convinc'd into what treacherous Hands he was fallen; he tears off his Beard and Hair, buffets his Eyes, bites his Fingers till the Blood came; nay, was sorely tempted to kill himself, but his Hour was not yet come. The most unfortunate Men sometimes flatter themselves with vain Hopes. Thus he went to find out the Fugitives in all the Inns of *Madrid*, but could hear no Tale nor Tidings of them. *Isidore* was not such a Fool as to employ a Cart by which she might

be

be betray'd, but had hired one in an Inn near *Madrid*, and to secure her self from being pursu'd, had artickled before-hand with the Owner, that he should stay no longer in the City than was sufficient to take up her, her Company, and her Goods. More tir'd and weary than a Dog that has cours'd a Hare and mist her, our poor Gentleman was returning home, after having fruitlessly enquir'd at all the Inns in the City and Suburbs, when by meer accident he popt full butt upon *Marcella*. He caught hold of her by the Throat, and cry'd out, *And have I met thee, thou raiterous Baggage, I will keep thee fast till thou hast restored every farthing thou hast stolen from me.* Oh! good Heavens, says this subtle Dissembler, without changing Countenance for the matter, how did I always mistrust that this would one day fall upon me. Hear me, dear Master, for the Love of the Blessed Virgin, hear me, before you ruin my Reputation. I am a Woman of Virtue and Honesty, I thank my good God for it; and shoud you disgrace me never so little before my Neighbours here, 'twoud be my utter undoing, for I am upon the point of Marriage. Let us step a little to yonder Corner, and if your Lordship will but give me the hearing, I will tell you what are become of your Chain and Cloaths. I knew well enough the Blame wou'd be laid upon me for what has happen'd, and told my Mistress as much before-hand, when she forc'd me to do what I did, but she was Mistress, and I a poor Servant. Well, how wretched is the condition of those that serve, and what pains do they take to get a sorry Livelihood? *Don Marcos* had little Malice in his Nature; the Tears and Eloquence of this dissembling Cockatrice inclin'd him to listen to her, and even to believe whatever she told him. He walked with her therefore under a Porch belonging to a great House, where she inform'd him, that *Isidore* was an old batter'd Strumpet, who in her time had ruin'd several Persons that were smitten with her, but had sav'd nothing out of all her Gettings, by reason of her profuse and riotous Living. She likewise told him what she had learn'd from *Inez*, that *Augustinet* was not Nephew to *Isidore*, but a sort of a Bravo, the Bastard of another Whore, and that she caus'd him to pass for her Nephew, only to give her some Authority among Women of her own Profession, and to revenge her Quarrels. She acquainted him, it was he to whom she had given the Gold Chain and the Cloaths that were stolen, and that it was by his Order she went away in the Night, without taking leave, that thereby she might alone be suspected of so wicked an Action. *Marcella* told all these fine Stories to *Don Marcos*, not at all regarding what might be the

Consequence,

Consequence, either to get clear of his Hands, or perhaps to keep up a good old Custom long ago observ'd by Servants, which is to lie boldly, and tell their Masters all they don't know, as well as all they do. She concluded her Discourse with an Exhortation to him to be patient, giving him hopes that his things might be restor'd to him, when he least expected it. *And perhaps never,* replies *Don Marcos* very discreetly; *there is little likelihood that a Trairess, who has robb'd me of my Goods, and is gone off with them, will ever return to restore them to me.* He afterwards told *Marcella* all that had befallen him with *Isidore*, ever since she had been gone. Is it possible she should have so little Conscience with her? says that wheedling Devil *Marcella*. Ah! dear Master, 'twas not without good reason I pity'd your hard Usage, but I durst not say any thing to you of it: for that very Evening you were robb'd, taking the Boldness to tell my Mistress, that she ought not to touch your Gold-chain, she beat me black and blue, God knows, and called me all the Whores in the World. *But thus the case happen'd,* says *Don Marcos*, fetching a deep Sigh, *and the worst of it is, I see no Remedy to help me.* Hold a little, cries *Marcella* interrupting him, I know a cunning Man, a Friend of mine, who will shortly be my Husband, I trust in Heaven, and he will tell you where you may find these People, as plainly as if he saw them. He's an admirable Man, that's certain, and can make the Devil fetch and carry for him like a Spaniel. The credulous *Don Marcos* conjur'd her to let him see this Son of Art. *Marcella* promis'd him to do it, and told him she wou'd certainly meet him next Day in that very place. *Don Marcos* came accordingly, nor was *Marcella* forgetful of her Appointment, telling our unfortunate Spark, that the Magician she had spoke to him about, had already begun his Operations to help him to his stolen Goods, but that he wanted a certain quantity of Amber, Musk, and other Perfumes, to make a Fumigation for the Dæmons whom he intended to invoke, who were all of the first Order, and of the best Families in Hell. *Don Marcos*, without deliberating farther on the matter, carries *Marcella* to a Perfumer's Shop, buys as much of those Scents as she told him wou'd be necessary, nay, and presented her besides with some Essences and Oils she begg'd of him, so much did he fancy himself oblig'd to her for helping him to a Magician. The wicked *Marcella* carry'd him to a House of a very scurvy Aspect, where in a low Room, or rather a nasty Dog-hole, he was receiv'd by a Man in a Cassock, whose Beard reach'd down to his Girdle, and who accosted him with a world of Gravity. This villanous

Impostor,

Impostor, on whom *Don Marcos* look'd with a great deal of Respect and Fear, two Qualities that generally go together, lighted two Black-Wax Tapers, and gave them to the affrighted *Don Marcos* to hold one in each Hand. He order'd him to sit down upon a little low Stool, and exhorted him, but his Exhortations came too late, not to be afraid. After this, he ask'd him several Questions concerning his Age, his way of Living, and about the Goods that were stolen from him ; and having look'd a while in a Mirror, and read half a Score Lines in a Book, he told *Don Marcos*, who was ready to expire with Fear, that he very well knew where his Things were, and described them one after another so exactly to him, that *Don Marcos* let the Candles drop to go hug and embrace him. The serious Magician blam'd him extreamly for his Impatience, and told him the Operations of his infallible Art demanded a great deal of Circumspection and Care ; giving him to understand, that for Actions less hardy and indiscreet, the Dæmons had sorely buffeted, nay, sometimes strangled People. At these words *Don Marcos* look'd as pale as a Criminal after Sentence, and taking the Candles again in his Hands, sat down on his Stool as before. The Conjuror then call'd for his Perfumes that *Don Marcos* had bought, and which the perfidious *Marcella* immediately gave to him. Hitherto she had been a Spectatress of the Ceremony, but now he commanded her to quit the Room, because says he, the Devils don't like the Company of Women. *Marcella* at her going out made a profound Reverence, and the Magician drawing near a little Pan of Coals, made as if he threw *Don Marcos's* Perfumes upon the lighted Charcoal, but indeed cast a noisome Composition into it, which rais'd so thick and dismal a Sinoak, that the Magician, who imprudently lean'd over the Pan, had like to have been suffocated by it. He cough'd several times to expectorate the Steams he had suck'd in, and that with so much Violence, that his long venerable Beard, which was not of the growth of his Chin, and had been ill-fastned on, fell down, and discovered him to be the pernicious *Gamara*. *Don Marcos* caught hold of him by the Throat and griped and squeez'd him like any *Hercules*, crying out at the same time Thief, Thief, in a shrill, terrible Voice. As it happened, a Magistrate was going down the Street at that time, who enter'd the House, from whence such dismal Cryes proceeded that alarm'd all the Neighbourhood ; for you must know, *Gamara*, whom *Don Marcos* held all this while by the Throat, roar'd out as loud as he could for the heart of him. The first Person the Officers seiz'd, was *Marcella*, and after
breaking

breaking open the Door of this Magical Apartment, found *Don Marcos* and *Gamara* very lovingly hugging and tugging one another about the Room. The Provost knew *Gamara* at first sight, whom he had been hunting after a good while, and had ordered to be apprehended for a Pick-Pocket, a Cock-bawd, and above all, a notorious Thief. He hurried him away to Prison, together with *Don Marcos* and *Marcella*, took an Inventory of all the Goods in the House, and saw them carefully locked up. *Don Marcos* was enlarg'd upon his Master's Security, that he should appear next Day. Accordingly he came as Evidence against *Gamara* and *Marcella*, who were plainly convicted of having robbed him of his Goods, that were found safe and untoucht, among several other things that had been set down in the Inventory. Some of these *Gamara* had stole, and the rest were pawn'd to him, for he was a *Jew* by Religion, and consequently an Usurer by Profession. When he was apprehended, he was just upon marrying *Marcella*, who was to have brought him by way of Portion, besides the things she had stolen from *Don Marcos*, a Dexterity in stealing little inferior to his, a pliant Wit, capable of learning any thing that could be shewn her; nay, even of surpassing it: and lastly, a whollom, juicy young Carcass, considering it had been so often bought and sold, and had endured so many heavy Shocks and Fatigues in the Mansions of Fornication. The case appeared so plain on *Don Marcos*'s side, who was supported by the Credit of his Master, that he had his Goods immediately restored him. *Gamara* was sent to the Gallies for the remainder of his Life; *Marcella* was soundly whipt and banish'd, and moreover, all People thought that both the *Jew* and his Wife elect had been too favourably dealt by. As for *Don Marcos*, he was not so well pleased with having his Things again, and being reveng'd on *Gamara* and *Marcella*, as vext that this great Impostor did not prove a Magician. The loss of his Ten thousand Crowns had almost turn'd his Brain. He went every Day to enquire at all the Inns in *Madrid* after those Darlings of his, and at last met with two Muleteers lately return'd from *Barcelona*, who told him, that about four or five Days Journey from *Madrid* they had met a Cart upon the Road laden with Goods, with two Women and a Man riding behind, and that they had been forced to make an halt at an Inn, by reason that two of the Fellow's Mules had been killed with being over-laboured. They described this Man and the two Women so well to him, and the Marks they gave them so fitted *Isidore*, *Inez*, and *Augustinet*, that without

farther Deliberation he disguised himself in the Habit of a Pilgrim, and having obtained from his Master Letters of Recommendation to the Viceroy of *Catalonia*, and from the Bench of Justice a Decree for his fugitive Wife, he took the Road towards *Barcelona*, sometimes beating it upon the Hoof, sometimes on Horseback, and arrived there in few Days. He went towards the Harbour to take a Lodging there, where the first thing that greeted his sight were his own Coffers, that were carrying to a Boat, with *Augustinet*, *Isidore*, and *Inez* attending them, which was to convey them to the Vessel that waited for them in the Road, wherein they designed to embark for *Naples*. *Don Marcos* followed his Enemies, and threw himself like a Lion into the Long-boat. They did not know him by reason of his huge flapping Pilgrim's Hat, that eclipsed his little Countenance, but took him to be some Pilgrim going to *Loretto*, as did the Seamen to be one of *Augustinet's* Company. *Don Marcos* was in the strangest Perplexity of Mind imaginab'e, not so much to think what would become of him, as of his dear, dear Trunks. All this while the Long-boat made the best of her way to the Merchant-man, and sail'd so swift, that *Don Marcos* being puzzled with what his Brains were hammering, found himself directly under the Vessel, when he thought himself at a great distance from it. The Sailors now began to heave up the Trunks, which awaken'd *Don Marcos* out of his Contemplations, who always kept his Eye upon the dearest of his Trunks, wherein his Money was lodged. A Seaman at last came to take up this very individual Trunk, and began to fasten it with a thick Cord that was let down from the Vessel in a Pulley. Now it was that *Don Marcos* forgot himself, for he saw his Trunk ty'd up just by him and did not stir; but at last seeing it mount in the Air, he caught hold of it with both Hands by one of the Iron Rings that served to lift it from the Ground, being resolv'd not to part with it. And perhaps he had accomplish'd his ends, for what will not a covetous Wretch do to preserve his Pelf? had not by ill Fortune this Trunk parted from the rest, and falling plumb upon the Head of this unlucky Gentleman, who for all that wou'd not quit his hold, beat him down to the Bottom of the Sea, or if you please to the Regions of *Erebus*. *Isidore*, *Inez*, and *Augustinet* knew him just at the very Minute he sunk with the dear Trunk, the loss of which troubled them infinitely more than any Apprehensions they had from the revengeful *Don Marcos*. *Augustinet* enraged at the loss of his Money, and not being able to master his Passion,

struck

struck the Seaman, who had tied the Trunks so carelessly, with all his Force. The Tar in requital gave him a heartier Blow, which threw him Headlong into the Sea. As he fell Over-board, he took the unfortunatè *Ifidore* with him, who held by nothing, and so accompany'd her beloved *Augustinet*, who against his Inclination accompany'd *Don Marcos*. *Inez* imbarc'd in the Vessel with the rest of the Goods, which she spent in a short time after at *Naples*, and when she had for a long while exercis'd the laudable Profession of a Whore there, went off like one, that is to say, dy'd in an Hospital.

Useful Precaution.

A 2 2

NOVEL

farther Deliberation he disguised himself in the Habit of a Pilgrim, and having obtained from his Master Letters of Recommendation to the Viceroy of *Catalonia*, and from the Bench of Justice a Decree for his fugitive Wife, he took the Road towards *Barcelona*, sometimes beating it upon the Hoof, sometimes on Horseback, and arrived there in few Days. He went towards the Harbour to take a Lodging there, where the first thing that greeted his sight were his own Coffers, that were carrying to a Boat, with *Augustinet*, *Isidore*, and *Inez* attending them, which was to convey them to the Vessel that waited for them in the Road, wherein they designed to embark for *Naples*. *Don Marcos* followed his Enemies, and threw himself like a Lion into the Long-boat. They did not know him by reason of his huge flapping Pilgrim's Hat, that eclipsed his little Countenance, but took him to be some Pilgrim going to *Loretto*, as did the Seamen to be one of *Augustinet's* Company. *Don Marcos* was in the strangest Perplexity of Mind imaginab'e, not so much to think what would become of him, as of his dear, dear Trunks. All this while the Long-boat made the best of her way to the Merchant-man, and sail'd so swift, that *Don Marcos* being puzzled with what his Brains were hammering, found himself directly under the Vessel, when he thought himself at a great distance from it. The Sailors now began to heave up the Trunks, which awaken'd *Don Marcos* out of his Contemplations, who always kept his Eye upon the dearest of his Trunks, wherein his Money was lodged. A Seaman at last came to take up this very individual Trunk, and began to fasten it with a thick Cord that was let down from the Vessel in a Pulley. Now it was that *Don Marcos* forgot himself, for he saw his Trunk ty'd up just by him and did not stir; but at last seeing it mount in the Air, he caught hold of it with both Hands by one of the Iron Rings that served to lift it from the Ground, being resolved not to part with it. And perhaps he had accomplish'd his ends, for what will not a covetous Wretch do to preserve his Pelf? had not by ill Fortune this Trunk parted from the rest, and falling plumb upon the Head of this unlucky Gentleman, who for all that wou'd not quit his hold, beat him down to the Bottom of the Sea, or if you please to the Regions of *Erebus*. *Isidore*, *Inez*, and *Augustinet* knew him just at the very Minute he sunk with the dear Trunk, the loss of which troubled them infinitely more than any Apprehensions they had from the revengeful *Don Marcos*. *Augustinet* enraged at the loss of his Money, and not being able to master his Passion,

struck

struck the Seaman, who had tied the Trunks so carelessly, with all his Force. The Tar in requital gave him a heartier Blow, which threw him Headlong into the Sea. As he fell Over-board, he took the unfortunate *Ifidore* with him, who held by nothing, and so accompany'd her beloved *Augustinet*, who against his Inclination accompany'd *Don Marcos*. *Inez* embark'd in the Vessel with the rest of the Goods, which she spent in a short time after at *Naples*, and when she had for a long while exercis'd the laudable Profession of a Whore there, went off like one, that is to say, dy'd in an Hospital.

Useful Precaution.

A 2 2

NOVEL

NOVEL II.

THE

Useless Precaution.

A Gentleman of *Granada*, whose true Name I don't think fit to discover, but will call him *Don Pedro de Castile, Arragon, Toledo*, or what you please, courteous Reader, since after all one Name costs a Man no more than another: For which reason perhaps the *Spaniards*, not content with their own Names, bestow upon themselves the most magnificent ones they can think of, and sometimes tack two or three together, that are as long as a *Welsh* Pedigree: But to quit this Digression, the above-mention'd *Don Pedro*, at the Age of twenty, found himself without either Father or Mother, and moreover exceeding rich; which Circumstances, when they meet in the same Person, very often help to spoil him, if he be born with no great stock of Brains; but if otherwise, put him in a Capacity of making what Figure he pleases. During the Year of Mourning he discreetly abstained from most of those Diversions to which young Gentlemen of his Age are addicted, and wholly employ'd his time in taking an exact Survey of his Estate, and settling his Affairs. He was well made as to his Person, had abundance of Wit, and behaving himself, young as he was, with the Prudence and Circumspection of an old Man; there was not a Fortune in all *Granada* which he might not justly pretend to, nor a Father that thought so well of his Daughter, but wou'd be glad with all his Heart to accept him for a Son-in-Law. Among several handsome Ladies, who at that time disputed the Empire of Hearts in that

that City, there was one that had Charms enough to conquer that of *Don Pedro*. Her Name was *Scrappina*, beautiful as an Angel, young, rich, and of a good Family; and altho her Fortune was not altogether so great as that of *Don Pedro*, yet every thing considered, there was no such mighty difference between them. He did not question but that at the first Proposal of Marriage he made to her Parents, he should find them ready to comply with him: however, he rather chose to owe his Success to his Merit, and resolv'd to court her in the gallantest way, that he might make himself Master of her Affections, before he was so of her Person: His Design was generous and noble, if Fortune, that often delights to break the Measures of the wisest Politicians, had not rais'd him a Rival, who had already taken Possession of the Town he design'd to invest, before he had so much as made his Approaches. 'Tis to no purpose to tell you his Name, but he was very near *Don Pedro's* Age, and perhaps was as handsome; but all Historians agree he was much more belov'd. *Don Pedro* was soon sensible he had a Competitor to remove, but this did not much allarm him, knowing few were able to dispute Estates with him. He gave Concerts of Musick in his Mistress's Street, while his happy Rival had the Pleasure to hear them in her Chamber, and perhaps was revelling in her Arms, while our poor Lover was cooling his Heels, and making melancholly Reflections below. At last *Don Pedro* was weary of throwing away so much Powder in the Mines, that is to say, of making all this Bustle and Courtship, without advancing his Affairs. However, his Love did not slacken upon his ill Success, but made him so impatient, that he thought fit to lay aside his first Design of winning his Mistress's Heart before he demanded her of her Friends. In short, he ask'd their Consent, which they granted him upon the Spot, without deliberating farther on the matter, being extremely pleas'd to be ask'd that which they so earnestly desired, and indeed cou'd hardly hope for. They acquainted *Scrappina* with the good Fortune was offer'd her, and prepar'd her to give *Don Pedro* a kind Reception, in order to marry him in a short time. She was troubled at this News, that ought to have given her all the Satisfaction in the World; and not being able to conceal her Surprise from them, dissembled the occasion of it, pretending it griev'd her to part from Persons so dear to her as they were. She manag'd this point so dexterously, that they wept out of meer Tendernefs, and much commended the Sweetnefs of her Temper. She conjur'd them to put

off her Marriage for four or five Months, representing to them, that she had been a long time indisposed, as her Looks sufficiently discover'd, and that by her good Will she would not marry till she was perfectly rid of her Illness, that so she might come more agreeable to her Husband's Bed, and not give him any occasion to be disgusted at the beginning of their Marriage; and consequently to repent of his Choice. 'Tis true indeed, she had look'd somewhat sickly of late, which made her Friends well enough satisfy'd with her Request, and they took care to acquaint *Don Pedro* with it; who for his part was so far from taking it ill, that he lik'd her the better for giving so good a Proof of her Discretion. In the mean time the Articles of Marriage were propos'd, examin'd, and agreed on. However, *Don Pedro* did not think himself excus'd from any of his usual Gallantries, which every Man is obliged to observe, that courts his Mistress in the common Forms. He entertain'd her often with Letters, and did not miss a Day to write to her. She return'd him such Answers as were at least very civil, if not altogether so passionate as his own; but she would receive none of his Visits in the Day time, excusing her self upon her Indisposition, and at Night appear'd very rarely at the Window, which made *Don Pedro* exceedingly to admire her reserv'd Temper. He thought too well of his own Merit to doubt the Success of his Courtship, and question'd not to be belov'd by his Mistress, when she came to know him better, altho she should have even an Aversion for him, now he was a Stranger to her. Hitherto his Affairs went well enough, but at last it so happen'd that he could not get a Sight of his Mistress for four or five Days following. He was extremely afflicted at it, or at least pretended to be so. He compos'd several Verses upon the occasion, I mean, either hir'd or bought them, and had them sung under her Window. But tho he omitted nothing that the most zealous Lovers cou'd practise, yet all the Favour he cou'd obtain was only to speak with her Maid, who inform'd him her Lady was more indispos'd than ever. Upon this his Poetick Faculty was strangely perplex'd, or at least the Gentleman-Poet whom he employ'd; for upon the strictest Search I find versifying was never his Talent. He caus'd an Air to be made upon *Aminta's* being sick, or *Phyllis*, or *Chloris*, no matter whether; and besides his offensive and defensive Arms, taking a Guittar with him, which we must suppose to be the best in the whole City; he walk'd furiously in this Equipage towards his Mistress's Quarters, either to make her weep out of pure Compassion,

Compassion, or else to set all the Dogs in the Neighbourhood a barking, in order to compleat the Comfort. Now any one, I believe, wou'd say, that 'twas a hundred to one but our Gentleman must do one of the two, or perhaps both; but alas! he did neither: Within fifty Paces of the thrice happy Mansion of his Divinity, he saw the Door open, and a Woman go out, who had much of the Air and Shape of his invisible Angel. He cou'd not imagin why a Woman alone, and so late at Night, should so resolutely turn up into a large spacious House, lately destroy'd by Fire. To inform himself better, he walked round the Ruins, which one might enter at several places, that he might get nearer the Person whom he dogged. He believed this might be his Mistress, who had made an Assignment with his Rival to meet her in this strange place, not daring to do it at home, and not thinking fit to communicate this Business to a third Person, which it so much concern'd her to keep secret; he therefore resolv'd within himself, that in case what now he only suspected, happen'd to prove true, he would kill his Rival upon the Spot, and revenge himself upon *Seraphina*, by giving her the most opprobrious Language he could think of. Being thus resolv'd, he crept along as softly as he could, till he came to a place whence he cou'd plainly see her; for it was she, sitting upon the Ground, groaning so piteously, as if she was going to give up the Ghost, and, in short, after most severe Pangs deliver'd of a small squawling Creature, which we may suppose did not give her altogether so much Pain in the begetting. She was no sooner safely deliver'd, but her Courage giving her Strength enough, she return'd the same way she came, without troubling her Head what would become of the poor Brat, that she had brought into the World: I will leave you to judge how great *Don Pedro's* Surprise was. He now found out the true Reason of his Mistress's Indisposition: His Head almost turn'd round to think what a Precipice he had escaped, and he thanked Heaven most devoutly for preserving him from the Danger; but being generous in his Temper, he scorn'd to revenge himself upon the faithless *Seraphina*, by exposing the Honour of her Family; neither in his just Resentment wou'd he suffer the innocent Babe to perish, which he saw lying at his Feet, exposed to the first Dog that had the luck to find it. He wrapt it up in his Cloak, for want of something else, and making all the haste he cou'd, call'd upon a discreet Woman of his Acquaintance, to whom he recommended the care of the Child, putting it at the same time into her Hands, and giving her

Money to buy it all sorts of Necessaries. This discreet Woman finding her self nobly paid, acquitted her Charge very well: Next Day the Infant had a Nurse, was baptiz'd, and nam'd *Laura*, for you must know she was a Female.

In the mean time *Don Pedro* went to a Relation of his in whom he mightily confided, and told her he had chang'd his design of marrying, to that of travelling. He desir'd her to manage his Estate for him in his Absence, and to receive into her House an Infant, which he said belong'd to him, to spare nothing in her Education; and for certain reasons, which he wou'd acquaint her with at some other time, to send her to a Convent as soon as she was three Years old; and above all, to take particular care that she should know as little as might be of the Affairs of the World. He furnish'd her with necessary Instruments to look after his Estate, provided himself with Money and Jewels, took a faithful and trusty Servant, but before his Departure from *Granada* writ a Letter to *Saraphina*. She receiv'd it just at the time as she had acquainted her Friends that her illness should retard her Marriage no longer: But *Don Pedro's* Letter, which gave her to understand he knew what had so lately befallen her, put other Thoughts into her Head. She devoted herself to a Religious Life, and soon after retir'd to a Convent, with full Resolution never to stir thence, and cou'd not be induc'd to alter her Mind by all the Entreaties and Tears of her Parents, who us'd all the Arguments they cou'd think of to dissuade her from this Resolution; which appear'd so much the Stranger to them, as they could not divine the occasion of it. Let us leave them to weep for their Daughter's turning Nun, who on her part wept heartily for her Sins. Let us likewise leave her little Daughter *Laura* to grow in Bulk and Beauty, and return to meet *Don Pedro* on the Road to *Sevil*, who cou'd not drive this last Adventure out of his Head, and was now as much disgusted at Marriage, as once he was desirous to taste the Pleasures of it. He is afraid of all Women, and not considering there are both good and bad of that as well as of his own Sex, he concluded within himself that a wise Man ought to be diffident of all Women, and particularly of the witty more than the fool sh.; being, it seems, of the Opinion of those worthy Gentlemen, who think a Woman knows more than comes to her share, if she knows a jot more than stewing Prunes, preserving Fruits, dressing her Husband's Dinner, or mending his Stockings. Tainted with these heretical Doctrines, he

arriv'd

arriv'd at *Sevil*, and went directly to the House of *Don Juan* the Lord knows what, a Man of Wealth and Quality, who was his Relation and Friend, and wou'd not suffer him to lodge any where else but with him. The Magnificence of *Sevil* gave him a desire to make a longer stay there than he at first design'd; and his Cousin *Don Juan*, to make his stay the more agreeable to him, shew'd him all the most remarkable Curiosities of that Place. One Day as they were riding on Horseback thro one of the principal Streets of the City, they saw in a Coach, that was then driving towards a stately House, a young Lady in a Widow's Habit, so beautiful and charming, that *Don Pedro* was exceedingly surprized, and set his Cousin a laughing by the many vehement Exclamations and Oaths he made, that he had never seen any thing so lovely in his Life. This Angel of a Widow restored the whole Female Sex to his good Opinion, whom the unhappy *Seraphina* had render'd odious to him. He desir'd *Don Juan* to go back thro the same Street, and frankly own'd, that he wanted little of being wounded to the Heart by her. Your Business is done, replies the other, and I am very much mistaken if the little God has not shot his Arrow so deep, that there is no plucking it out, but Heart and all must come together. Alas! says the amorous *Don Pedro*, I will conceal nothing from you: How happy shou'd I reckon my self, if I could pass my Days with so charming a Lady. You must go this way then, reply'd *Don Juan*, and travelling so fast as you do, you may in a few Minutes arrive at the place, where you expect to find so much Happiness. Not but that such an Enterprize, continu'd he, will give you Difficulty enough. *Elvira* is a Woman of Quality, and very rich, her Beauty is such as you have beheld it, neither is her Virtue any ways inferior. During the two Years of her Widowhood, the best Matches in *Andalusia* have not given her the least Inclination to change her Condition; but a Man so well made as your self, may perhaps succeed where others have failed. She is related to my Wife, and sometimes I make her a Visit. If you please I will propose your Design to her, and I have good Hopes to succeed in my Negotiation, since I now see her in her Balcony, which is no small Favour, let me tell you, in so nice and reserv'd a Lady. She might have shut her Lattices and Windows, and so have balked our Expectation. These Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but our two Cavaliers made each a Reverence after the *Spanish* Mode, which gave them no little Trouble before they could recover themselves. Especially *Don Pedro*

Pedro made his so profoundly low, and with that Contortion of his Body, that he had like to have tumbled off his Horse. The Lady in the Balcony returned them a handsome Courtſie: Upon which *Don Pedro* and his Companion bow'd again.

*And when the bright Charmer did leave the Balcony,
One spur'd on his Horſe, t'other gap'd like a Tony.*

Alas! my dear Couſin, ſays *Don Pedro* to *Don Juan*, what probability is there that a Stranger can be able to gain that Heart, which has defended it ſelf againſt all the Men of Quality and Merit in *Sevil*. However, continues he, ſince my Deſpair wou'd otherwiſe give me my Death's Wound, I had as good receive it from her Refuſal and Contempt. Therefore let me conjure you to ſpeak to her as ſoon as you can, and don't ſo much enlarge upon my Eſtate and Quality, as upon the Violence of my Paſſion. *Don Pedro* could not talk of any thing but his Love, and *Don Juan* was ſenſible he cou'd not oblige him more effectually, than by taking the firſt Opportunity to make this Overture to *Elvira*. He accordingly did ſo, and not without Succeſs. The charming Widow receiv'd the Propoſal he made for his Friend ſo well that ſhe confeſs'd ſhe did not diſlike him. But withal ſhe acquainted him, that having oblig'd her ſelf by Vow to ſtay three full Years, from the Death of her firſt Huſband, before ſhe took a ſecond, nothing in the World ſhould prevail with her to break it. She added, that becauſe ſhe had reſolved to pay this Reſpect to the Memory of her late Spouſe, ſhe had hitherto refus'd all the Offers that had been made her, but that if *Don Pedro* had Courage and Conſtancy enough to ſerve her a whole Year, in which time they might know one another's Tempers much better, ſhe gave him her Word to chuſe no other Huſband. *Don Juan* came to give *Don Pedro* an account of his Negotiation, and made him the moſt ſatisfy'd, as well as moſt paſſionate of all Men breathing. He was not in the leaſt deterr'd by the long time he was to ſtay, and reſolv'd to employ it in all the refin'd Gallantry of a nice Lover. He bought him a fine Coach and Horſes, made his Houſe and Liveries as ſumptuous as might be, ſet all the Embroiderers and Taylors of *Sevil* at work, and the Muſicians into the bargain. He offer'd to regale *Elvira*, but ſhe would not ſuffer it. Her Servants were nothing near ſo difficult, for they accepted his Preſents as heartily as he gave them. In a ſhort time he was more Maſter of *Elvira's* Domelticks than

than she her self, whom her Damsels persuaded to appear in the Balcony, even when she had no mind to it, and that as often as *Don Pedro* exerted his Lungs in the Street, for I have been told he sung to Admiration. *Don Pedro* had now spent six tedious Months in courting *Elvira*, without being able to obtain a private Conversation with her all the while, which daily encreased his Esteem and Love for her. At last, by dint of Prayers and Presents, a Damsel bolder than the rest, or rather more covetous, promis'd to introduce him one Night into her Mistress's Apartment, and place him in a Corner, where he might see her undress before she went to Bed, take two or three Turns in her Shift to cool her self, and sing and play upon her Lute, which she did to a Miracle. *Don Pedro* gave this trusty Maid a better Reward than he promis'd her, and when Night came, our *Granada*-Adventurer, following the *Abigail's* Instruction, slipt into *Elvira's* House, stole up to her Apartment, and there from a Gallery, which was over against the Chamber-door, saw her lying upon a Couch reading a Book of Devotion, whether with much Attention is more than I am able to tell you, all the while her Maids undrest her. She had only a light Gown on, and was ready to go to Bed, when *Don Pedro's* Pensionary Damsel, who design'd to give him as much reason to be satisfy'd with her, as she was with him, entreated her Mistress to sing. Her Companions join'd in the same Petition, but *Elvira* deny'd them a good while, telling them she was very melancholy, nay, and assuring them she had occasion to be so. But the Damsel, whom *Don Pedro's* Presents had gain'd, putting a Lute into her Mistress's Hand, *Elvira* was so complaisant as to sing, which she did in so charming and graceful a manner, that *Don Pedro* was within an Ace of throwing himself at her heavenly Feet, and acting there the ravish'd Lover. The Song was soon over, and then she went to Bed. The Maids retir'd to their own Apartments, and *Don Pedro*, who made the best of his way towards the Street, was strangely surpriz'd to find the great Gate lock'd. He had nothing now left to do but to stay there till Day, which wou'd soon appear. He sat upon the side of a Well, which was in a Corner of the Court, strangely perplex'd lest he shou'd be discover'd, and incur his Mistress's Displeasure for so bold an Attempt. He had not been here long, but he made a thousand Attempts, and wish'd as often, to no purpose, that he was safe in the Street, when he heard a Door open in *Elvira's* Apartment. He immediately turn'd his Head towards the place whence the Noise came, and was strangely surpriz'd to see

see the beautiful Widow come into the Court, whom he thought to be fast asleep. By the Light of a Wax-Taper she carry'd in a little Silver Candlestick, he saw her Night-dress was nicely adjusted, her Breasts open and unguarded, a fine Necklace of Pearl about her Neck, and that over her Smock, which had more Lace than Linen about it, she wore nothing but a rich Simarre. She carry'd in her Hand a great Viol full of Jelly, Comfits and Conserves; and in this surprising Equipage appear'd so charming, that *Don Pedro* had like to have prefer'd the Pleasure of discovering himself to her, to all the ill effects which so bold a Presumption might have drawn upon him. But he was wise in his Love, and hid himself behind the Well, tho he kept his Eyes upon his Mistress all the while, flattering himself sometimes that it was he she came to look for. She walk'd directly towards the Stable, *Don Pedro* follow'd her at some distance, and saw her go into a little Room. At first he was of opinion his pious and charitable Mistress went to visit one of her Domesticks that was sick there, tho without doing any wrong to her Charity, she might have left that Affair to any of her Women. He crept behind a Horse, that stood not far from the Chamber-door, and from thence observing his dear Widow, saw her put the Candlestick and Glass-Viol, and in short all she carry'd in her Ivory Hands, upon a little Table. In a sorry Bed, which in a manner took up all the Room, he beheld a sick Negro, who seem'd to be above thirty Years old, but so deform'd and ghastly, that he was frighted at the sight of him. His Face was as meagre as that of a Skeleton, and the poor Fellow had much Difficulty to fetch his Breath. *Don Pedro* admir'd the unparallell'd Goodness of the beautiful *Elvira*, who took off all the Negro's Blankets, and having made his Bed, fate down by the sick Wretch, and put her Hand upon his Forehead, that was all over in a cold Sweat. The Negro cast a dismal Look upon the charitable Angel, that came to comfort him, and seem'd to pity him with her Eyes brim full of Tears. *Don Pedro* cou'd not tell what to think of so unexampled a strain of Charity, and after he had first admir'd it, began to alter his Opinion, and concluded it was carry'd too far. But as yet he had seen nothing. The charming Widow first broke Silence, and weeping at such a rate as if it were to be her last, ask'd the Black how he found himself? My dear *Antonio*, says she to him, in a Voice interrupted with frequent Sobbs, art thou then resolv'd to die, and wilt thou make me die too for Company? Thou dost not speak to me, my Life, my Jewel. Take Courage, if thou
wouldst

wou'dst have me live, and eat a little of this Jelly for my sake: Thou wilt not so much as afford me one kind Look, cruel Creature; me, I say, that love thee, me that adore thee: Kifs me, my dear Angel, kifs me, and get well, if thou wou'dst not have me attend thee in thy Death, after I have so passionately lov'd thee during thy Life. As she spoke these tender Words, she join'd her Angel's Face to the Diabolical Visage of the Moor, which she moisten'd with her Tears. I fancy any Man that had seen so odd a sight, wou'd have presently thought he had seen an Angel carels a Devil. As for *Don Pedro*, he now began to think the beautiful *Elvira* as ugly as her Negro; who at last casting his Eyes upon his importunate Lover, whom he scarce vouchsaf'd to look upon before, and with his lean bony Hand turning away her Face from his, thus spoke to her in a low feeble Tone: What wou'd you have me to do, Madam? Will you not let me die in quiet? Is it not enough that you have brought me to the condition I am in, but must you force me; now I am just dying, to throw away the little Snuff of Life that is left me, to satisfy your libidinous Appetite? Take a Husband, and expect no more Drudgery from me: I will see you no more, nor eat any thing you have brought me, but am resolv'd to die, since I am good for nothing else. When he had said this, he sunk down in his Bed, and the unfortunate *Elvira* cou'd not draw the least Word from him, in answer to all the tender Things she spoke; whether he was already dead, or refus'd to speak to one, whom he believ'd the cause of his Death, I can't determine. *Elvira* wept like a Church-spout when it rains, and afflicted at the sad Condition wherein she left her beloved Negro, but much more at his Unkindness, took back with her every thing she had brought, and walk'd towards her Chamber, tho with so sorrowful and sad an Air, that it was her great Misfortune her future Cuckold did not see her in that pickle. In the mean time *Don Pedro* hid himself in the obscurest part of the Stable, so confounded, that he was not half a quarter so much when he was witness of *Seraphina's* happy Delivery. He saw this monstrous Hypocrite go back the same way she came, afflicting her self like any Widow at the Funeral of her dear Husband; and some time after hearing the great Gate open, he got into the Street, not at all caring whether he was seen or not, since he thought it not worth his while to have any Regard for such a Woman's Reputation as *Elvira's*. However, he treated her like a Gentleman of Honour, and did not discover what he had seen to his Friend. The next Day he happen'd to pass by *Elvira's*

Gate

Gate at the very instant the Moor was carry'd out to be bury'd: Her Women told him their Mistress was sick; and for four or five Days following, as he pass'd to and fro before her Windows, she was not to be seen there according to her Custom, so inconsolable had the Death of her lovely *African* made her. *Don Pedro* was mighty desirous to know how she fared. One Day as he was discoursing with *Don Juan*, one of *Elvira's* Slaves deliver'd him a Letter from his Mistress. He open'd it with Impatience, and read what follows.

The LETTER.

TWO Persons, who are minded to marry, don't need a third to put them in mind on't. You wou'd persuade me you don't dislike me, and I must own, you please me well enough to grant you this Moment, what I did not promise you till the Tear was ended. You may make your self, as soon as you please, Master of my Person and Estate; and I request you to believe, that altho I cannot deliberately embark in such an Affair as this, yet your Merit and my Love will render it easie to me, and make me break thro all Difficulties whatsoever.

Elvira.

Don Pedro read over this Letter twice or thrice, and cou'd hardly believe he was awake. He bethought himself that this was the second time he had run the Danger of being marry'd as ill as any Man in *Spain*, and thank'd Heav'n with all his Heart for having deliver'd him from two such imminent Misfortunes, by discovering to him two Secrets of so great Importance. As the Negro's Death had put *Elvira* upon this sudden Resolution to be marry'd, *Don Pedro* as suddenly resolv'd to get out of her sight as soon as he cou'd. He told *Don Juan* that it nearly concern'd his Life and Honour to leave *Sevil* within an Hour, and that he wou'd only take one Servant with him, that he had brought from *Granada*; he desir'd him to sell his Coach and Horses, and to pay his Servants with the Money, and conjur'd him not to ask the reason of so sudden an Alteration, and a Journey so hurry'd, promising to write to him the very first Town he stopt at. He writ to *Elvira*, while they went to hire two Mules for him; he gave his Letter to the Slave, and when the Mules came, took the

the Road to *Madrid*; being confirm'd more than ever in his first Opinion, and resolving to stand upon his Guard against all witty Women, nay, even to detest them. While he jogg'd gently on, full of these virtuous Resolutions, *Elvira* open'd his Letter, and read the following Lines.

The LETTER.

AS violently in love as I am with you, yet I always prefer the Care of preserving your Honour to the Pleasure of possessing you. Thus you could not but observe with what Discretion I always manag'd my Gallantry. I am somewhat scrupulous in my own Nature, and therefore cannot in Conscience ask you to marry me so soon, since you are are a Widow of but a Day's standing. You owe more than that comes to, *Madam*, to the Memory of the poor Negro defunct, and you cannot take less than a Year to lament the Loss of a Person, who did you so considerable Services. In the mean while you and I shall have time enough to consider what we have to do.

Don Pedro.

Elvira had like to have run distracted when she read this Letter, and it touch'd her more to the Quick than even the loss of her *Guinea* Lover had done: but considering that *Don Pedro* had left *Sevil*, and another Gallant, that had all the Qualifications to please her, had offer'd at the same time to marry her, she took him to supply the Negro's Room. Not but that she could have found Negroes enough to have done her Business, but some body had told her, there was a difference in Negroes, as well as other Folks, and that every thing is not the Devil tho it be black. In the mean time *Don Pedro* and his trusty Mule got to *Madrid*, where he went immediately to an Uncle's House, who receiv'd him very courteously. This Uncle of his was a rich Cavalier, that had an only Son, that was betrothed to a young Cousin that was an only Daughter likewise, and who being but ten Years old, past her time in a Convent, till she came to be of Age to marry him. His Name was *Don Rodriguez*, and who possessed all the good Qualities that can make a Man amiable. *Don Pedro* enter'd into a stricter League of Friendship with him, than Men usually do with Relations, tho they love them never so well; for they are not always our Relations whom we love best.

Don

Don Rodriguez seem'd to be disturb'd in his Mind, and *Don Pedro* perceiving it, related all his Adventures to him, that he might oblige him by this Confidence to communicate his to him, and if he had any occasion for his Service, to let him see, that he was much more his Friend than his Relation. After this, he told him, he had observ'd that somewhat sat uneasy upon him, and therefore begg'd him to let him know what it was; otherwise he must believe his Friendship was not so hearty as his. *Don Rodriguez* desir'd nothing more, hoping to receive some Relief in his Inquietude, when he had once communicated it. He therefore acquaints *Don Pedro* that he was passionately in love with a Damsel of *Madrid*, who was promis'd to a Kinsman, whom she expected every hour from the *Indies*, but had never seen him, like as He was engag'd to a Cousin, and waited till she was of Age, of whom he had but little Knowledge. This Conformity of Adventures, said he to *Don Pedro*, has very much contributed to encrease the Affection we have for one another, altho at the same time it keeps us both in our Duty, whenever our Passion advises us to prefer our Satisfaction to those Engagements, wherein the Interests of our Families have link'd us. Hitherto my Love has made as fair a Progress as I cou'd wish, tho I have not as yet been able to compass my Desires, which she puts off till her Husband's Arrival, when her Marriage may secure both of us from any ill Consequences that may follow upon an Assignment, when we may probably do something more than d'scours and talk. I will say nothing to you of the Beauty of *Virginia*, since 'tis impossible to say too much of it, and because I should be apt to say so much of it that you wou'd not believe me. However, this I am certain of, that when you have seen her, and her Cousin *Violante*, who lives with her, you will readily own, that all *Spain* cannot shew any thing more beautiful than this incomparable Pair; and when you have convers'd a few Moments with them, I will leave you to tell me, whether you ever saw wittier Women in your Life. 'Tis this that makes me pity you, says *Don Pedro* to him. And why so, reply'd *Don Rodriguez*? Because a Woman of Wit, cries he, will most infallibly jilt you either sooner or later. You cannot but know, continues he, by the Recital I have made you of my own Adventures, what has happen'd to my self; and I seriously protest to you, that if I cou'd hope to find a Woman as foolish as I know some of 'em are witty, I wou'd employ all Arts to gain her, and prefer her even to Wisdom it self, if she wou'd but chuse me for her Gallant. You are much in the wrong, replies *Don Rodriguez*, for I never met
a Man

a Man of tolerable Sense in my Life, but was soon weary of a Woman's Company if she was a Fool. Indeed 'tis not reasonable, that whilst our Eyes, our Hands, and in short all our Body finds something to divert it, our Soul, which is the noblest part of the Composition, shou'd be forc'd to endure a tiresome insipid Conversation, as that of all Persons must certainly be, that have no Wit to support it. Let us not carry this Dispute as far as it will go, cries *Don Pedro* to him, for a Man may say too many things upon so copious a Subject. Only let me see this Miracle of a Woman, and her Cousin as soon as you can, that if I don't dislike her, I may have something to amuse my self with during my stay in *Madrid*. I don't believe 'twill be worth your while, cries *Rodriguez*. And why so, replies *Don Pedro*? Because, says the other, she is the only Woman in the World that is least a Fool. I will however suit my self to the time, says *Don Pedro*. To tell you the truth, answers *Don Rodriguez*, I don't know after what manner Madam *Virginia* will receive us. For these eight Days last past she has us'd me most unmercifully; she has sent back all my Letters without so much as opening them, and in short has given me to understand that she will never admit a Visit from me, by reason she saw me some time ago talking with a young Lady at Church, in whose Company she had seen me the same Day at the Play-house; and this is the reason why I have been of late so melancholy. It signifies nothing, says *Don Pedro*, let us go and see them, and take my Word for't, you'll sooner reconcile Matters, by justifying your self to her Face, than by writing her a Cart-load of whining Letters. Thus our two Gentlemen-Cousins went to visit the two Lady-Cousins, and the beautiful *Virginia* gave *Don Rodriguez* leave to clear himself, which was easily done. *Don Pedro* thought both of them to be the handsomest Women he had ever seen, not excepting either the imprudent *Seraphina*, or the hypocritical *Elvira*. *Violante*, who had dress'd her self that Day in her finest Cloaths, because she was to sit for her Picture, charm'd *Don Pedro* so effectually, that he immediately broke the Vow he had made, never to love any one but a Fool. This did not displease *Violante*, but he said so many pretty engaging Things to her upon the occasion of her Picture, that she was no less satisfied with his Wit than his Gallantry; and here I am oblig'd to make a short Digression, to acquaint those that knew it not before, that your mighty Retailers of Compliments and fine Expressions, generally deal in whipt Cream, and are justly accused of Bombast by Men of Wit and Sense. If this small Advice had

been consider'd by the Publick, they would have found it no less useful than a Receipt against Flies in the Summer, and stinking Breaths all the Year round. *Don Pedro*, who had solemnly sworn by his Maker, that he would marry none but a Fool, was now fully convinc'd, that Oaths made by Gamesters and Lovers, signify'd just nothing. He was so ravish'd with *Violante's* Wit, no less than her Beauty, that finding he could obtain no other Favours from her, than such as she might grant without any Prejudice to her Honour, he resolv'd to marry her, if she did not forbid the Banes. He frequently gave her occasion to explain her Mind upon this Article, but either she did not, or wou'd not understand him, whether it was because she lov'd her Liberty, or had an Aversion to Matrimony, I don't tell you. Thus all things went smoothly on between these four young Lovers, and they only waited for the critical Minute to consummate. One Day, when these two young Sparks had spruced themselves up like *Castor* and *Pollux*, and made no question to be Masters at least of all the Out-works they attack'd, a Servant Maid, whose Appearance boded worse Luck than that of an Owl, came to acquaint the two Cousins, that the *Indian* Husband of the fair *Castilian* was arriv'd at *Madrid*, without so much as sending her Advice of his coming from *Sevil*, where he landed: The two Cousins concluded from hence that he had a mind to surprize them, and therefore desir'd our Lovers to fortifie themselves with Patience, till such time as *Virginia* had found out the Humour of her *Indian* Spark; and in the mean time requested, that they wou'd not only forbear to visit them, but even to walk before their Windows, till they receiv'd new Orders. Thus all their tricking up and powdering that Morning was thrown away, and the next two Days they had no more mind to dress, than a Criminal condemn'd to be hang'd. They learnt, among other News of the Town, that the *Indian* and *Virginia* were marry'd in private, that he was very jealous in his Temper, that he was a Man of Experience, having seen forty Years; and in fine, that he had so order'd his Family, and kept so strict a Watch over all *Virginia's* Actions, that her Gallants, if she had any, must never expect to see her so much as at her Window. The new Orders, which had been promis'd, did not come, and they were impatient with expecting them. They daily walked thro the Street where their Mistresses liv'd, and took their usual Turns before the House, without seeing any but unknown Faces go in or out, and without being able to meet with the least Man or Maid Servant of their Acquaintance. They saw the Husband go into his House one Day,

accompany'd

accompany'd by his Brother, who was handsome and well made, and so young, that he was still at the College. This increas'd their ill Humour: They went out early in the Morning, and came not home till it was very late, and lost both their Time and their Labour. At last, upon a certain Holiday, they saw *Violante's* Maid going to Mass by break of Day; they stopt her at the Church Porch, and by the never-failing Rhetorick of Money, *Don Rodriguez* perswaded her to carry the following Billet to her Mistress.

Your forgetting me does not more disoblige me, than my Jealousie torments me, since it is without Remedy, now you are under the Government of a Husband. However, you are not totally freed as yet from my Importunities, altho you have discarded me from your Remembrance. The last Favour I have to beg of you, is, to inform me whether I have any reason still to hope, or whether I must prepare to die.

They follow'd *Violante's* Maid at a distance. She deliver'd the Letter according to her Promise, and making a Sign to them to draw near, dropt the following Answer from the Window into the Street.

A jealous Man so newly marry'd is never out of his Wife's Company, and watches all her Motions. He talks of taking a Journey to Valladolid shortly without me; I will then justify my self, and pay my Debts.

This Billet, which they kist a hundred times, by the same token that they strove which should out-do the other, gave them fresh Encouragement, and made them easie enough for a few Days. But at last, hearing no News from their cruel Mistresses, they began after their old laudable Custom to walk to and fro a hundred times a Day before their Windows; they pass'd whole Nights in the Street, but cou'd not see a Soul stir out of the House, no more than if it had not been inhabited. One Day, as these despairing Lovers happen'd to be at Church, they had the good Luck to see our young Bride come towards them. *Don Rodriguez* kneel'd down by her, under the very Nose of an old Gentleman-Usher that had squir'd her to Church. He made his Complaints to her in few words, she excus'd her self in like manner, and at last told him, that her Husband was not to go to *Valladolid*, altho he daily talk'd of it; that she was impatient to have a private Conversation with him, and that she only knew one way of bringing it

about, which wholly depended upon *Don Pedro*. Hy Husband, says she, sleeps as sound as if he took Opium every Night, and we have not exchange'd a word for these four or five Days, by reason of a small Quarrel between us, which is not yet made up. I had prevail'd on my Cousin *Violante* to take my place, but she's unhappily sick, and since none are privy to our Amour but she and *Don Pedro*, for I wou'd not for all the World have it communicated to more, you must e'en get him (if you think he loves you well enough to venture it,) to supply her Room, and go to Bed to my Husband. This Attempt seems somewhat dangerous at first sight; but if you consider my good Man and I are at odds, as I have already told you we are, and that he does not easily wake, I don't question but it will succeed to our Expectation. and this is all I can do for you. This happy Love-Stratagem, which *Don Rodriguez* so earnestly desir'd to know, cool'd him in a Minute when he heard it. He not only doubted whether his Cousin would take upon him to act this dangerous part, but likewise, whether he ought so much as to propose it to him. His Mistress continu'd inflexible in her Resolution, and as she took leave of him protested, that in case her Proposal she had made him was not well received, and executed after the manner she had directed, he had no more to hope from her; nay, she gave him full leave to banish her out of his Remembrance, altho at another time she wou'd have as soon consented to her own Death. Neither the time nor place wou'd permit *Don Rodriguez* to talk any longer with his Mistress. She went home, and *Don Rodriguez* repair'd to his Companion, who cou'd not get a word out of him, so much confounded was he at the unhappy Dilemma wherein he found himself, either to make so unreasonable a Request to his Friend, or else to live without enjoying that Happiness, which is ever more esteem'd before Possession than after. At length, shutting themselves up in their Chamber, *Don Rodriguez*, after he had for a while refus'd to declare his Grievance, open'd the above-mention'd Proposal to *Don Pedro*, gilding the Pill as well as he cou'd, to make it go down with him the better. At first *Don Pedro* thought he had a mind to banter him, but his Cousin protesting the contrary with a very serious Air, and confirming it by so many Oaths, that he cou'd no longer doubt of it, he must needs turn the thing into Raillery, and therefore told him he was exceedingly oblig'd to his Mistress, for designing him such good Fortune with so lovely a Bed-fellow, and that it was undoubtedly the effect of *Violante's* Gratitude, who, not being in a condition to reward his Services, because she was sick, and being press

to pay her Debts, turn'd it over to her Cousin's Husband, with whom he should certainly pass the Night very agreeably. He talk'd much to the same purpose, and jested a long while, sometimes well, and sometimes but indifferently. But *Don Rodriguez* was not in a Humour to be merry, for he appear'd so dejected and melancholy to his Cousin, that he heartily pity'd him, and was afraid his Despair wou'd carry him to some dangerous Resolution. *Don Pedro* was bold in his Temper, a great Lover of Intrigues, and no Man so ready as he to engage in any extravagant Adventure, he lov'd *Don Rodriguez* tenderly, insomuch that all this joyn'd together made him resolve to supply the Room of the beautiful *Virginia*, whatever her jealous Husband might do to him. Being therefore fully determin'd upon the matter, he embrac'd his Cousin, and put fresh Life into him, and at the same time assur'd him he wou'd hazard all, that he might enjoy his beloved Mistress. You will not however added he, be so much oblig'd to me as you think: I consider it is an honourable Action, whereby I pretend to get as much Reputation, as if I should signalize my self at a Breach. Word was sent *Virginia* that her Proposal was accepted; she appointed that very Evening to put it in Execution: The two Cousins went to her House, and were introduc'd with as little Noise as possible. *Don Pedro* was oblig'd by the fair Lady of the Enchanted Castle to undress himself before her, being resolv'd that her Orders shou'd not be transgress'd in the least. *Don Pedro* having nothing on now but his Shirt, was conducted by her with all the Care and Circumspection imaginable to the fatal Room, where opening the Curtains, she softly put the bold Champion between the Sheets, who perhaps at that Moment repented for having gone so far, and one may swear did not put himself into the middle of the Bed. She went away and lock'd the Chamber-door, which put *Don Pedro* into cruel Apprehensions, while she repaired to *Don Rodriguez*, to whom I suppose she paid, like a Woman of Honour, all that she ow'd him, or at least as much as he demanded of her. In the mean time *Don Pedro* was in different Circumstances from those of his Cousin, who lay in the Arms of his Charming Mistress, while our too charitable and adventurous Friend, fear'd nothing so much as the Embraces of a detestable Man, whom to his great Sorrow he was like to find a very uncomfortable Bed-fellow. He then began to consider, but it was somewhat of the latest, to what Hazards his foolish Rashness had carried him, He blamed himself, call'd himself Fool a thousand times in his Thoughts, and was sensible, that to

transgress thus against any Husband was an unpardonable Crime, tho even he himself were to be Judge of it. These melancholy Reflexions were disturbed, and his just Fears increased, by a huge villanous Arm which his Bed-fellow threw over him, drawing still nearer and nearer, pronouncing some few inarticulate Words, as People are wont to do when they are asleep, and making as if he was going to embrace his Wife. *Don Pedro* was terribly affrighted, and removed this Arm, that lay heavier on him, he thought, than the greatest Burthen, as gently as he could, for fear of awaking him, and when he had so done, with all the Precaution of one in Danger, crept to the Bed-side, thrusting half his Body out, insomuch that he had like to have fallen upon the Floor, cursing his Stars and his own Folly, for exposing him to such Dangers, to serve the Passion of two indiscreet Lovers. He had hardly begun to breath again, when his troublesome Bed-fellow laid his Leg over his; which last Action, as well as the former, had like to have made him die with Fear. In short, the one still drawing nearer, and the other getting off as far as he cou'd, the Day appear'd just at the nick when the unfortunate *Don Pedro* was no longer able to keep his Ground against a Man, who still drove him farther and farther. He arose as softly as might be, and went to open the Door, which he found lock'd, a greater Misfortune than any had yet befallen him. As he was endeavouring in vain to thrust the Lock back, it flew open all of a sudden, and had like to have broke his Nose. *Virginia* came boldly into the Chamber, and ask'd him aloud, Whither he was going in such haste? *Don Pedro* conjur'd her in a low Voice not to make such a Noise, and ask'd her whether she had not lost her Senses, to venture thus the waking of her Husband, and desir'd her to let him go. How! go, says the Lady aloud to him, I am resolv'd my Husband shall see whom he has lain with to Night, to the end he may know what his Jealousie has brought him to, and what I am capable of doing when provok'd. Having said this, as bold as a Lioness she took *Don Pedro* by the Arm, who was so confounded that he had not Strength to get loose from her, open'd the Window-shutters without quitting her hold, and and pulling him to the Bed-side, drew the Curtains, and cry'd out aloud, See, jealous Master of mine, see whom you have lain with to Night. At this *Don Pedro* turning his Eyes towards the terrible Bed, instead of an ugly Fellow with a Beard, beheld his charming *Violante*, who had laid by his Side all Night, and not the jealous Husband of *Virginia*, who had been gone into the Country about

about eight Days before. The two pretty Cousins pelted him with considerable Raillery; and never did Man of Wit so lamely defend, or say so little for himself. *Violante*, who was naturally gay, and rally'd with a Grace, had like to have made her Cousin dye with laughing, when she pleasantly exaggerated to her what bodily Fears she had put poor *Don Pedro* in, as often as she had pretended to be awake, and drew nearer to him. It was a long time before *Don Pedro* cou'd recover out of his Confusion, and set his Countenance in order. At last *Virginia* took Compassion on him, and left him alone with her Cousin, with whom you may suppose he had Affairs of great Importance to settle, because he was shut up with her till Noon. From this happy Hour, all the while the Husband stay'd in the Country, the two Gentlemen-Cousins, and the two Gentlewomen-Cousins met frequently together, and made the best use of their time. When the Husband came to Town again, *Rodriguez* was the less happy of the two, for *Don Pedro*, by the charitable Assistance of the Servants, whom his Presents had brought over to his Interest, made a shift for two or three Months to pass most of the Nights with *Violante*, who was Mistress of her own Actions, and ever since the Marriage of her Cousin lodg'd in a separate Building, which had a Door into another Street. He became so passionately in Love with her, that he earnestly desir'd to marry her; but whenever he made any such Proposal, she always turn'd the Discourse so dexterously, that he cou'd not positively tell whether she did it out of Design, or because she did not care to listen to him. In short, as there is nothing permanent in this transitory World, *Violante* began at length to slacken in her Passion, and grew cold by little and little, insomuch that *Don Pedro* cou'd not forbear complaining of it, and not knowing better how to account for this Alteration, accus'd her of Infidelity, and reproach'd her with having some other Gallant more happy than himself. Instead of mending Matters by this Procedure he utterly ruin'd them, and made himself at last so insupportable to *Violante*, that she not only refus'd to see him a Nights, but likewise to admit his Visits in the Day time. This Treatment did not in the least discourage him; he gain'd by vertue of his Money one of her Maids, who was so treacherous as to inform him, that her Mistress was passionately in Love with her Cousin's Brother-in-law, who had just left the College; that he was a very handsome Youth, and no less in love with *Violante*, than she was with him. To compleat her perfidious Treachery, this ill condition'd Devil advis'd him to pretend himself

sick, to acquaint her Mistress with his Illness, and complain of her being the cause of it, which was likely enough; and in short to feign it so well, that her Mistress might be no longer upon her Guard, as she had hitherto been, ever since she knew her self guilty of Infidelity to him. *Don Pedro* play'd his part to Admiration. *Violante* fell into the Trap, and our treacherous Damsel had no sooner introduc'd her Mistress's new *Adonis*, but she open'd the Door to the jealous *Don Pedro*. He bolted very furiously into *Violante*'s Chamber, who by that time was got to Bed, and her young Gallant undressing to prepare for the Encounter. He came with his Sword in his Right Hand towards his Rival, perhaps with an Intention only to frighten him; but our young Spark was not to be daunted so, for holding out one of his Shoes, which he had just pluck'd off, after the same manner as you do a Pocket Pistol, he aim'd it at *Don Pedro*'s Head, in so formidable a manner, that he who little expected such a welcome, and did not doubt but he wou'd fire at him, duck'd his Head, and turn'd the other way, which gave our Youngster time enough to get to the Door. *Violante*, who was desirous to break with *Don Pedro*, immediately fell a laughing, and told him he was the first Man that had ever been afraid of being kill'd by a Pistol made of an old Shoe. He was so nettled at this Jest, that he gave her a Box on the Ear, she took him by the Beard, they tugg'd and grappled, and at last the discourteous *Granada* Spark, after he had us'd her so very ill that she had nothing but Cries to have Recourse to, just got into the Street at the ry moment that *Virginia*, her Husband, and all the Servants expecting a military Scuffle, came into *Violante*'s Chamber. He immediately went to acquaint *Don Rodriguez* with what had happen'd to him, and without losing any more time, offer'd his Service to the Duke of *Ossuna*, who went the next Day for *Naples*, of which Kingdom he was made Vice-roy. *Don Pedro* waited on him to the Harbour, where he took shipping with him, leaving his dear Cousin very much afflicted for his Absence. He stay'd about six or seven Years in *Naples*, being exceedingly belov'd by the Vice-roy, who allow'd him a considerable Pension. He likewise receiv'd great Returns from *Spain*, thro which means no one made a handsomer Figure than he, which made him be so much the more consider'd in *Italy*, by reason the Generality of the *Spaniards* go thither to make their Fortunes, as the *French* do to spend them. He made a Voyage into *Sicily*, visited its most remarkable Cities, and then returning into *Italy*, liv'd two or three Years at *Rome*, as many at *Venice*, saw all the considerable Towns,

and

and at last, having been fourteen or fifteen Years out of *Spain*, always up to the Ears in Love, or if you please, in Fornication, ever a mighty Intriguer, and still confirming himself in his heretical Opinion, that it was not safe for a Man to marry a Woman of Wit, he at length resolv'd to put an end to all his Rambles, and re-visit *Granada*, and the Friends he had left there. What principally contributed to make him leave *Italy*, was his want of Money, thro the Negligence of his Correspondents, or at least he had so little left, that he had scarce enough to defray his Charges to *Barcelona*. He was forc'd to sell some of his Moveables there, wherewith he bought him a Mule, and only reserv'd his best Suit of Cloaths to ride in. Thus equipp'd he took the readiest Road towards his dear native Country, without so much as a Valet to keep him Company, the Servant whom he had brought along with him from *Spain* being dead, as we may reasonably suppose, of the *Neapolitan* Disease; and his small Fund being not sufficient to maintain another. He left *Barcelona* by break of Day, to avoid the Heat and Flies of the Month of *August*, and by nine in the Morning had got about five or six Leagues. He rode thro a large Town, where a *Catalonian* Duke had past part of his Summer, in a noble Castle that fac'd the Road. This Duke was well stricken in Years, and had marry'd a fine young Lady not above twenty Years old. This Day, as it happen'd, he was gone a hunting, and was not expected home till the next. The young Dutchess saw our *Granada* Gentleman moving forward, from a Balcony she had that look'd towards the great Road. His good Mien made her desirous to view him nearer, besides, she was naturally very curious, and wou'd not by her good Will suffer any Strangers to pass thro her Town, without sending to speak with them. Altho our *Granada* Hero could have been very willing to have travell'd a few Miles farther before he din'd, yet cou'd he not in good Manners refuse to wait on the Dutchess, who sent a Page to let him know she wou'd be glad of his Company. She was as beautiful as an Angel; and our Don for his part had no Aversion to pretty Women, altho they were not Dutchesses. He was well-shap'd and tall, and the Dutchess took a peculiar Delight to gaze upon handsome young Fellows like him, to make her self some amends for the Pennance she did in her Husband's Conversation, who was so exceedingly fond of her, and so pleas'd with her chearful Temper, that he thought he did not see her enough, altho he was seldom from her. *Don Pedro*, who was a Man of Wit as well as Judgment, diverted the Dutchess extremely with the Recital of his Travels, and fancy'd

fancy'd at first dash that she was a Lady that had no Aversion to Pleasure. She inform'd her self particularly of the Gallantry of *Naples*, desir'd to know whether the Women there were allow'd any Liberty, and whether the *Italian* Gallants carry'd on their Amours as bravely as those of *Spain*. At last *Don Pedro* confirm'd himself by the Questions she put him, that if she did not go to the bottom of an Intrigue, 'twas not for want of good Will. She made him dine with her, to the mutual Satisfaction of both. Our *Granada* Adventurer would have taken his leave of her after Dinner, but she would not suffer it, telling him, that since the Duke her Husband would not come home that Day, she desir'd him to be her Guest; adding obligingly, that Persons of Merit were very rare in *Catalonia*; and therefore whenever she had the Happiness to meet them, no wonder if she coveted to enjoy their Conversation as long as she cou'd. She led him into a large Closet, very cool and refreshing, adorn'd with fine Pictures, China, and other rich Furniture. It wanted not, since we are oblig'd to be particular, a noble Alcove, embroider'd Cushions, and a convenient Couch, with a rich Sattin Quilt thrown over it. Here our Traveller recounted to her all his Adventures at *Granada*, *Sevil* and *Madrid*, together with those of *Italy*, which are not as yet come to my Knowledge. The Dutchess listned very attentively; at last he told her he was resolv'd to marry, if he cou'd but find a Woman from whom he should have no reason to apprehend any of those ill Offices, which witty Women are always able to do their Husbands. I have an Estate, continues he, that is far from being contemptible; and tho the Woman I marry does not bring me a Farthing, yet provided she has been well educated, and is not deform'd, I shall make no scruple to chuse her; altho, to deal ingenuously with you, I would much sooner pitch upon a Woman that is deform'd, and Fool enough, than one that is handsome, and not so. You are certainly wrong in your Notions, replies the Dutchess; but what do you mean by being well educated? I mean a Woman of Virtue, answered our Traveller: And how is it possible for a Fool to be a Woman of Virtue, cries the Dutchess, if she neither knows what Virtue is, nor is capable of being taught it? Besides, how can a Fool love you, that has not Sense enough to know your Merit? She will trespass against her Duty, without knowing what she does; whereas a Woman of Wit, altho she should distrust her Honour, will know how to avoid those occasions where she may run any risque of losing it. They argued a long while *pro* and *con* upon this Subject; our Don maintaining, that

that all the Knowledge requir'd in a Woman was to love her Husband, to be faithful to him, and carefully to look after her Family Affairs and Children; and the Dutchess endeavouring to convince him that a Fool was not capable of doing it; nay, tho she were beautiful, wou'd certainly disgust him at last. They mutually gave several Proofs of their Wit, and the good Opinion they had of each other, soon improved into Esteem, nay, and somewhat better. Our *Spaniard* did not only differ from the Duke in Age, Wit, and Person, but was also one of the handsomest, best-shap'd Men in the World, and if he appear'd such to the Dutchess, he likewise thought her the loveliest Woman he had ever beheld. He was as bold as a Lion, and never found himself alone with a Woman, but he immediately offer'd his Service to her. If she accepted it, he did his best to acquit himself; and if she took snuff at it, would fall down on his Marrow-bones, and terming himself the horridst Sinner in the World, ask Pardon so ingeniously, and with so much Hypocrisie, that the Lady must needs forgive his Transgression, or perhaps by way of Atonement make him transgress again. I cou'd never have imagined, says he to the charming Dutchess, that any one was able to make me throw up an Opinion, the Truth of which so many Experiments have confirmed to me; but it was never yet oppos'd by so extraordinary a Person as your self, whose Soul, without being beholden to her Beauty, which however is not to be matched in the Universe, may acquire her as large an Empire as she pleases, over all those that have Wit enough to discover, that she has a greater Share of it than all her Sex put together. You have cured me of an Error, added he, but you leave me troubled with an Illness, which is so much the more dangerous and hard to cure, as I am pleas'd to have it, and by suffering it to gratifie the noblest Ambition that a Mortal is capable of having. I cannot positively tell, how many more Hyperboles he shot at the Dutchess's Virtue, and whether he did not speak abundance of pathetical Impertinences, for upon such occasions as this, a Man is most terribly given to be impertinent. Neither do I know after what manner the Dutchess received a Declaration of Love, her Gallant delivered in due Form at the same time; I mean, whether she seem'd to like it by an Answer suitable to the occasion, or whether by answering nothing, she made good the old Proverb, *Silence gives Consent*. But this is certain, that a Maid of hers, who died of the King's Evil in *France*, often own'd before several credible Gentlemen, that the Closet-door was shut for

for some two Hours upon them, that they were together till Supper time; and altho this Maid, whom I suppose to have been an *Andalousian*, had never told me this, yet do I know full well, that Opportunity makes a Thief. The Night came, that favourable Goddess to stolen Love, but neither was *Don Pedro*, nor the Dutchess the better for it, for partly out of good Manners, and partly not to give the Servants an occasion to guess, who generally do so beyond the Truth, to which they have a natural Antipathy, they called for Candles, which were almost eclipsed by the brighter Eyes Heaven had bestowed upon the Dutchess, and which at that moment twinkled prettier than any pair of Stars in the Firmament. The Vermillion of her Cheeks was double to what it used to be, which made her appear more glorious than the Sun on a fine Summer's Day to *Don Pedro*, whose Visage too was a little inclined to Scarlet. Thus they merrily past away the time in exchanging Glances with one another, when a Servant came to acquaint the Dutchess, that his Grace her Husband was below in the Court. All that she cou'd do in this Surprise, was to shut up the thrice astonished *Don Pedro* in a large gilt Cup-board, where she kept her perfumed Waters, which done she put the Key in her Pocket, and threw her self upon the Bed. The Duke, who was at least threescore Years old, came into his Wive's Closet, and found her as gay and fresh as a Rose upon the Stalk. He told her, he had just received a Letter from the King, which obliged him to return sooner than he thought. He was very hungry, and therefore ordered the Servants to bring whatever they had ready in the House, into the same Closet, and the Dutchess, who had no great Stomach to eat, while her Traveller perhaps wished himself ten Foot under Ground, took a Chair near the Table. She was exceeding chearful and brisk, and of a Gayety, that bestowed new Youth upon her old Husband, so much did it revive his Spirits. It was a customary thing for her to lay extravagant Wagers with him, especially when she wanted Money, which her good Man always took a Pleasure to lose to her, being perfectly charmed with so agreeable a Wife. He never fancied her more beautiful than now; she told him a hundred merry Stories, by the same token, that our Duke had like to have choaked himself with laughing at 'em; for eating heartily, and laughing heartily at the same time, a bit of Meat happened to go down the wrong way, but Heaven be praised, it did him no harm. At last the Dutchess, who was of a Humour to turn every thing into Merriment, had a mind to divert her self at the Expence of her Gallant in the

Sweating

Sweating-tub : Says she to the Duke, methinks it is a long while since we laid a Wager last, now I wou'd fain lay a hundred Pistoles, that I have occasion for, upon the first Subject that offers it self. The Duke told her he was ready, and that he would leave it to her to propose the Subject. The Dutchess propos'd several, which she knew he wou'd not accept, and at last asked him, whether he wou'd lay that he cou'd reckon up all the things in a Family that are made of Iron. The Duke agreed to do it, tho he thought it a very foolish thing to lay a Wager on, and calling for Paper and Ink, so soon as the Cloath was remov'd, and his Chaplain had said Grace, (for the Duke you must know kept a good *Decorum* in his Family) he writ down the Names of all the Iron Utensils he cou'd think of; but it fell out luckily for the Dutchess, that he forgot to mention a Key. She got him to read over what he had written two or three times, and when he had so done, ask'd him if he was satisfy'd with it, and whether he had any thing to add? She then folded the Paper, telling him she wou'd examine it at her Leisure, and in the mean time relate to him one of the prettiest Adventures he ever heard. A little after you were gone upon your Sports, I was, continues she, looking out of one of our Windows that faces the high Road, when I saw a Man of an extraordinary Mien mounted on a Mule, who prick'd and spurr'd his Beast to make all the haste he cou'd. I had the Curiosity to know whither he was going in so much haste, and dispatch'd one of my Pages to tell him I wou'd speak with him. To be plain with you, I never in all my Life saw a Man better shap'd, or more likely to make even a Woman of Virtue dispence with a conjugal Vow. I ask'd him whence he came, and who he was? he answer'd me so genteely, and with so much Wit, that I was desirous to have more of his Conversation. So I engag'd him to stay with me the remainder of the Day, and to acquaint me with all his Adventures, which I imagin'd must needs be very curious and entertaining. He perform'd what I desir'd to my Expectation, and I must frankly own, I was never better diverted with any History in all my Life, and am resolv'd, quoth she to divert your Grace likewise with it. Then she recounted to the Duke all that had happen'd to *Don Pedro* at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*, and her good Man, who was as merry a Wight as is possible for a Duke to be; fell a laughing, as if he wou'd have burst his Hoops, which made the Dutchess and some of his chief Servants, whom he allow'd to be familiar with him, to join in this merry

merry Confort. After this she acquainted him with all that had befallen our *Granada* Gentleman in *Italy*, which was very pleasant as I have been told, for I cou'd never yet inform my self what the Particulars were. All I know is, that the Duke laugh'd heartily at them, and *Don Pedro* himself cou'd not forbear doing the like in the Chest. In short, after she had very well diverted her self with making her Husband laugh, and all the Company, and even *Don Pedro* into the bargain, who till now had had his share in the Mirth, she told her Husband that our Traveller, after he had recounted all his Adventures, was so hardy as to make Love to her, and did it with so much Address, that she cou'd not find in her Heart to be angry with him for carrying his Gallantry so far, and who cou'd not but perceive that he was by no means displeasing to her. But why should I multiply words in vain, continued the Dutchess, a Gentleman so well made as he may attempt any thing without danger. We spent the greatest part of the Day together, to our mutual Satisfactions, and had done so still, but that you came home when I little expected you. Not to mince Matters, your Return both afflicted and surprized me. My lovely Stranger seem'd to be in a greater Consternation than my self, so I hastily shut him up in my Chest of perfum'd Waters, from whence he must needs hear me, if he is not already dead with Fear. But knowing what an ascendant I have over you, and being in my own Temper uncapable of dissembling even those very things, where my too great Freedom may do me harm, I was resolv'd to divert you at the expence of this poor Gentleman, whom I will draw out of his Hole, so soon as you are gone to your own Apartment, and leave him to pursue his Journey to *Granada*, where he is going, as he tells me, to find out a Woman, who is Fool enough it seems to deserve to be his Wife. The Dutchess gave such an Air of probability to this true Story, that the Duke quitted his good Humour, and turn'd serious all on the sudden. He look'd pale, was afraid that what his Wife had told him was true, and cou'd not forbear asking for the Keys of the Chest, wherein, as she pretended, the Stranger was shut up. She changed the Discourse, and by that means encreased both his Suspicion and Fears. He asked her once more for the Keys, which she refused him. He was resolv'd to have them, and arose from his Seat in a Passion. Very well, Sir, very well, quoth the Dutchess, before you ask me for the Keys in such haste, pray be pleas'd coolly and calmly to read
over

over your Catalogue ; you have forgot to set down Keys in it, you cannot deny but that they are made of Iron, and that you owe me a hundred Pistoles upon the Wager. Pray give em me now, as you are obliged in Honour, and take notice that if I have told you a merry Story, 'twas only to put you in mind of what you had lost, and at the same time to divert you, that you might part the freer with your Money. The next time I wou'd have you to be wiser, than to take an invented Story for a Truth. 'Twas not probable that so many extraordinary Adventures should befall one single Man, and much less, that I would have told you such a Story if it had been true. He laugh'd as if he had been distracted, admir'd the prodigious Wit of his Wife, and commended it before his Servants, who were perhaps as arrant Fools as himself. See now, cries he as loud as he was able, and laughed at the same time, see now by what a cunning Fetch the Gypsie has given me to understand I have lost. The Dutchess had lik'd to have kill'd her self with laughing, her Woman seconded her, and *Don Pedro* was half dead with stifling his Laughter in the Chest. At last, the Duke, after he had order'd the Steward to pay his Wife a hundred Pistoles, leaves her to go to his own Apartment, often saying to himself that she was a true Devil, and sometimes that she had the Wit of a Devil. The Duke's Servants repeated the same Words after their Master, so that all the while the Duke was going towards his Chamber, you cou'd hear nothing else upon the Stairs, but different Voices, crying, my Lady Dutchess has the Wit of a Devil, my Lady Dutchess is a true Devil. In the mean time the Steward paid the Dutchess her 100 Pistoles, and went his way. The Dutchess shut her Chamber-door, and having freed *Don Pedro* out of his little Ease, who had scarce recover'd of his Fright, she endeavour'd to convince him, that a Woman of Wit cou'd disengage her self with Honour out of a scurvy Business, the very Thoughts of which wou'd have made a Fool to dye with Fear. She wou'd have had him take part of a Collation, which her Women had just then sat upon the Table ; but he begg'd her Pardon, and desir'd her to let him go. She gave him the hundred Pistoles she had won of her Husband, together with a Gold Chain and her Picture, that were worth as much more, conjuring him withal not to forget her, but to let her hear from him now and then. After this she tenderly embrac'd him, and put him into the Hands of her Maids, who let him and his Mule out privately by a Back-door. He did not think convenient to lye in that Place, but rode two Leagues farther till he came to the Town, where he intended to have dined the

Day

Day before, if the Dutchess had not stopt him. This odd Adventure with the *Catalonian* Dutchess, ran perpetually in his Head. He could not enough wonder at her falling in Love with him so on the sudden before she knew him, at her Rashness in relating to the Duke a Story so nice, but so true, and last of all at her great Address in applying it to her Wager. He likewise admir'd the good Temper of the Duke, pitied his Condition, and fortified himself more than ever in his Opinion, that a Woman of Wit was hardly worth looking after; and doubted not but that if the Dutchess had not too much relied upon the Goodness of her invention, she durst never have carried on her Intrigue so far, nor had the Boldness to communicate it to her Husband. He promis'd himself that he would never run any such Risque of being ill married, because he would either take no Wife at all, or if he did, pitch upon one that was so Foolish, that she should not be able to distinguish between Love and Aversion. As he was making these wise Reflections, he arrived at *Madrid*, where he found his Cousin *Don Rodriguez*, had inherited his Father's Estate, and was married to his Kinswoman. He was informed by him that *Violante* had disposed of her self in Matrimony, and that the beautiful *Virginia*, was gone to the *Indies* with her Husband. From *Madrid* he arriv'd at *Granada*. The first Visit he paid was to his Aunt, who welcomed him with a thousand Embraces. Told him that *Seraphina* lived like a Saint, and that her Lover had died of Grief, because he could not persuade her to quit the Cloyster to marry him. Next Day he went in Company with his Aunt to see the young *Laura*, *Seraphina's* Daughter. She had been put into a Convent when she was but four Years old, and now might be about sixteen. He found her as beautiful as all the Angels put together, and as foolish as all the Nuns that come into the World without Brains, and are taken out of it in their Infancy, to be buried alive in a Convent. He gazed upon her, and was charm'd by her Beauty; he made her talk, and admir'd her Innocence. He now flatter'd himself he had found what he had been so long looking after; and what made him take the greater Fancy to *Laura*, was that she much resembled *Seraphina*, with whom he had once been passionately in Love, tho the Copy infinitely exceeded the Original. He told his Aunt she was not his Daughter, and acquainted her with his Resolution to marry her. The old Gentlewoman approved his Choice, and communicated the good News to *Laura*, who neither rejoiced, nor was sad at it. *Don Pedro* furnished his House, and look'd out for the most foolish Servants

he cou'd find: He likewise endeavour'd to get a set of Maids, full as simple as *Laura*, which however gavé him no finall trouble. He presented his Mistress with the richest Cloaths and the finest things that *Granada* cou'd afford. All the Persons of Quality in that City were invited to the Wedding, and were as much pleased with *Laura's* Beauty, as they were disgusted at her Simplicity. The Company broke betimes, and our new-marry'd Couple were left alone to themselves. *Don Pedro* sent his Servants to Bed, and having order'd his Wife's Maids likewise to retire so soon as they had undrest her, he shut the Chamber-door; and now the Devil put it into his Head to execute the most nonsensical Frolick that ever one was guilty of, who had past all his Life time for a Man of Sense. He sat down in a Chair, making his Wife to stand all the while before him, when he spoke the following words to her, or others much more impertinent. You are my Wife, and I hope I shall have reason to bless God for't, so long as we live together. Be sure you remember what I tell you, and carefully observe it while you live, lest you otherwise offend God, and displease me. At these words the innocent *Laura* made him many profound Courties, whether seasonably or not signifies nothing; and with her two little roguish blinking Eyes, look'd as fearfully upon her Husband, as a new-come Scholar does upon an imperious Pedagogue. Do you know, continu'd *Don Pedro*, how marry'd People, ought to live? Not I, forsooth, reply'd *Laura*, dropping him a Courtie much lower than she had done before, but if you'll teach me, I'll remember it better than my *Ave Maria*; and then she dropt him another. *Don Pedro* thought himself the happiest Man upon Earth, to find more Simplicity in his Wife than he durst to have hoped. He took from his Armory a very rich, but light Suit of Armour, which he had wore formerly at a magnificent Reception the City had made the King of *Spain*. With this he equipped his pretty Idiot, put a little gilt Murrion on her Head, finely adorn'd with Plumes; girt a Sword by her Side, and putting a Lance into her Hand, gravely told her, it was the Duty of all Wives, who had a mind to be thought virtuous, to watch their Husbands while they slept, armed in all points as she was. She answer'd him with her usual Courties, and kept on courting, till he bid her take two or three turns about the Chamber, which she happen'd to perform with so good a Grace, her natural Beauty, and military Habit not a little contributing to set her off, that our too refin'd Politician of a Husband was perfectly charm'd

with her. He went to Bed, and *Laura* continu'd in motion till five a Clock in the Morning. Our Gentleman, who was the most considering and discreet of all Husbands in the Universe, or at least thought he was such, got up, dress'd himself, disarm'd his Wife, helpt her to pluck off her Cloaths, put her to Bed, which he had just quitted, and kiss'd her a thousand times, weeping for meer Joy, that he had at last found so inestimable a Jewel. He then wish'd her a good Repose, and forbidding his Servants to awake her, went to Mass, and about his other Affairs: For I had forgot to inform the courteous Reader, that he had purchased a Place in *Granada*, much like to that of our *Maires*, or *Provofts* of the Merchants. The first Night of their Marriage pass'd after the manner I have related, and the Husband was such a confirm'd Sot, as to employ the second no better. Accordingly Heaven punish'd him for his Stupidity. An unlucky Business happened, which oblig'd him to take Post that very Day, and ride to Court. He had only time to change his Cloaths, and take leave of his Wife, enjoining her under pain of offending God and displeasing him, to observe exactly in his Absence the Duty of a marry'd Woman. Those that have Business at Court, let them be as good Astrologers as they please, cannot assign the precise time when it shall be concluded. *Don Pedro* did not think of staying there above five or six Days at farthest, but however was forced to wait five or six Months. All this while the simple *Laura* did not fail to pass her Nights in her Armour, and to spend her Day in working at her Needle, which she had learnt in the Convent. A Gentleman of *Cordova* came to *Granada* at this time about a Law Suit. He was no Fool as to his Intellectuals, and was well made as to his Person. He often saw *Laura* in her Balcony, thought her exceeding pretty; pass'd and repass'd before her Windows a hundred times a Day at least, after the Mode of *Spain*; but *Laura* let him fairly pass and repass without knowing what it meant, or so much as desiring to know it. There lived over against *Don Pedro's* House a poor sort of Woman, but charitable in her Nature, and ready to relieve the wants of her Neighbours, who soon perceived both the Stranger's Love, and the small Progress he had made on the charming *Laura's* Affections. She was a Woman of Intrigue, and her chief Business was that of bringing good People together, for which she was admirably fitted by her Trade, which lay in Commodities, Towers, Washes, Essences, Elixirs, and some fine Secrets for beautifying

tifying the Skin, and taking off Freckles; but what recommended her most for this virtuous Employment, was her being supposed to be skilled in the Black Art. She so punctually bow'd to the *Cordonan* Gentleman, and good-morrow'd him so often as he pass'd before *Laura's* Window, that he fancied she did not do it for nothing. He accosted her, and all at once struck up an Acquaintance and Friendship with her; he discovered his Passion to her, and promis'd to make her Fortune if she cou'd but serve him in his Amour. This old Agent of *Lucifer* loses no time, gets her self introduced by the foolish Servants into the Company of their foolish Mistress, under pretence of shewing her some fine Curiosities. She commended her Beauty, lamented her being so soon forced to lose her Husband's Company, and when she found her self alone with her, spoke to her of the fine Gentleman that pass'd so often before her Window. She told her he loved her more than his Life, and that he had a violent Inclination to serve her, if she thought fitting. In truth, I am very much obliged to him, reply'd the innocent *Laura*, and shou'd like his Service well enough, but our House is so full of Servants, and shou'd any of them go away, I durst not receive him in my Husband's Absence. However, I will write to him about it if the Gentleman desires it, and don't doubt but I shall obtain what I ask of him. This was enough to so experienced a Bawd as ours, to convince her that *Laura* was Simplicity it self. She therefore endeavour'd to explain to her as well as she was able, after what manner this Gentleman desired to serve her: She told her he was full as rich as her Husband, and that if she had a mind to see any Proofs of it, she wou'd bring her from him the finest Jewels, and the richest Cloaths that cou'd be. Alas! Madam, says *Laura*, I have so much of what you talk of, that I don't know where to put them. Since 'tis so, answer'd this Ambassadress of *Satan*, and you don't care that he shou'd present you, suffer him at least to visit you. He may do that, says *Laura*, when ever he pleases, no one will hinder him. That is as much as can be desir'd, replies this venerable Bawd, but yet it would be much better still, if your Footmen and Maids knew nothing of it. That's easie enough, answer'd *Laura*, for my Maids don't lye in my Chamber, I go to Bed without their help, and that very late. Take this Key along with you, continues she, which opens all the Doors in the House, and about eleven at Night he may come in at the Garden-

door, where he will see a little Stair-case, that will lead him to my Chamber. This old Beldame took her Hands, and kiss'd them a hundred times, telling her she was going to bestow new Life upon a poor Gentleman, whom she had left a dying. And how came that about, cries *Laura* all in a Fright. Why 'tis you that have killed him, replies this dissembling Gipsy. *Laura* hereat looked pale, as if she had been convicted of Murther, and was going to declare her Innocence, if this wicked Woman, who did not think it convenient to abuse her Ignorance any longer, had not left her, throwing her Arms about her Neck, and assuring her the sick Man would not die. You may imagin she understood her Trade too well to forget the miraculous Key that cou'd open all the Doors. Some malapert Critick now will fall upon my Bones about this Key, and tell me, 'tis all over Witchcraft, and smells of a Fable; but let him know from his most humble and most obliged Servant, that the Gentlemen in *Spain* have such sorts of Keys, which they call *Mistresses*, and that in the Days of yore, People were better bred, and more civil than to find fault with what they did not understand. Let him maul me Fore-stroke and Back-stroke, all that lies within the compass of his little Capacity, but I shou'd be reckoned as great a Coxcomb as he, to trouble my Head any more about him. To return then to our old Matron. She went to find out the impatient Lover, and told him with an infernal Sneer, what Progress she had made in his Business: He rewarded her like a liberal Gentleman, and expected the Night with Impatience. The Night at last arrived, he open'd the Garden-door, and stole up as softly as he cou'd to *Laura's* Chamber, at the time when this silly Creature was walking up and down in her Room arm'd Cap-a-pé, with a Lance in her Hand, according to the salutary Instructions of her extravagant Husband. There was only a small Light in a Corner of the Room, and the Door stood wide open, without question to receive the *Cor-douan* Gallant. But our Spark seeing a Person all in Armour, did not doubt but he design'd to get him into his Clutches. His Fear then prevailed over his Love, as violent as it was, and away he fled faster than he had come, fearing that he shou'd not get into the Street time enough. He went to his trusty Goer-between, and inform'd her what a hazard he had run, who being mightily concerned at what had happen'd, went directly to *Laura's* House, to discourse her about the matter. Our silly Innocent no sooner saw her, but she askt her why the Gentleman did not come, and whether

whether he was still sick? He is not sick, replies old Iniquity, but came to wait on you last Night, and saw an armed Man in your Chamber. At this *Laura* made a long-winded laugh, then fell into a second Fit, and then into a third, all which while the old Woman cou'd not tell what to make on't. At last, when she had fully satisfy'd her self with laughing, and was at liberty to speak, she told the reverend Beldame, that it was plain the Gentleman was not married, and that it was she who had walked in Armour in her Chamber. Our virtuous Matron could not tell what to make of these words, and for a pretty while thought that *Laura* was a downright Natural, but after she had put her several Questions, she came to understand what she cou'd not otherwise have imagin'd, as well the great Simplicity of a Girl of fifteen, who ought to have known what was what at that Age, as the extravagant Precaution her Husband had used, to secure his Wife's Chastity. However, she thought it was best to leave *Laura* in her Error, and instead of shewing any Surprize at the Novelty of the thing, fell a laughing with *Laura*, at the great Fright the Gallant had been in. A meeting was appointed that Night, the old Woman encouraged the Gallant, and admir'd as well as he at the strange Stupidity of our Husband and Wife. The Night came, he got into the Garden, crept up the little Stair-case, and found his Lady again in Armour, performing her conjugal Duty, as she thought. He embrac'd her all covered as she was with Iron, and for her part she received him, as if she had known him from her Cradle. At last he enquir'd what she design'd to do in this Armour. She fell a laughing, and told him she durst not take it off, nor pass the Night in any other Equipage; and inform'd him withal, since it seems he knew it not before, that it was a mortal Sin to do otherwise. Our charitable wheedling *Cordonian* took abundance of pains to undeceive the poor Creature, and persuade her that she was abused, and that married Persons passed their time after another manner. At last he prevail'd upon her to disarm, and learn a more easie and pleasant way of performing the Duties of Matrimony, than her rigid Husband had taught her, which *Laura* own'd to be a cruel Fatigue. He was not long in getting off her Armour, he likewise helpt her to unrig, finding she was too long about it her self, and then threw himself into the Bed by her side, where he made her confess, that Chalk and Cheese were not more different than his Precepts of Matrimony, and those of her Husband. In short, he taught *Laura* all he knew, who for her part was not backward to learn, while her Husband danc'd Attendance at Court.

At last she receiv'd a Letter from him, wherein he sent her word, that his Business being now over, he was preparing to come home : and at the same time our *Cordoman* having dispatched his Affairs at *Granada*, return'd to *Cordona*, without so much as taking leave of *Laura*, being, as I suppose, not very much concern'd to part with her, since nothing is so short-liv'd as our Love for a Fool. *Laura* was not much mortify'd at it, and receiv'd her Husband with as much Joy, and as little Concern for the loss of her Gallant, as if she had never seen him. *Don Pedro* and his Wife sup't together, to their mutual Satisfaction. The Night was now pretty well spent : *Don Pedro* went to bed according to custom, and you may judge what a Surprize he was in, when he saw his pretty Consort in her Smock coming to lye by him. Being much disturb'd in his righteous Spirit, he ask'd why she was not in her Armour ? Oh, says she, I now know a much better way of passing the Night with one's Husband, which my other Husband taught me, I thank him. What, have you got another Husband then, replies *Don Pedro* ? Yes, says she, and so fine and handsome a Husband too, let me tell you, that you'd be pleas'd to see him ; but in truth I don't know when we shall see him again, for ever since the last Letter you sent me he has not been here. *Don Pedro* dissembling his Vexation, ask'd her who he was ? but she cou'd not resolve him, and like a loving Tit propos'd to *Don Pedro* to shew him what a pretty Game her other Husband had taught her. Our unfortunate Gentleman pretended to be sick, and perhaps was really so, at least in Mind. He turn'd his Back, and chewing the Cud upon the blessed Choice he had made of a Wife, who had not only violated the Honour of his Bed, but had not Sense enough to conceal it from him, bethought himself of the wholsom Advice of the *Catalonian* Dutcheß, detested his Errors, and own'd (but it was somewhat of the latest) that a Woman of Wit knows how to preserve the Laws of Honour ; or if out of Weakness she breaks them, knows at least how to keep her Transgression private. At last he comforted himself as well as he cou'd for a Calamity that was not to be redress'd : he feign'd to be indispos'd for some time, to see whether the Instructions of his Deputy would have any other effect than just teaching her a Lesson, which he had done better to have taught her himself. He liv'd several Years with her, had always a watchful Eye over her Actions ; and when he dy'd left her all his Estate, upon condition she wou'd take upon her the Habit of a Nun, in the same Convent where *Scrapphina* liv'd, who was at the same time inform'd by him that *Laura* was her Daughter. He sent all the

particulars of this History to his Cousin *Don Rodriguez* at *Madrid*, and confess'd to him how finely he had found himself mistaken in his erroneous Opinion. He dy'd; *Laura* neither rejoic'd nor griev'd at his Death. She enter'd her self in the same Convent where her Mother liv'd; who finding what a great Estate *Don Pedro* had left her Daughter, founded a Religious House with it. The History of *Don Pedro* was divulg'd after his Death, and convinc'd all those People, who doubted of it before, that Virtue cannot be perfect without good Sense; that a witty Woman may be honest of her self, but that a Fool cannot be so without Assistance and good looking after.

NOVEL III.

THE HYPOCRITES.

IT was in that lovely Season of the Year, when *Flora* and *Apollo*, no, I beg your pardon, *Apollo* and *Flora*, dress the Earth in her gayest Livery, that a Woman arriv'd at *Toledo*, the most ancient and most renowned City of *Spain*. She was fair and young, as subtle as the old Serpent, and so great an Enemy to Truth, that for several Years she never suffer'd that Virtue to approach her Lips; and what is more wonderful, did not find her self a jot the worse, at least she never complain'd of it. Thus she traffick'd in Lies, and generally made a good Market of them; for nothing is more certain, than that a Cheat of our Heroine's Complexion has sometimes stole her self into the Approbation even of those Persons who have a mortal Aversion to Falshood. She had a Magazine of Fiction large enough to furnish all the Poets, Heralds, Vision-mongers, Quacks and Astrologers in Christendom. In short, this natural Qualification, which she had taken care to cultivate from her Infancy, join'd to the Charms of her Face, had got her in a short time a fine parcel of Pistoles. Her Eyes were black, lively, brilliant, large, as fine as fine could be, but withal most notorious Killers, convicted of some four or five Murthers, suspected of fifty more that were not sufficiently proved; and as for the Wretches they had wounded, their Numbers could not be computed, nor even imagin'd. No Woman in the Universe dress'd finer; the least Pin fix'd by her Hand carry'd a peculiar Charm with it. She advis'd with no other Counsellor as to her Dress than her

her Looking-glass, which was her Chief Minister of State, her Treasurer, and Father Confessor. She was a most dangerous Woman to look upon, that's certain; for a Man cou'd not for the Heart of him help loving her, and yet cou'd not be long her Gallant, without being her Slave as long. Well, our Lady, such as I have describ'd her, arriv'd at *Toledo* towards the Evening, just at the very nick when all the Cavaliers of the City were preparing a Masquerade for the Wedding of a young Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, who was to marry a Lady, descended of one of the best Families in that City. The Windows were illuminated with Torches, but much more with the brighter Eyes of the fair Ladies, and the incredible Number of Wax-lights triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd Night, and restor'd the foregoing Day. Women of the least Quality shew'd all their Finery upon this occasion. A world of Beaux had most nicely spruc'd up their fine Persons with a felonious Intention to murder the Ladies: I mean those empty Fops, that all great Cities are plagued with, who don't care a farthing whether they make real Conquests or not, provided they can but have the Reputation or Scandal of them: who never attack but in a Troop, and that always with Insolence; and who by virtue of a handsom Face, red Stockings, a gilt Snuff-box, and a fine Perriwig, think they can command the Lives of all they meet, and murder all the Women with Love, and all the Men with Fear. Oh! what a fine time had the Men of Complement that Day to shew the Fruitfulness of their Imaginations; and how much glittering Rhetorick was thrown away upon Goddesses, who had not been deify'd a full hour? Among the rest, a dapper Younker, who from a School-boy had advanc'd himself to the Dignity of a Page, surpass'd himself in talking magnificent Nonsense before our Heroine, and never was better pleas'd with his dear Person than then. He had seen her alight out of the Stage-Coach, by the same token he was terribly smitten with her; but resolving not to stop there, follow'd her to the very Door of the House where she hir'd a Room, and from thence to all the several places where her Curiosity led her. At last our Stranger stopt at a certain place, where she might behold the Masks at her ease; and our eloquent Page, who had put on his best Linen that Day, and was finer than ordinary, immediately entred into a Conversation with her, and began to display his Talent. She was a Woman that understood the World very well, and lov'd dearly to banter and laugh at your forward young Prigs, that think they are born with a Patent to be troublesome. Judge therefore, if finding our

Page

NOVEL III.

THE HYPOCRITES.

IT was in that lovely Season of the Year, when *Flora* and *Apollo*, no, I beg your pardon, *Apollo* and *Flora*, dress the Earth in her gayest Livery, that a Woman arriv'd at *Toledo*, the most ancient and most renowned City of *Spain*. She was fair and young, as subtle as the old Serpent, and so great an Enemy to Truth, that for several Years she never suffer'd that Virtue to approach her Lips; and what is more wonderful, did not find her self a jot the worse, at least she never complain'd of it. Thus she traffick'd in Lies, and generally made a good Market of them; for nothing is more certain, than that a Cheat of our Heroine's Complexion has sometimes stole her self into the Approbation even of those Persons who have a mortal Aversion to Falshood. She had a Magazine of Fiction large enough to furnish all the Poets, Heralds, Vision-mongers, Quacks and Astrologers in Christendom. In short, this natural Qualification, which she had taken care to cultivate from her Infancy, join'd to the Charms of her Face, had got her in a short time a fine parcel of Pistoles. Her Eyes were black, lively, brilliant, large, as fine as fine could be, but withal most notorious Killers, convicted of some four or five Murthers, suspected of fifty more that were not sufficiently proved; and as for the Wretches they had wounded, their Numbers could not be computed, nor even imagin'd. No Woman in the Universe dress'd finer; the least Pin fixt by her Hand carry'd a peculiar Charm with it. She advis'd with no other Counsellor as to her Dress than her

her Looking-glass, which was her Chief Minister of State, her Treasurer, and Father Confessor. She was a most dangerous Woman to look upon, that's certain; for a Man cou'd not for the Heart of him help loving her, and yet cou'd not be long her Gallant, without being her Slave as long. Well, our Lady, such as I have describ'd her, arriv'd at *Toledo* towards the Evening, just at the very nick when all the Cavaliers of the City were preparing a Masquerade for the Wedding of a young Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, who was to marry a Lady, descended of one of the best Families in that City. The Windows were illuminated with Torches, but much more with the brighter Eyes of the fair Ladies, and the incredible Number of Wax-lights triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd Night, and restor'd the foregoing Day. Women of the least Quality shew'd all their Finery upon this occasion. A world of Beaux had most nicely spruc'd up their fine Persons with a felonious Intention to murder the Ladies: I mean those empty Fops, that all great Cities are plagued with, who don't care a farthing whether they make real Conquests or not, provided they can but have the Reputation or Scandal of them: who never attack but in a Troop, and that always with Insolence; and who by virtue of a handsom Face, red Stockings, a gilt Snuff-box, and a fine Perriwig, think they can command the Lives of all they meet, and murder all the Women with Love, and all the Men with Fear. Oh! what a fine time had the Men of Complement that Day to shew the Fruitfulness of their Imaginations; and how much glittering Rhetorick was thrown away upon Goddesses, who had not been deify'd a full hour? Among the rest, a dapper Younger, who from a School-boy had advanc'd himself to the Dignity of a Page, surpass'd himself in talking magnificent Nonsense before our Heroine, and never was better pleas'd with his dear Person than then. He had seen her alight out of the Stage-Coach, by the same token he was terribly smitten with her; but resolving not to stop there, follow'd her to the very Door of the House where she hir'd a Room, and from thence to all the several places where her Curiosity led her. At last our Stranger stopt at a certain place, where she might behold the Masks at her ease; and our eloquent Page, who had put on his best Linen that Day, and was finer than ordinary, immediately entred into a Conversation with her, and began to display his Talent. She was a Woman that understood the World very well, and lov'd dearly to banter and laugh at your forward young Prigs, that think they are born with a Patent to be troublesome. Judge therefore, if finding our

Page an everlasting Talker, that car'd not what came uppermost, she did not soon carry the shallow Sot out of his depth, and manage him as she pleas'd. She intoxicated him with her Praises, so that both his Heart and Soul were at her Service. He told her, that he waited on an ancient Cavalier of *Andalusia*, Uncle to the young Gentleman that was to be marry'd, for whom the City made all this rejoicing; that he was one of the richest Men of his Quality, and that he had no other Heir but this young Nephew, whom he lov'd exceedingly, altho he was one of the most extravagant young Fellows in *Spain*, a Lover of all the Women he saw, and besides, of a little Army of Whores and other Women whom he had inveigled, either by fair Speeches, or Money; and lastly, that he had committed several Rapes, without respect either to Age, Degree, or Condition. He added, that his Follies had been very expensive to his old Uncle; who was the more desirous to link him in Matrimony, that he might see whether he wou'd not alter his Manners with his Condition. While the Page discover'd all these Affairs and Secrets of his Master, she made him giddy with her Flatteries, commending every word he spoke, bidding the Company to observe with what a Grace he told his Story; and in short, omitting nothing that might help to turn the Head of a young Fop, who had already but too good an Opinion of his own Parts.

The Commendations and Applauses that proceed from a fair Mouth are dangerous and deceitful. Our indiscreet Page had no sooner inform'd *Helen* that he was a Native of *Valladolid* but she began to express her self very much in Favour of that City and its Inhabitants; and after she had put her self to the expence of some Hyperboldés in praising them, assured our young Coxcomb that of all the fine Gentlemen she had known of that Country, she never yet saw one so well made and accomplish'd as himself. This was the finishing Complement, that pinn'd up the Basket. Just as our Page was going to take his leave of her, she invited him to conduct her to her Lodgings, and you must not ask the Question why she gave her Lilly-white Hand to him rather than another. This unexpected Favour made his Heart to leap within him, so that he was perfectly out of his little Senses; and he concluded within himself that a Man ought not to despair of his good Fortune, altho he were never so miserable. When our charming Flatterer came into her Room, she plac'd the Page in the best Seat: He was so confounded at this kind Treatment, that for want of taking due Care, he came soufe with his Breech to the

the Ground : his Cloak fell one way, his Hat and Gloves another, and besides, he had like to have run himself through with his Ponyard, which dropt out of the Scabbard as he fell. *Helen* went to help up our poor Spark, and seem'd to be mightily concern'd at his Misfortune: She put up his Ponyard, and told him she cou'd not see him wear it any more that Day, after the slippery Trick it had play'd him. The Page pick'd up the scatter'd Remains of his shipwrack, and made several wicked Complements suitable to the Occasion. All this while *Helen* made as if she cou'd not recover her self from her late Fright, and began to admire the fine Workmanship of the Ponyard. The Page gave her to understand it belong'd to his old Master, who had formerly bestow'd it upon his graceless Nephew, with a Sword and other Accoutrements belonging to it; and that he had chosen it among several more, that were in his Master's Wardrobe, on purpose to make a better Figure upon a Day of such publick Solemnity. *Helen* made the Page believe she had a mind to go out in Disguise, to see after what manner People of Quality were marry'd at *Toledo*. The Page told her the Ceremony wou'd not be perform'd till Midnight, and offer'd her a small Collation in the Apartment of the Master of the House, who was his Friend. He rail'd at his unpropitious Stars, that he was forc'd to quit the most agreeable Company in the World to wait upon his Master, who kept his Bed by reason of his Illness. He added, that his Gout was the reason why he did not assist at the Wedding, which was to be kept in a great House in the City, at a good distance from his own, that was call'd the *Hotel* of the Count of *Fuensalida*. He was pumping his Brains to make some pretty Compliment at parting, when he heard some body knock very hard at the Door. *Helen* seem'd to be strangely discomposed at it, and desir'd the Page to retire into a little Closet, where she shut him up longer than he imagined. He that made such a rapping at the Door was *Hellen's* Gallant, half pimp and half Bully; whom, to stop the Mouths of the wicked, she was pleas'd to call Brother. He was the trusty Accomplice of all her rueful Actions, and Drudge in ordinary to her private Pleasures. She told him how she had disposed of the Page, and discovered to him besides her Design to finger some of his old Master's Pistoles, which required as much Speed as Dexterity in the Execution. The Mules, tho very well harass'd, were immediately put into the Coach that had brought them from *Madrid*; when *Helen* with her Company (which was compos'd of the terrible *Montafar*, the venerable *Mendez*, and a small

small Lackey) embark'd in this founde'r'd Vessel, which carry'd them to a sort of *Long-lane*, where a parcel of Christian-Jews liv'd, whose Faith was as Thread-bare as the second-hand Cloaths they sold. The Maskers ran still about the Streets; and it so happen'd, that the Bridegroom, who was masked as well as the rest, met *Helen's* Coach, and in it beheld our dangerous Stranger, who seem'd to him to be *Venus* in Disguise, or the Sun hurrying about the Streets. He was so strangely tempted by this bewitching Sight, that he was within an Ace of leaving his Bride Elect in the lurch to run after this unknown Fair; but at that time his Prudence had power enough to stifle this growing Passion. He follow'd his Companions in the Masks, while the Stage-Coach drove furiously on towards the aforesaid Street, where the Brokers liv'd, and here without much haggling and making of words, *Helen* soon equipt her self in Mourning from top to toe, together with the ancient *Mendez*, *Montafar*, and the little Boy. After this getting into the Coach again, she order'd the Fellow to stop at the *Hotel* of the Count *Fuenfalida*. Our diminutive Lackey went in first, enquired out the Apartment of the Marquis of *Villafagnan*, and told him that a Lady from the Mountains of *Leon* was at the Door, who had some Business of great Importance to communicate to him. The good Gentleman was surprized to hear of a Visit from such a Lady, and at such an Hour: he rais'd himself up in his Bed as well as he could, adjust'd his wrinkled Cravat, and ordered two Cushions to be put under his Back, to receive so important a Visit with the better Grace. He kept himself in this Posture, with his Eye still fixed upon the Chamber-door, when he saw enter the Room (not without the greatest Admiration of his Eyes, and as great a Palpitation of his Heart) the sorrowful *Montafar*, muffled up in as much black Crape as would serve half a score Herfes, follow'd by two Women in the same Habit, the youngest of whom he led by the Hand, and who covering part of her Face with her Vail, seem'd to be the most sorrowful and considerable of the two. A Lackey held up her Train, which was so enormously prolix, that when it was spread out it covered the whole Eloor. At the Door they saluted the sick old Gentleman with three profound Reverences, not reckoning that of the little Lackey, which is not worth mentioning. In the middle of the Room with three other Reverences all at the same time, and three more before they took their Seats, which were brought them by a young Page, Comrade to him whom *Helen* had lock'd up safe in the Closet; but these three last Reverences were so extraordinary, that they effaced the

the remembrance of the former. The courteous Soul of our old Gentleman was strangely surprized at so odd a Scene, the Ladies took their Seats, and *Montafar* and the little Lackey retired bare-headed towards the Door. The gouty Cavalier was at his Wits end to find them Compliments, and afflicted himself at their Mourning, before he knew the cause of it, which he entreated them to be so kind as to let him know, as likewise the reason why they did him the Honour of that Visit at so unusual an Hour for Persons of their Quality to be abroad. *Helen*, who needed not to be informed what a strange Efficacy and Persuasion there was in Tears that came from beautiful Eyes, immediately poured out a Torrent of them, intermixt with violent Sobs and Sighs, raising and falling the Tone of her Voice as she saw most proper. She discovered ever and anon her lilly white Hands, with which she wiped her Eyes, and sometimes shew'd her Face, to let him see she was as beautiful as afflicted. The old Gentleman expected with Impatience when she would open, and began now to hope it, since that impetuous Flood of Tears, which had overflowed her charming Field of Lillies and Roses, was in a manner stopt; when the venerable *Mendez*, who judged it convenient to re-assume this mournful Harmony, which the other had just finished, began to weep, sob, and lay about her with that Violence, that it was equally a Misfortune and Shame to *Helen* that she had not griev'd enough. The old Matron stop'd not here, but resolving to out-do *Helen*, thought that to tear off a handful or two of her Hair, would not have an ill effect upon the Audience. It was no sooner thought of but done: she committed most horrible Ravage upon her Locks, but in truth this was no mighty loss to her, since there was not one single Hair of the growth of her Head. After this manner did *Helen* and *Mendez* strive who should exceed the other, when *Montafar* and the Lackey, at a Signal concerted between them, began a doleful Consort at the Door, and wept and sigh'd so cruelly, that one would have thought they had designed to out-rival the two pensive Ladies near the Bed; who by this new striking up of the *Chorus*, began to play their Parts again so furiously, as if they had been too remiss before. The old Gentleman was almost distracted to see them weep so immoderately, and yet could know nothing of the occasion. He wept however to keep them Company, sobb'd as strenuously as the best of them, and conjured the afflicted Ladies by all that was good and sacred, by their seraphical Eyes, and their celestial Charms, to moderate their Afflictions a little, and
to

to acquaint him with the cause of them; protesting, that his Life was the least thing he would hazard for their sakes; and regretting the loss of his Youth, which hindered him from shewing the Sincerity of his Heart by his Actions.

At these words the Sky began to clear up a little, their Countenances were not so overcast as before, and they thought they had wept enough in all Conscience, since they could weep no longer without spoiling the Jest. Besides, they were good Husbands of their time, and knew that they had not a minute to lose. Our old Matron therefore lifting up her Vail above her Head, to the end her venerable Looks might give her all the Credit she wanted on this occasion, declaimed in the following manner. *God of his Almighty Power and Goodness preserve and shield my Lord Marquiss of Villafagnan from all harm, and restore him to his former Health. Altho to speak truth, the tragical Story we are going to tell him, is not very proper to give him Joy, which is the Elixir of Health: but our Misfortune is of that nature, that we must communicate it.* At this the poor Marquiss of Villafagnan striking himself with the Palm of his Hand upon his Thigh, and fetching a deep Sigh from the bottom of his Heart, cry'd, *Heaven grant that I am mistaken, but my foreboding Mind tells me, that that is some foolish Frolick, or rather some Extravagance of my Nephew. Go on, Madam, go on, and excuse me for interrupting you.* Our old Matron fell a weeping, instead of returning an Answer, when the pensive Helen took up the Discourse thus. Since you know by sorrowful Experience, says she, that your Nephew is a Slave to his extravagant Appetites, and have been but too often troubled to compound his Outrages, you will make no difficulty to believe his brutal Usage of me. When you unhappily sent him to Leon last Spring, he saw me at Church, and at this Interview said some things to me, which, had they been true, neither of us ought to have stirr'd off from that holy Ground; my self, for fear of Justice, as being his Murtherer, and he as a dead Man, and fit to be put in his Grave. He told me a hundred times that my Eyes had kill'd him, and omitted none of those insinuating wheedling Tricks, that Lovers employ to abuse the Simplicity of poor Virgins. He followed me home to my Lodgings, rode before my Windows every Day, and serenaded me every Night. At last, finding all his amorous Arts signified nothing, he by his Money corrupted a Black Wench, a Slave of ours, to whom my Mother had promised her Liberty, and by her infernal Treachery surpriz'd me in a Garden we have in the Suburbs of the City. I had none but this
perfidious

perfidious Maid with me : he was accompany'd by a Man as wicked as himself, and had brib'd the Gardner to go to the other end of the Town under Pretence of Business. What need I say more? he clapt his Ponyard to my Throat, and finding that my Life was less dear to me than my Honour, by the help of the Companion of his Crime, he took that by Force, which he could never have obtain'd by fair Promises. The Black acted the part of a distracted Woman, and the better to hide her Perfidy, wounded her self slightly in the Hand, and then vanished. The Gardner return'd : your Nephew affrighted at the Blackness of his Crime, leapt over the Garden-wall with so much Precipitation, that he dropt his Ponyard, which I took up. However, this insolent young Man had nothing then to fear ; for not being in a condition to stop him, I had Command enough over my self, to dissemble the inexpressible Misfortune that had befallen me. I did all I could to appear no more concern'd than I us'd to be. The wicked Slave was not to be seen from that moment. Soon after I lost my Mother, and I might say I lost every thing in her, if my Aunt, whom you see there, had not been so kind as to take me to her own House, where she makes no difference between her two beautiful Daughters and my self. There I came to be inform'd, that your Nephew was so far from designing me Reparation for the Injury he had done me, that he was upon the point of marrying in this City. Upon this I flew hither with the greatest haste I could, and expect, before I go out of your Chamber, that you will give me in Money or Jewels, the Value of two thousand Crowns, to settle me in some Convent : for after what I have known by fatal Experience of the Temper of this Cavalier, I can never bring my self to marry him, altho he and all his Relations should endeavour to persuade me to it by all sorts of Offers and Intreaties imaginable. I know well enough that he is to be married to Night, but I'll soon stop all Proceedings, and raise such an Hurricane, as shall make his Heart ache as long as he lives, if you don't comply with my Proposal. And to let you see, continued this dissembling Hypocrite, that what I have told you of your Nephew is so true, that nothing can be more, see the fatal Ponyard which he clapt to my Throat ; and would to God he had done something more, than only threatned me with it. She began to weep afresh at the Conclusion of her Story. *Mendez* took it in a higher Key, and the harmonious Consort at the Door, of which the little squeaking Lackey made the Treble, and *Montasar* the Bass, tun'd their Pipes

to Admiration. Our old Gentleman, who had already but too easily believed, what the greatest Cheat of her Sex had told him, no sooner saw the Ponyard, but he immediately knew it to be the same he had formerly bestowed upon his Nephew. Therefore all his Care was to prevent this Story's taking air, lest it should hinder his Match.

He would have sent for him with all his Heart, but he was afraid lest some People should be so curious as to enquire into the occasion; and as 'tis natural for us to fear where we desire, he no sooner saw our afflicted Ladies rising from their Seats, and making as if they were going to break this Marriage to pieces, which he so earnestly desired, and had taken so much pains to bring about, than he ordered his Page to bring him his Cabinet, and bid him tell out two thousand Crowns in four Pistole Pieces. *Montafar* received them, counting them one by one, and the old Marquis having made them promise to honour him with a Visit next Morning, excused himself a hundred times to the Ladies, for not being able to wait upon them to their Chariot. Away they went very well satisfy'd with their Visit, and ordered the Coachman to drive back to *Madrid*, concluding with themselves, that if they were pursued, it would be on the Road to *Leon*. In the mean time their Landlady finding her Lodgers did not come home, went into their Chamber, where she found the Page in the Closet, who cou'd not imagin why they had shut him up there, and whom she let go about his Business, by reason she knew him, or rather because upon enquiry she found none of her Moveables missing. Those people that make a Trade of Robbing, and wholly subsist by it, tho they don't fear God, yet always fear Man. They are of all Countries, and yet are of none, as having no settled Habitation. As soon as they set foot in one place, they make the most on't they can, and when they have graz'd it bare, remove to fresh Quarters. This cursed Occupation, which is learnt with so much Pains and Danger, differs from all others in this respect, that whereas we leave the rest when we grow old, purely for want of strength to follow them, that of Robbing generally leaves a Man in his Youth, and yet 'tis for want of living longer. One would think that the Gentlemen that follow it, must needs find some unaccountable Charms in it, since for its sake they venture a great Number of Years, which are sooner or later concluded by the Hangman. *Helen*, *Mendez* and *Montafar*, had none of these pious Reflections in their Heads, but rather were in perpetual Fears lest they should be pursued.

They

They gave the Coachman double his Fare to make the more haste, who, without question, did all he could to please his Passengers that had paid him so liberally; so that we may reasonably conclude, never did any Leathern Vehicle make more haste to *Madrid*. *Montafar* was very uneasie, and shew'd by the many Sighs that escap'd from him, that he was rather in a penitential than a merry Strain. *Helen*, who had a mind to divert his Melancholy, by recounting the Particulars of her Life, which till that moment she had carefully conceal'd, began thus: Since I find thou art in such a musty Humour, said she to him, I will satisfy the great longing thou hast always express'd to know who I am, and what Adventures have befalln me before we came acquainted. I cou'd tell thee I am descended from a noble Family, and according to the Vanity now predominant, give my self an illustrious Name as easily as any of my Neighbours; but I will be so sincere, as to acquaint thee, even with the least Faults of those who sent me into the World. You must know then, my Father, of happy Memory, was a *Gallician* by Birth, a Lackey by Profession; or to speak more honourably of him, a Footman. He held the Memory of the Patriarch *Noah* in singular Veneration, for his noble Invention of the Vine; and were it not for his particular Respect to the Juice of the Grape, one might say of him that he car'd but little for the Vanities of this wicked World. My Mother was of *Granada*, to speak frankly, a Slave, but you know there's no contending with one's Destiny. She answer'd to the Name of *Mary*, which her Masters gave her at her Baptism; but was better pleas'd to be call'd *Zara*, which was her *Morisco* Appellative: for since I am to tell you the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, she was a Christian in Complaisance and Fashion only, but a Moor in Reality. Nevertheless she frequently confess'd, but that rather the Sins of her Master than her self; and as she amus'd her Confessor not with her own Failings, but the things she was forc'd to suffer as a Servant, and shew'd him of what a meek, humble, and patient Spirit she was, the charitable old Father, who was a godly Man, and judg'd of others by himself, believ'd her upon her Word, and commended instead of reprovng her, so that any one that stood near enough, wou'd have heard nothing but Praises on both sides. Perhaps you are in pain to know how I came acquainted with so particular a Secret, and may very well imagin my Mother never disclos'd it to me: but I must inform you, that I am very inquisitive in my Nature, and as young as I was at that time, my Mother never confess'd her self, but I got as near as I cou'd to over-hear

her Confession. But to proceed, as tawny, or to express my self more properly, as black as she was, her Face and Shape were not disagreeable, and there were more than six Cavaliers, Commanders with red and green Crosses, that were her humble Admirers, and strove who shou'd be most in her good Graces. She was of so charitable a Temper, that she granted them all they asked of her, and her Gratitude to her Masters was so great, that to make them some Amends for the Pains they had been at in rearing her from her Childhood, she did all that lay in her Power to bring them every Year a little Slave, Male or Female: but Heaven did not second her good Intentions, for all her motly Progeny, her chequer'd Issue, I mean all the squawling *Demi-Negroes* of her making, dy'd as soon as they were born. She was happier in bringing up the Children of other People. Her Masters that had lost all their own in the Cradle, got her to nurse a young Child, despair'd of by the Physicians, who in a short time, by her good looking after it, and the good Qualities of my Mother's Milk, was perfectly recovered. For this piece of Service, my Mother's Mistress gave her her Liberty when she died. Being now at her own Disposal, she set up for washing and whitening of Linen, and succeeded so well that way, that in a short time there was hardly a Beau or Courtier in *Madril*, that thought his Linen well washed unless it had pass'd her Hands. And now she began to practice over those Lessons again, which her Mother had formerly given her, I mean to renew her Acquaintance with her Correspondents in the other World. She had laid aside this ticklish Employment rather out of Modesty, and because she was tired with the Encomiums that were given her for being so well skill'd in this Art, than for any fear of Justice, or apprehension of the Magistrate. In short, she applied her self afresh to it, only to oblige her Friends, and in a little time made so great a Progress in this noble Science, and acquir'd such Credit in the Kingdom of Darknes, that Dæmons of the highest Reputation were not thought to be worth a Farthing, if they were not in League with her. I am not vain, neither do I love to tell Lies, added *Helen*; for which reason I will not bestow any good Qualities upon my Mother which she did not possess, but am obliged at least to pay this Testimony to her Virtue. The Secrets which she sold, those which she reveal'd, and her Oracles, which made her pointed at in the Streets, were vulgar Talents among those of her Nation, in comparison of what she knew in the Mystery of

of Maidenheads. That incomprehensible Flower was much better after she had lent it a lifting Hand, than before it was gathered, and bore a greater Price as its second Edition, with my Mother's Corrections and Amendments, than at the first. She might be about forty Years old, when she married my Father, the good *Rodriguez*. All the Neighbourhood wondered a Man who loved Wine so well, would marry a Woman that never tasted it, as if she still continued a Disciple of *Mahomet*, and who had her Hands always in Water, being a Landress by Profession. But in answer to this, my Father worthily replied, that Love clear'd all Difficulties, and made every thing easie. Some time after, her Belly swell'd to her Chin, and she was happily delivered of me. But this Joy did not last long in our Family. I was about six Years old, when a certain Prince clothed a hundred Lackeys in his own Livery against a Bull-feast. My Father was one of the Number, drank a large Morning's Draught, and being Pot-valiant, must needs encounter a wild Bull, who toss'd him two or three Story high, and tore out his Guts. I remember they made Ballads upon my Father's Death, and the Burthen of the Song was, *That two of a Trade can never agree*. I did not understand the meaning on't then, but have since been informed, that it alluded to his being a cornuted Animal; but you know 'tis impossible to stop Peoples Mouths, if they have a mind to prate, and vent their ill-natur'd Mirth. My Mother was afflicted at my Father's Misfortune, and so was I; she was comforted, and so was her Daughter. When I was grown up, my Beauty began to make People talk of me; and Lord! what pressing and thronging there was to carry me to the Park, to the Play-house, and to give me Collations on the Banks of the *Manzanares*. My Mother watcht me like a second *Argos*, inso-much that I grumbled to be so confin'd; but she soon made me sensible it was for my Advantage. Her Severity, and the high Price she set upon me, enhanced the Value of her Merchandize, and raised a terrible Competition among those that pretended to my Favours. I was as it were put up by Auction, each Man thought he had the better of his Rival, and each fancied he had found that, which was long gone and vanished. A rich *Genoise* Merchant who courted me in private, so dazzled the Eyes of my prudent Mother with his yellow Metal, and bled so plentifully, that she favoured his good Intentions. He possess'd the first place in my Affections, but this Superior-

rity proved very expensive to him. We continued faithful to him, so long as we believed he doubted us: when we found him no longer upon his Guard, we fairly duped him. My Mother was too tender-hearted, and sensible of the Pains of Love, not to be touched with the continual Complaints of these Gentlemen, who were all topping Cards at Court, and as rich as *Cræsus*. 'Tis true, they did not throw their Money about so plentifully as the *Genoese*, yet my Mother, as she knew how to set a Value upon great Gains, so did not despise the smaller; and besides, was obliging rather out of a Principle of Charity than Interest. The *Genoese* in short was declared Bankrupt, and I don't know but we might lend a helping Hand to his breaking. He was engaged in several Scuffles and Quarrels about me: The Magistrates came to visit us more out of Civility than any other reason; but my Mother had a natural Aversion to the Gentlemen of the long Robe, and no less hated your Bullies and rakehellly Red-coats that began to besiege us. She therefore thought convenient to remove to *Sevil*, turn'd all her Plate and Furniture into ready Money, and took me along with her in the Stage-Coach. We were betray'd by our villanous Coach-man, robb'd and stript of all we had, and besides my Mother was so bruised and battered, by reason she defended her own Goods as long as her little Strength would give her leave, that before I could drag her to a wretched Inn, she gave up the Ghost at the Foot of a Rock. I armed my self with Resolution, altho I was but very young. I bundled up every Rag belonging to the old Gentlewoman, but our Thieves had been so careful, that they had left me but little to carry off. Thus I left her to the Discretion of the next Passengers, not doubting, but that upon so great Road as that between *Madrid* and *Sevil*, some charitable Christians would come by, and take care to see her Corps interred. I arrived at *Madrid*; my Lovers were acquainted with my Misfortune, and in a short time I was equipped with new Rigging and Furniture. About that time I happened to meet with thee at one of my Female Companions, and I was perfectly charmed with thy good Qualities. What has happened since I need not relate to thee, since we have never been asunder. We came to *Toledo*; we left it in haste, but made so good a Market there, that if thou art a Man of that Courage I take thee to be, thou wilt be merrier than thou art. But since this long Story has made thee inclinable to take a nap, as I find by thy yawning and nodding thou art, lay thy Head

Head upon my Lap and sleep: But know, that if there is any thing either good or useful in Fear, 'tis before we have committed a Crime, for 'tis the vilest and most dangerous Quality in the World afterwards. Fear always discomposes the Minds of the guilty, in such manner, that instead of flying from those that pursue them, they frequently throw themselves into their Hands. *Montafar* fell asleep, and the Morning awaked, so beautiful and charming, that the Birds, the Flowers and Fountains saluted her each after its manner; the Birds by singing, the Flowers by perfuming the Air, and the Fountains by smiling or murmuring, no matter which, for one is as true as the other. And now the Nephew of the Marquis of *Villafagnan*, the sensual *Don Sancho* was getting up from his new Bride, tired enough in all Conscience, and perhaps already glutted with the Pleasures of Matrimony. He could think of nothing but the pretty Stranger, I mean the dangerous *Helen*, whom he had seen the Night before in the Stage-Cloath, and fancy'd to be the Phoenix of her Sex; but in which particular he was guilty of great Injustice to his own Lady, who was very beautiful, and so amiable, that several Lovers in *Toledo* died for her, while at the same time she sigh'd for her ungrateful Husband, and that Monster of Inconstancy did the like for an infamous mercenary Strumpet, that wou'd have lick'd the Devil's cloven Foot for half a Crown. But nothing is so irregular as our Appetites. A Husband that has a pretty Wife runs after a draggle-tail'd nasty Servant-wench. A Noble-man that has his Ragous and Ortolans, despises what he sees before him, and calls for the sturdy Beef and Potage that his Footmen dine on. All the World has a deprav'd taste in many things, but your Men of Quality more than any. As they have more Wealth than they know what to do with, and fondly perplex themselves in searching after what is never to be found, so they chuse coarse ordinary things, only for variety's sake. Thus we see they spare neither Pains nor Money to purchase Trifles; and sometimes court some common Jilt a Twelve-month before they can obtain those Favours of her, which she flings away upon others without asking. Heaven permits this, on purpose that they may punish themselves with an evil of their own seeking. Wretched Man! on whom Heaven has bestow'd those two things that contribute to make Life happy, Riches in abundance, and a lovely Wife: Riches to support and relieve those that deserve, but have them not, and to secure thee from stooping to those Meannesses, to which Poverty often

exposes the most generous Souls; and a Wife that equals thee in Quality, beautiful both in Body and Mind, wholly perfect in thy Eyes, but much more so in those of others, who see farther into the Affairs of their Neighbour than their own; and, in short, possess'd of those shining Qualifications, Moderation, Chastity, and Virtue. What is it thou art looking for elsewhere? hast thou not at home thy other half, thy Wife, whose Wit can divert thee, who yields her Body entirely to thy Pleasure, who is jealous of thy Honour, frugal of thy Fortune, careful to preserve thy Estate, who gives thee Children to divert thee in their Childhood, to support thee in thy old Age, and to keep up thy Name after thou art dead? What is it, I say, thou art looking after abroad? I will tell thee in few words, to ruin thy Estate and Reputation, to enfeeble thy Body, to lose the Esteem of thy Friends, and in a word, to create thy self abundance of Enemies. Think'st thou that thy Honour is safe, because thou hast a virtuous Wife? Alas! thou hast little Experience of the things of this World, and art little acquainted with human Frailty. The most tractable and quiet Horse grows restive under an ill Rider, and throws him to the Ground. A Woman may now and then resist a Temptation to do ill, and yet commit a Crime of much greater Consequence, when she fancies her self most upon her Guard. One Fault draws many after it, and the distance between Virtue and Vice, is sometimes not above a Day or two's Journey. And now methinks I see a malapert Critick cock his Hat, toss his Wig over his Shoulders, look fierce, and ask how these moral Aphorisms come to be thus brought in Hand over Head. Why, pray Sir don't be so cholerick, make use of them or let them alone, as you shall see fit; 'tis all a case to your humble Servant, I'll assure you; but under Favour, Sir, methinks you ought to thank the Man who gives you them for nothing. But to return to our Story: *Don Sancho* was ready to rise from his young Wife, when his Uncle's Steward brought him a Letter, wherein the old Gentleman sent him word of the strange Lady who had visited him the Night before, and whom he suspected to have cheated him, because she was not to be found in any of the Inns in *Toledo*, whither he had sent to enquire after her. He desired him in the same Letter to lend him one of his Servants to pursue this notorious Cheat to *Madrid*, whither he supposed she had steered her Course, because he had sent his People upon all the great Roads from *Toledo* to the neighbouring Cities, and could hear no News of her. *Don Sancho* was not made of Brass or Marble. He found himself

himself attack'd in the weakest part of his Soul, and was wondrous fierce and uppish to be once in his Life wrongfully accused of a Fault, who had been found guilty of so many before. The loss of so great a Sum, and the sham that had been put upon his Uncle equally incensed him. He told the Story to his Wife and some of his Relations, who came to give our new-married Couple the good morrow; and being not to be dissuaded from his Resolution by the Intreaty of his Spouse, or the Advice of his Friends, dress'd himself in a Minute, eat a little Breakfast, and ran to his Uncle's House as hard as he could drive. The Page, who had introduc'd *Helen* into the old Marquis's Chamber, describ'd the Coach to him, inform'd him how many they were in Company, and by what Marks they might be discover'd. He took Post from *Toledo* to *Madrid*, attended only by two Foot-men, whose Courage was not unknown to him. He rode four or five Stages so fast, that he had no leisure to think of the beautiful Stranger; but when his Indignation was a little evaporated by his Journey, *Helen* took place again in his Fancy, so beautiful and charming was she in his Imagination, that he was in the Mind once or twice to return to *Toledo* to find her out. He wish'd himself a hundred times at the Devil, for concerning himself so far about his Uncle's Robbery; and call'd himself Sot, Block-head, and Enemy to his own Pleasure as often, to fatigue himself thus in riding Post, whereas he might have employ'd his time to much better purpose, in seeking a Happiness, the Possession whereof, in his Opinion, would have made him the happiest Man in the World. While these amorous Reflections took up his Thoughts, he often talked to himself, as Fools use to do, and that so loud, that his Servants who rode before often stopt short, and turn'd back to enquire what he wou'd have. Why, would he often say to himself, did I leave the place where I first beheld her, and shall not I be the most unhappy of Men, if this Stranger leaves *Toledo* before my Return? Well, 'tis no more than what I deserve, who must needs take the Office of a Thief-catcher upon me unask'd, unsought; but, continu'd he, if I return to *Toledo* without doing any thing, what will my Friends say, who wou'd have dissuaded me from this Enterprize, and ought I to leave those Villains unpunish'd that have robb'd my Uncle after so unheard of a manner, and besides, have so perfidiously wounded my Reputation? These different Agitations employ'd the Mind of our young Extravagant, when near *Xetasse* his Foot-men discover'd *Helen's* Coach by the

Tokens had been given of it. They cried out with one Voice to their Master, *Tonder are the Thieves*, and without staying for him, rode up to the Coach with their Swords drawn. The Coachman stopt, being terribly affrighted, and *Montafar* was much more than he: *Helen* order'd him to let down the Glasses, and look'd out to see how she cou'd prevent so dangerous a Storm. She saw *Don Sancho* riding towards her with Sword in Hand, whose angry Countenance boded no good; but our amorous Gentleman no sooner cast his Eyes upon those two bewitching Stars, which had so terribly wounded him, than his Wounds bled afresh, and he immediately believed his Servants had mistaken; for we have always a good Opinion of the Person we love; and as if he had known *Helen* from her Cradle to have been a Lady of unblemish'd Virtue, laid about his Footmen with his Sword like a distracted Man. You Dogs, cry'd he, you Villains, did not I bid you have a care you did not mistake; and don't you deserve to have your Throats cut for offering this Rudeness to a Lady who deserves Respect from all Mankind? The poor Footmen, who had fallen so hastily upon the Coach, seeing it had all the Marks the Page had given them, and found within it a Lady of so much Beauty, which commands Veneration even from the most brutal Clowns, kept off at a distance to avoid their Master's Fury, who thought he had reason on his side for what he had done, and that he was kind to them not to cut them to pieces. *Don Sancho* begg'd *Helen's* Pardon, and acquainted her with the occasion why those Sons of a thousand Whores his Footmen had attackt her so rudely, which she knew as well as himself. See, I beseech you, Madam, says he, in what Premunires these Rascals may engage their Masters; had not I happen'd to be with them, these Blockheads upon a few foolish Marks might have set the whole Country in an Uproar, rais'd the Mob, and by meer Force have carry'd you to *Toledo* for a Thief: Not but that you are one, cries our Gentleman, smoothing his Countenance, but, Madam, you steal Hearts, and nothing else. *Helen* thank't Heaven within her self for giving her a Face that stood her in such stead, by clearing her from the wicked Actions she us'd to commit, and recovering out of her Fright, answer'd *Don Sancho*, with a great deal of Modesty, and in few words, knowing that to take a World of Pains to clear ones self of a thing that is laid to ones Charge, rather increases than lessens the Suspicion. *Don Sancho* was surpriz'd to find that Treasure by meer Accident, which he

had

had so violently long'd to see, and was such a Fool as to think that Heaven favour'd his Passion, since it had hinder'd him from going back to *Toledo*, as had been in his Thoughts, which had he done, he had mis'd this Happiness. He ask'd *Helen* what her Name was, and where she liv'd in *Madrid*, and moreover, begg'd her to give him leave to wait on her, that he might by his Actions confirm the Services he offer'd her. *Helen* told him both false: adding, she should think her self very happy to be honour'd with his Visits. He offer'd to see her safe home, but she wou'd by no means consent to it, representing that she was marry'd, and that her Husband was to meet her on the Road, therefore whisper'd him in the Ear, that she was afraid even of her Domesticks, but much more of her Husband's jealous Temper. This small Confidence she seem'd to repose in him made *Don Sancho* believe she did not hate him. He took his leave of her, and being carry'd swifter by his Hopes than his trusty Steed (if I may be allow'd so to express my self) made the best of his way to *Madrid*. He no sooner arriv'd there, but he enquir'd after *Helen*, and her Habitation, by the Marks she had given him. His Footmen were founder'd in looking after her, nay, he employ'd all his Friends upon this occasion, but to no purpose. When *Helen*, *Montafar*, and the venerable *Mendez* came to *Madrid*, their first Care was how to get out of it. They knew well enough it would be impossible for them to escape the *Toledo* Cavalier, and that if they stay'd to give him a more particular Knowledge of their Merits, they shou'd find him as dangerous an Enemy, as they took him now to be their humble Servant. *Helen* dispos'd of all her Moveables, and next Day after her Arrival bought Pilgrims Habits for her self and Companions. In this Equipage they beat the Hoof towards *Burgos*, where *Mendez* was born, and where she had a Sister of her own Profession still living. In the mean time, *Don Sancho*, having lost all Hopes of meeting with *Helen*, return'd to *Toledo*, but so confounded and ashamed, that he did not speak one word from his setting out of *Madrid* till he came to his own House. After he had saluted his Wife, who gave him a thousand Caresses, she shew'd him a Letter from his Brother, who liv'd in one of the finest Cities in *Spain*, where he had very good Preferment in the Cathedral Church, and was one of the richest Clergy-men in all the Country, wherein he sent him word that he was at the point of Death. He stay'd but a Night at *Toledo*, and next Morning betimes took Post, either to contribute to his Brother's Recovery, or in case he died, to take Possession of his Estate. In the mean time

time *Helen* pursued her Journey to *Burgos*, being as much dissatisfied with *Mantafar*, as she had formerly loved him. He had shewn so little Bravery, when *Don Sancho* and his Footman stopt their Coach, that she did not question but he was a rank Coward. This render'd him so odious to her, that she could scarce endure the Sight of him; her Thoughts were wholly employ'd how to deliver her self from this Domestick Tyrant, and she flatter'd her self with hopes that she should soon get out of his Clutches. It was the venerable *Mendez* that first put it into her Head, and fortified this pious Resolution, with all the Reasons her Prudence could suggest. This industrious Matron was vext to the very Heart to see a lazy useless Lubber command her, govern *Helen*, and enjoy all the Fruit of their Labour, while he did nothing to obtain it. She incessantly represented to *Helen* the Unhappiness of her Condition, which she compar'd to that of a Slave's working in the Mines, who enriches his Master with the Gold he digs out of the Earth with incredible Labour and Hardship, and instead of being the better treated for it, is commonly rewarded only with Drubs and Bastinadoes: She continually preach'd to her, that Beauty was a Blessing of a short duration, and that her Looking-glass, which shew'd her nothing now but what was amiable, and never spoke but to her Advantage, wou'd in a short time present her with a sight that wou'd by no means please her, and tell her most dismal News. Madam, says she to her, a Woman that has seen thirty, loses every sixth Month one of her Charms, and sees some new Blemish or Wrinkle rise up every Day in Judgment against her Face and Body. That wicked thing call'd Time makes young Women old, and old Women wrinkled. If a Woman that has enrich'd her self at the Expence of her Chastity and Reputation, is for all that despis'd by the World, notwithstanding her Wealth and Fortune, think how wretched and miserable she must needs be, that joins Poverty to Infamy; and what reason has she to flatter her self that any one will relieve her in her Misery? If with the Money you have acquir'd by certain means not approved by all the World, you shou'd free an honest Fellow out of Jail and marry him, you wou'd do an Act pleasing both to God and Man, and the end of your Life wou'd make some sort of Atonement for the beginning of it: But you on the contrary throw away your self and all you have upon a Rascal, who is as villainous as he is cowardly, and who makes it his sole Ambition to fleece poor Women, whom he only gains by his Menaces, and keeps under by his Tyranny;

now,

now, under the Rose be it spoken, this is to squander away ones Wealth, on purpose to make ones self the greatest Wretch alive, and to take pains to further ones Ruine. By these and such like Discourses the judicious *Mendez*, who knew much better how to talk than act, endeavour'd to remove the heroick *Montafar* from the good Affections of the virtuous *Helen*, who had no other Reason almost for loving him, but that she had been so long us'd to his Company: Besides she was a Woman of too good Sense not to approve those Reasons in her own Thoughts, which the old Matron had laid before her. In short, they were not urg'd to no purpose. *Helen* receiv'd them in good part, and so much the more readily, in that *Mendez's* Interest alone was not concern'd in them; and because at that time *Montafar* was coming up to them, that they might enter *Guadarrama*, in a Body, the place where they intended to dine. They adjourn'd, to a more convenient Opportunity, their thinking of Ways and Means how to give him the slip, and get rid of him. He seem'd much disgusted all Dinner time, and going to rise from Table was seized with a great shivering, and afterwards a violent Fever, which held him the rest of the Day and all Night, and which increasing upon him next Morning, gave *Helen* and *Mendez* some hopes that this lucky Distemper might assist their Designs. *Montafar* finding himself so weak that he was hardly able to crawl, gave our Ladies to understand that they must not stir out of *Guadarrama*, but must send for a Doctor whatever it cost, and take all imaginable Care of him. He spoke this with as much Haughtiness and Authority, as if he had talk'd to his Slaves, and was Master of their Lives as well as their Money. In the mean time the Fever found a way to his Pericranium, and brought him so low, that if he had not call'd now and then for Drink one wou'd have sworn he had been as dead as a Door-nail. The People of the Inn wonder'd why they delay'd so long to send for a Confessor to him, when *Helen* and *Mendez*, who did not doubt but this Fever would give him a lift into the other World, sitting on both sides the Bed, *Helen* began the following Discourse. If thou canst remember, my dear *Montafar*, said she, after what manner thou hast always liv'd with me, to whom thou hast had all the Obligations imaginable, and likewise with *Mendez* venerable for her Age and Virtue, thou may'st easily imagine, we shall not much importune Heaven to restore thee to thy Health: but altho I should desire it as heartily as I have just reason to wish thy Death, yet the Will of Heaven must be done, and I ought to offer up with the utmost Resignation what I once lov'd

lov'd most. To deal frankly by thee, quoth she, (for this is not a time to dissemble) both of us began some time since to be so weary of thy Tyranny, that our parting was unavoidable, and if Providence had not kindly visited thee with this Sickness, which will soon, we doubt not, do thy Business (for know to thy Consolation that thou art riding full gallop to another World) we wou'd have endeavour'd at least to have settled in some place in *Spain*, where we should have had no more thought of thee than if thou hadst never had a Being. In short, whatever foolish Inclination thou mayst have to live, thou oughtest to be very well pleas'd with thy Death, since Heaven, for Reasons unknown to Men, affords thee a more honourable End than thou dost deserve, permitting a Fever to do that for thee, which either the Hangman generally does for such Villains, or Fear for such mean-spirited Rascals as thou art. But, my dear *Montafar*, proceeded she, before we part for good and all, tell me sincerely once in thy Life, Didst thou ever think I was such an arrant Fool as to stay here to watch thee a Nights, give thee thy Juleps, Potions, Cordials, and administer thy Clysters to thee? Don't suffer such Vanities as these to come into thy Noddle when thou art so near Death; for tho' it concern'd not only thy Health, but that of thy whole Family, I wou'd not stay here a quarter of an Hour longer. Cause thy self therefore to be immediately carry'd to some Hospital, and since thou hast always follow'd my Advice, don't despise this I now give thee, and which is the last thou art like to have from me. I mean, my poor *Montafar*, don't send for a Physician, for he will most assuredly forbid thee Wine, and that alone, without the help of a Fever, were enough to kill thee in four and twenty Hours. While *Helen* talk'd thus, the charitable *Mendez* ever now and then felt *Montafar*'s Pulse, put her Hand on his Forehead, and finding her Mistress had done speaking, she re-assum'd the Discourse. In truth, Signior *Montafar*, your Head is as hot as a Glass-house, and I am mightily afraid this Distemper will carry you off without so much as giving you leave to reflect on your past Life. Take therefore this Chaplet, added she, and run over your Beads devoutly till your Confessor comes. This will do full as well for the Discharge of your Conscience. But if we may believe the Annalists of the Hangman of *Madrid*, that have so often employ'd their Pens to describe your gallant Exploits, your Excellence's exemplary Life will not require much Repentance; besides, Heaven will reckon to you without doubt the dolorous Perambulation you made in the principal Streets

of *Sevil*, in the sight of so many People, and guarded by so many Officers on Horseback, that one would have taken you for the Sheriff, but that he always marches at the Head, and you were content at that time to march in the Rear. And what may yet farther help to wipe off your Scores, is your notable Life at Sea, where for six Years together, you did abundance of things pleasing to your Maker, working much, eating little, and always in Action; and what is more considerable, you were scarce twenty Years old, when to the great Edification of the Neighbourhood, you began that holy Pilgrimage. Nor is this all, says our ancient Matron, for it is not to be supposed, but that you will be amply rewarded in t'other World, for the Care you have taken in this; that the Women that liv'd with you should not be lazy and unactive, making them maintain themselves, not only by the Labour of their Hands, but the Sweat of their whole Bodies. After all, if you die in your Bed, it must be an inexpressible Consolation to you, in that you will thereby put a pleasant Cheat upon the Judge of *Murcia*, who swore a great Oath he would make you die in your Shoes, who expects to have the Satisfaction to see you cut Capers in the Air, and in a word, who will be ready to hang himself, when he comes to hear you were so malicious as to die in your Bed, without the help of a third Man. But I lose time in talking to thee, not considering 'tis high time to begin our Journey, which we so earnestly desire: And therefore, old Friend of mine, continu'd she, receive this Embrace with as good a Heart as I give it, for I am of Opinion we shall see one another no more. As soon as she had concluded this comfortable Speech, *Mendez* threw her Arms about his Neck, *Helen* did the like, and so they went out of the Chamber, and soon after out of the Inn. *Montafar*, who had been accusom'd to their Raillery, and could upon occasion return them a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*, thought they had said all this merely to divert him, and had not the least Suspicion when he saw them quit the Room, fancying to himself, they were but gone down to make him some Water-gruel or Posset-drink. After this he fell into a Slumber, and tho' he could not be properly said to be fast asleep, yet it held him so long, that our Damsels were got a League of their way before he awak'd. He ask'd the Woman of the Inn where they were, she told him they were gone, and had given her Orders not to disturb him, because he had not slept a wink the Night before. *Montafar* then began to believe the Lasses had left him in good earnest. He curs'd the Inn-keeper and Inn to the

the Pit of Hell, threaten'd even the Ground they walk'd upon, and the Sun that gave them Light. He must needs rise to put on his Cloaths, but was so feeble, he had like to have broke his Neck. The good-natur'd Hostess endeavour'd to excuse the two Damsels, and back'd what she said with such impertinent Reasons, as set our sick Man a raving like one distracted, when he call'd her all the vile Names he could think of. He was so vex'd, that he would not eat a Morsel for four and twenty Hours; and this No-diet, join'd with plenty of Choler, had that good effect, that after he had recruited himself with a little Water-gruel, he found himself lusty enough to pursue his fugitive Slaves. They were got two Days Journey before him; but two hackney Mules that were sending back to *Burgos* farther'd his Design, as much as they ruin'd that of our two pretended Pilgrims. He overtook them within six or seven Leagues of *Burgos*, they changed Countenance as soon as they saw him, and excused themselves as well as they were able. *Montafar* did not seem to be in the least angry with them, so great was his Joy to have them again in his Clutches. He laugh'd as heartily as they did at this merry Frolick of theirs, and acted his part so well, that they believ'd him in their Thoughts to be a downright passive Blockhead. He persuaded them they had lost their way to *Burgos*, therefore leading them among some Rocks, where he very well knew no body would come to interrupt him, he put his Hand to a Bayonet, to which they had always paid a World of Respect, and told them, like a merciless Devil as he was, that they must immediately deliver all their Gold, Silver, and Jewels. At first they believed their Tears would have accommodated the Business. *Helen* threw her Arms about his Neck, and wept most plentifully; but our Cavalier was so haughty, now he had them in his Power, that he was deaf to all their Prayers and Intreaties, and signify'd to them his last Will and Pleasure, that they must surrender all in a quarter of an Hour, otherwise they knew what they must expect. Thus our poor Damsels were forc'd to sacrifice their Purfes for their Safety, and it was with the last Regret they parted with their Money, which they loved so dearly. But *Montafar*'s Revenge did not stop here, for he produc'd certain things call'd Cords, which he had purposely provided; and binding each of them to a Tree, just over against one another, told them with a treacherous Smile, that knowing how remiss and negligent they had been in doing Pennance for their Sins, he was resolv'd to give them holy Discipline with his own Hands, that they might remember him in their Prayers.

He

He executed his pious Design with some Broom-branches, and after he had satisfied himself at the expence of their Backs, he sat himself down between these two meek-hearted Sufferers, and turning towards *Helen*, spoke to her as follows. My dear *Helen*, said he, take not in ill part what I have done, but consider my good Intention, and know that every one is bound in Conscience to follow his Vocation: 'Tis thine to be malicious; for alas, the World is compos'd of bad as well as good, and 'tis mine to punish the malicious. Whether I have acquitted my self as I ought, thou knowest better than any one; and if I have heartily chastis'd thee, be satisfy'd I as heartily love thee. If my Duty did not render me deaf to all Pity, I would not leave so virtuous and honourable a Damsel naked, tied to a Tree, and expos'd to the Mercy of the next Passenger. Thy illustrious Birth, with which thou didst lately acquaint me, deserves another Destiny; but I know thou wilt at the same time own, that thou wouldst do the same that I have done, if thou wert in my place. What falls out most unlucky is, that being so publick as thou art, thou wilt be soon known; and then 'tis to be fear'd that our Magistrates, out of a Maxim of Policy, will order this wicked Tree, with which thou art as it were incorporated, to be burnt, together with the wicked Fruit it produces; but know, to thy great Comfort, that if thy wicked Actions put thee now in bodily Fear, the time will come, when it will be a Pleasure to thee to relate them, and when among thy other laudable Qualities, thou wilt possess that of being able to pass a long Winters Night, and set Folks asleep with the Recital of thy famous Exploits. But I should give the good *Mendez* just occasion to complain of my Unkindness, should I address my Discourse any longer to thee, without taking notice of her: Nay, I should be wanting in my Duty to my Neighbour, if I should not in Charity give her some Advice, that may be useful to her in the present Posture of her Affairs. They are, continues he, and turning himself towards *Mendez*, in a worse condition than you imagine, let me persuade you therefore, to recommend your self seriously to your Maker, once in your Life at least, since your old founder'd Carcass will scarce be able to support the Fatigue of this Day; and oh! that my Prayers cou'd as easily procure you a Confessor, as 'tis certain you want one. Not but that your exemplary Life may leave your Conscience in repose; you have been so publick-spirited and charitable all your Days, that instead of censuring and magnifying the Faults of others, you have repaired those

of

of a thousand young Maidens; and since you have taken such pains to study the darkeſt and moſt conceal'd Sciences, ought you not to be commended for it? 'Tis true, the Inquiſition has no great Kindneſs for you upon this ſcore, nay, and has given you ſome publick Marks of its Diſpleaſure; but you know that's compos'd of wicked Men, and that 'tis natural for People of the ſame Profeſſion to hate one another. This is not all, for thoſe Gentlemen have a very ill Opinion of your Salvation; but altho what they ſay ſhould be true, yet a little time will reconcile one to the worſt of places, that is, even to Hell it ſelf, where you may take it for granted, you will ſoon receive all imaginable Marks of Civility from the Inhabitants, having convers'd and dealt with them from your Infancy. I have one word more to ſay to you, and then I have done: I might have chaſtiſ'd you, Madam, after another manner, but I conſider'd that old People, according to the Proverb, turn Children again, and your Ladyſhip is old enough to be in your firſt ſtate of Innocence, and therefore whipping was more proper for the little Trick of Youth you play'd me, than any other Chaſtiſement. And thus, Ladies, I take my leave of you, earneſtly deſiring you to have a care of your dear Perſons. Having rally'd them after this Faſhion, juſtly or not, as the Reader pleaſes, away he went, and left them rather dead than alive, not ſo much for Grief of their having been whipt, as becauſe all their Money was gone, and they were left in a lonely place ty'd to Trees, where they might expect every minute to be devour'd by Wolves. With theſe melancholy Contemplations in their Pates, as they were looking ſorrowfully upon one another, without ſaying a word, a Hare croſs'd the Road before them, and ſome time after a Greyhound thundering after poor Puſs, and a Cavalier well mounted thundering after the Greyhound. Who ſhou'd this now be but *Don Sancho de Villafagnan*, who had made a Journey to *Burgos* to ſee his ſick Brother, and kept him Company at a Country Houſe not far from thence, whither he had retir'd to take the freſh Air: He was extremely ſurpriz'd to behold two Women thus bound to their good Behaviour, but much more, when he found one of them to reſemble the beautiful Stranger whom he had ſeen at *Toledo*, whom he ſought after at *Madrid*, and whom he had ever ſince perpetually in his Mind. Being firmly perſuaded ſhe was a Woman of Quality and marry'd, he doubted whether this was ſhe, for he cou'd not imagine what ſhou'd bring her into that part of the World in ſo wretched an

Equipage:

Equipage: But *Helen's* Face having lost nothing of its former Lustre, tho somewhat disorder'd by her Fright, made him to conclude, that he at last had accidentally met with that Treasure, which had cost him so many Desires and Inquietudes in the Pursuit of. So he rais'd himself in his Stirrups to see whether the Coast was clear, and was Fool enough to suspect that this was nothing but a diabolical Illusion, which Heaven had permitted to punish him for his Sensuality. *Helen* on her part was taken up with a Thought full as mortifying, for she fancied her ill Stars had chosen this unlucky Day, to shew her to all that had any thing to say to her. *Don Sancho* look'd upon her with great Amazement, and she on him with no less Disorder; each expected when the other should speak, and *Don Sancho* at last was going to begin, when a Servant came full speed to tell him, that some of his Relations were going to kill one another. Upon this he spurr'd his Beast, attended by the Servant; and when he came to the place where he left his Company, he found some four or five drunken Fellows, calling one another Rogue and Rascal, with their Tilters in their Hands, and flourishing them notably in the Air, to the Prejudice of some neighbouring Trees, that lost some of their best Branches by the bargain. *Don Sancho*, tho enrag'd to be depriv'd of the charming Vision he had so lately seen, did nevertheless all he could to reconcile these furious, terrible Gentlemen; but all his Arguments, Entreaties, and Menaces had signify'd nothing, had not the Wine that over-loaded their Brains, and downright Lassitude tript up their Heels, and left 'em snoring on the Ground, as peaceably as if they had never fallen out. *Don Sancho* seeing this spurr'd his Horse back towards the happy Tree, which kept the Idol of his Heart, and was at his Wits ends, when he saw the Women were gone: He turn'd his Eyes round him, to see which way they could be escap'd, but saw nothing but a lonely melancholy place; he spurr'd his Horse afresh, and examin'd every Corner, and at last came back to his beloved Oak, which like a good natur'd Tree as it was, still kept its old Station. But as *Don Sancho* was a Poet, and what is more, a tender-hearted whining Poet, he had not the same indifference for this insensible Tree as other Men have. He alighted from his Horse, and harangu'd it after the following manner, or at least should have done so, if he were really so great a Coxcomb as I have been told he was. Oh thrice happy Trunk! since thou hast had the Honour to be embrac'd by that divine Creature, whom I love without knowing her,

E e

and

and whom I know only because I love her, may thy Leaves ever shine among the Stars; let the sacrilegious Ax never presume to wound thy tender Bark; may the Thunder reverence thy Boughs, and the Worms of the Earth not dare to approach thy Root; let the Winter spare, and the Spring adorn thee; let the proudest Pines envy thy Condition; and lastly, may Heaven protect thee in every part. While our worthy Gentleman was spending himself in these vain Contemplations, or if you please, these poetical Follies, which, by the by, are of greater Importance than others are, and ought not to be us'd every Day in the Week, his Servants, who knew not what was become of him, after they had look'd for him a pretty while, at last found him and brought him home. He return'd to his Brother's House very much concern'd at his late Adventure; and unless I am mightily mistaken, I have heard some People say, he went supperless to Bed. Some Criticks now will perhaps tell me, I have left my Reader too long in Suspence, who without question is impatient to know by what strange Inchantment *Helen* and *Mendez* came to disappear to the amorous *Don Sancho*. But let him have Patience, and I will soon inform him. *Montasar* was at first pleas'd with that piece of Justice he had done upon the two Fugitives; yet no sooner did the Heat of his Revenge begin to cool, but Love inflam'd him, and represented *Helen* to his Thoughts, infinitely more charming than he had ever fancy'd her before. He consider'd within himself, that the Prize he had taken from her would be soon spent, whereas her Beauty was a certain Revenue to him, so long as he kept in with her, whose Absence was already become insupportable to him. So he came back the same way he went, and with those individual barbarous Hands, that had so rigorously bound the two Dames to the Trees, and afterwards so unmercifully lash'd them, broke their Chains, that is to say, either cut or untied their Cords, (for Historians differ) and by that means set them at Liberty, at the same time that *Don Sancho* was employ'd not far off, to reconcile his Drunken Companions, who were in a very fair way to cut one another's Throats. *Montasar*, *Helen*, and *Mendez* shook Hands upon this Reconcilement, and after they had mutually promis'd to forget all was past, embrac'd with as much Tenderness, as if nothing had happen'd; doing just as your great People do, who neither hate nor love, but accommodate these two contrary Passions to their Interest, and the present state of their Affairs. They deliberated which Road to take, and 'twas agreed, *nemine contra-*

contradicente, that it was by no means adviseable for them to go to *Burgos*, where they would be in danger of having their Quarters beaten up by the *Toledo* Cavalier. Therefore they pitch'd upon *Sevil* for the Place of their Retreat, and Fortune seem'd to favour their Designs; for coming into the *Madrid* Road, they met a Muleteer with three empty Mules, who agreed to carry them to *Sevil*, at the very first Proposal *Montafar* made him. He took care to regale our Damsels on the Road, to make them forget the ill Treatment they had receiv'd from his Hands. At first they could hardly bring themselves to trust him, and had resolv'd to be reveng'd on him the first Opportunity that presented; but at last rather for Reasons of State, than any Principle of Charity, they became better Friends than ever. They consider'd that Discord had ruin'd the greatest Empires, and believ'd they were in all probability born for one another. They did not think fit to give any Specimen of their Profession upon the Road to *Sevil*; for as their Design by shifting their Country, was onely to get at a distance from those that might pursue them, so they were afraid of bringing themselves into new Trouble, which might hinder their getting to *Sevil*, where they had great Designs to put in Execution. They alighted within a League of the City, and having satisfy'd the Muleteer, got thither about the Dusk of the Evening, and took up their Lodgings at the first Inn they found. *Montafar* hired a House, furnish'd it with very ordinary Furniture, and dress'd himself all in black, with a Cassock, and a long Cloak of the same Colour. *Helen* took upon her the Habit of a Religious Sister, that had devoted her self to Works of Piety, and *Mendez* went dress'd like a Saint, valuing her self upon her hoary Locks, and a huge monstrous Chaplet, each Bead of which was big enough to load a Demi-culverin. The very next Day after their Arrival, *Montafar* shew'd himself in the Streets, appparallel'd as I have already describ'd him, marching with his Arms across, and looking on the Ground whenever he met any Women. He cry'd out with a shrill Voice that was enough to have rent a Rock, Blessed be the holy Sacrament of the Altar, and the thrice happy Conception of the immaculate Virgin! and utter'd many more devout Exclamations, with the same everlasting Lungs of Leather. He made the Children whom he met in the Streets repeat the same words after him; and moreover assembled them sometimes together, to teach them to sing Hymns and Songs of Devotion, and to instruct them in their Catechism. He repair'd to the Gaols, and preach'd to the Prisoners, com-

forting some, and relieving others, begging Victuals and other Provisions for them, and frequently walking thither with a heavy Basket upon his Back. O detestable Villain! thou wantedst nothing but to set up for a Hypocrite to be the most profligate accomplish'd Rascal in the Universe. These Actions of Virtue, in a Fellow that was the least virtuous of all Mankind, procur'd him in a little time the Reputation of a Saint. *Helen* and *Mendez* likewise did all that in them lay to deserve Canonization. The one call'd her self the Mother, the other the Sister of the thrice blessed Friar *Martin*. They went every Day to the Hospitals, where they assisted the sick, made their Beds, wash'd their Linen, and did all this at their own Expence. By these means the most vicious People in *Spain* obtain'd the universal Admiration of all *Sevil*. About this time, a Gentleman of *Madrid* happen'd to come thither about some private Affairs. He had formerly been one of *Helen's* Lovers, for Women of her Character have commonly more than one String to their Bow: He knew *Mendez* to be a notorious Cheat, and *Montafar* to be no better. One Day as they came out of the Church, encompass'd by a great Number of Persons, who kiss'd their very Garments, and conjur'd them to remember them in their Prayers, they were known by the aforesaid Gentleman; who burning with a Christian Zeal, and not able to suffer three such notorious Impostors to abuse the Credulity of a whole City, broke thro the Crowd, and giving a hearty Box o'th' Ear to *Montafar*, You wicked Cheats, cry'd he, do you neither fear God nor Man! He wou'd have said more, but his good Intention, which in truth was somewhat of the rashest, had not the Success it deserv'd. All the People fell on him, whom they believ'd to have committed Sacrilege, in offering this Violence to their Saint. He was beaten to the Ground, and had certainly been torn to pieces by the Mob, had not *Montafar* by a wonderful Presence of Mind undertaken his Protection, by covering him with his Body, keeping off those that were most enrag'd against him, and exposing himself even to their Blows. My Brethren, cry'd he to them as loud as he could bawl, let the poor Wretch alone for the Love of God; be quiet for the Love of the blessed Virgin. These few words having appeas'd this horrible Tempest, the People made room for Brother *Martin* to pass, who went up to the unfortunate Gentleman, well pleas'd in his Heart to see him so us'd, tho shewing outwardly a mighty Concern for him. He rais'd him up from the Ground, embrac'd and kiss'd him all cover'd as he was with
Blood

Blood and Dirt, and reprimanded the People for their rude Behaviour. I am a wicked Man, said he to the Standers by, I am a Sinner, I am one that never did any thing pleasing in the Eyes of God. Do you believe, continu'd he, because you see me dress'd in this religious Garb, that I have not been a Robber all my Life time, the Scandal of others, and Destruction of my self? Alas! you are mistaken, my Brethren: Make me the Mark of your Contumelies, pelt me with Stones, nay, draw your Swords upon me. Having spoken these words with a counterfeit Sorrow, he threw himself with a Zeal yet more counterfeit at the Feet of his Enemy, and kissing them, not only begg'd his Pardon, but likewise gather'd up his Sword, Cloak, and Hat, which he had lost in the Scuffle. He helpt him on with them again, and leading him by the Hand to the end of the Street, took his leave of him, after he had bestow'd abundance of Embraces, and as many Benedictions on him. The poor Man was as it were out of his Wits at what he had seen, and with what had been done him, and was so full of Confusion, that he durst hardly shew his Head in the Streets all the while his Affairs detain'd him at *Sevil*. *Montafar* had won the Hearts of all the City by this pretended Act of Devotion. The People gaz'd at him with Admiration, and the Children cry'd after him, a Saint, a Saint, as they cry'd out, a Fox, a Fox, when they saw his Enemy in the Street. From this Moment he liv'd the happiest Life in the World: Some Nobleman, Cavalier, Magistrate, or Prelate perpetually invited him to Dinner, and strove who should have most of his Company. If he were ask'd his Name, he would answer, he was a Beast of Burthen, a Sink of Filth, a Vessel of all Iniquity, and such like noble Attributes, which his counterfeit Devotion dictated to him. When he visited any of the Ladies, he complain'd to them incessantly of the nothingness of his Dispensation, and the deadness of the inward Man: adding, he wanted Concentration of Heart, and Recollection of Spirit; in short, he always talkt to them in this magnificent Cant, and holy Gibberish. No Alms were given in *Sevil* but what pass'd thro his Hands, or those of *Helen* and *Mendez*, who were not wanting likewise to act their Parts to Admiration, and stood as fair for a red-letter'd Preferment in the Almanack, I mean to be fainted, as *Montafar* himself. A Lady of Quality, who was a Widow, and devout even to Superstition, sent 'em every Day two Dishes of Meat for Dinner, and as many for Supper, and you must know these Dishes were dress'd by the very best Cook in all *Sevil*. Their House was too little

receive the numerous Presents were daily sent them: A Woman that had a mind to be with Child put her Petition into their Hands, to the end, by their Mediation it might be presented to the Tribunal of Heaven: Another that had a Son in the *Indies* did the same, as likewise a third that had a Brother Prisoner in *Algiers*. Nay, the poor Widow who had to contest with a powerful Adversary before an ignorant or a covetous Judge, did not doubt the Success of her Cause, when she had once made a Present to them according to her Ability. Some gave them Sweatmeats and Conserve, others Pictures and Ornaments for their Closet. Several charitable Persons trusted them with great quantities of Linen and Woollen Cloath, to dispose among the Needy that were ashamed to beg, and with considerable Sums of Money to distribute as they saw convenient. No one came to visit them empty-handed, and their future Canonization was as firmly believ'd as an Article of Faith. At last the Credulity of the People ran so high, that they came to consult them about their doubtful Affairs, and things to come. *Helen*, who was as subtle as a Devil, manag'd all the Answers, delivering her Oracles in few words, and those capable of receiving different Interpretations. Their Beds were mean and homely, cover'd in the Day time with coarse Blankets, but at Night with all the fine Furniture a Man could desire, that loves to sleep deliciously; their House being plentifully furnish'd with good Feather-beds, fine Coverlids, and in short, with all sorts of Moveables that contribute to the Convenience and Pleasure of Life: and all this they pretended was to be given to some poor Widow, whose Goods had been seized in Execution, or to furnish some young Woman's House, who had marry'd without any Fortune. Their Doors were shut up in Winter at five, and in Summer at seven a Clock, as punctually as in a well-regulated Convent; and then the Jack was wound up, the Spits turn'd merrily round, the Capons put down to the Fire, the Table handsomely spread, when our hypocritical Triumvirate eat heartily, and drank plentifully to their own, and the Healths of those People they had cheated. *Montasar* and *Helen* lay together for fear of Spirits, and their Footman and Maid, that were of the same Complexion, copy'd so pious an Example. As for the good *Mendez*, she always lay alone, being more taken up with Contemplation than Action, ever since she had addicted her self to the Black Art, This was their constant Practice, instead of employing their time in mental Prayer, or in doing Penance. 'Tis no wonder if living so jolly a Life, they look'd plump and Fat. All the

the City blest'd Heaven for it, and were mightily surpriz'd that Persons of so much Austerity and Self-denial shou'd look better than those that liv'd in Luxury and Ease. For the space of three Years they deceiv'd the Eyes of all the Inhabitants of *Sevil*, and by receiving Presents from every one; and appropriating to their own use the Alms that pass'd thro their Hands, they had heap'd together an incredible Number of Pistoles. All good Success was ascrib'd to the Efficacy of their Prayers; they stood God-fathers to all Children, made Matches for all the City, and were the common Arbitrators of Differences. At last Heaven was weary of conniving longer at their impious Lives. *Montafar*, who was cholerick in his Temper, us'd frequently to beat his Valet, who cou'd not bear it, and had quitted his Service a hundred times, if *Helen*, who was more discreet than her Gallant, had not prevented it, by appeasing him with fair Words and Presents. One Day having drub'd him immoderately for little or no reason, the Boy got to the Door, and blinded by his Passion, ran directly to the Magistrates, to inform against these three Hypocrites, whom the World took for Saints. *Helen's* diabolical Spirit foretold what would happen, therefore advis'd *Montafar* to rub off with all the Gold they had in the House, and retire to some place of Security, till this Tempest, which threaten'd them, had spent it self. It was no sooner said than put in Execution: They carry'd off the most valuable things, and walking down the Street as unconcern'd as if they had dreaded nothing, went out at one Gate, and came in at another, on purpose to balk the Scent of their Pursuers. *Montafar* had insinuated himself into the good Graces of a Widow, as vicious and rank a Hypocrite as himself. He had communicated this Secret to *Helen*, who was no more jealous of this Matron, than *Montafar* would have been of a Gallant, that would have promoted the good of their little Common-wealth. Here they absconded in Safety, and lived luxuriously, the Widow loving *Montafar* for his own sake, and *Helen* for *Montafar's*. In the mean time the Justice was conducted by the vindicative Valet to the fam'd Mansion of our pretended Saints. When he came there he found the Birds flown, and the Maid not able to inform him whither they were gone: However, he sealed up all their Trunks, and took an exact Inventory of all that was in the House. The Serjeants found more Provision in their Kitchen, than wou'd have serv'd to regale them one Day, and you may be sure they took care to lose nothing that they could privately sink to their own use. In the midst of this bustle the venerable *Mendez* entred the

House, little imagining what had happen'd. The Serjeants apprehended her, and carried her to Prison with a vast Concourſe of People at her Heels. The Servant and Maid were likewise ſent thither to bear her Company, and having talked too much, as well as the old Matron, were condemn'd as well as ſhe, to receive two hundred Laſhes. *Mendez* died three Days after this Chaiſement, it being ſomewhat of the ſevereſt for a Perſon of her Age, and the Servant and Maid were baniſh'd *Sevil* for their Lives. Thus the foreſeeing *Helen* preſerv'd her dearly belov'd *Montaſar*, and her ſelf from the Hands of the Magiſtrates, who ſearch'd after them in vain, both within and without the City. The People were all aſham'd to be ſo notoriously cheated, and the Ballad-fingers, who had ſung their Praises the Week before, now employ'd their Hackney-Sonnetiers to expoſe theſe pretended Saints in lamentable Doggrel. Theſe Inſects of *Parnaffus* exhausted all their little Stock of Scandal upon this Subject, and the wretched Rhimes they compos'd againſt theſe godly Cheats, who, not long before were the Idols of the People, are ſtill ſung in *Sevil*. *Montaſar* and *Helen* took the Road to *Madrid*, as ſoon as they could do ſo with Safety, and arriv'd there rich, and in the Circumſtances of Husband and Wife. The firſt thing they did was, to enquire after *Don Sancho de Villafagnan*, and finding he was not in *Madrid*, appear'd in Publick; he dreſt as fine as a Lord, and ſhe in the Equipage of a Woman of Quality, and as beautiful as an Angel. She was marry'd to *Montaſar*, as has been ſaid before, but it was upon this condition, that like a Husband of good Senſe and great Patience, he ſhould not take ill the Viſits her Beauty occaſion'd her; and ſhe on the other hand oblig'd her ſelf to receive none, but ſuch as wou'd turn to their common Advantage. Your Goers-between, otherwiſe ſtil'd Promoters of good Intelligence between the two Sexes, vulgarly called Bawds, or to ſpeak more honourably of them, Women of Intrigue, ſoon came acquainted with *Helen*, and directed her how to manage her ſelf. One Day they made her ſhew her ſelf at the Play, next Day in the Park, and ſometimes in the high Street of *Madrid* in her Coach, where beſtowing a Glance upon one, a Smile upon another, and giving hopes to all, ſhe ſoon furniſh'd her ſelf with a Set of Lovers enough to man a Galley. Her dear Husband religiously obſerv'd every Article of the Original Contract; he encourag'd his Wife's baſhful Gallants by his obliging Behaviour, and led them as it were by the Hand to her Apartment, where he was ſo courteous and diſcreet, that he always pretended ſome extraordinary Buſineſs or other call'd

call'd him out, in order to leave them by themselves. He scorn'd the Acquaintance of any that were not rich and wou'd not spend their Money freely, and never knock'd at the Door till he was assur'd by a certain Signal that always hung out of his Window, when his virtuous Spouse was taken up in private Business, that his Presence wou'd spoil no sport; and if the aforesaid Signal forbid his coming in, he trooped off merry and well satisfy'd, as knowing Business went on in his Absence, and pass'd away an Hour or so at some gaming Academy, where every one caress'd him for his Wit's sake. Among the rest that paid Tribute to *Helen*, a certain Gentleman of *Granada* surpass'd all his Competitors in his excess of Love and Expences. He was descended of so good a Family, that the Titles of his Nobility were to be found in the Archives of the Capital City of *Judea*, and those that were particularly acquainted with his Pedigree, have affirm'd, that his Ancestors were the Hang-men of *Jerusalem*, both before and after *Caiaphas*. His great Affection for *Helen* made him release a great Number of Pistoles, out of an obscure Dungeon, where he had imprison'd them for many Years. In a short time *Helen's* House became the best furnish'd of any in *Madrid*. A Coach and Four that cost her nothing the keeping, came punctually every Morning to receive her Orders, and waited on her whither she pleas'd to command them till Night. This prodigal Lover took one of the side Boxes at the Play-house for her for a whole Twelve month, and scarce a Day pass'd over his Head, but he provided some magnificent Collation or other for her and her Friends, at one of the Summer-houses near *Madrid*. *Montafar* who lov'd his Belly like to any Church-man, never fail'd to make one of the Number. He went as fine as a Prince, had as much Money in his Pocket as a Clark of the Treasury, eat like a *Frenchman*, and drank like a *German*. He paid a wonderful Deference to our *Granada* Gentleman, who was so very liberal of his Money, and indeed he had naturally an Esteem for Persons of that Character. But at last the Wind veer'd about, and rais'd a terrible Storm. *Helen* now and then us'd to receive Visits from a young Swaggering Spark, one of those furious Heroes that never made Campaign in their lives, yet talk of nothing but flashing and killing, that live upon some wretched Harlot, whom they insult at discretion, that go every Day to the Play-house to pick Pockets; or create quarrels, and who at Night draw their Swords and hack against some passive Wall, swearing next Morning they had been engag'd in a dangerous rencounter the Night before with at least half a dozen Bullies.

The

The sage *Montafar* often told *Helen*, he was not at all pleas'd to see such a Visitant in his House, from whom they cou'd expect nothing ; but for all he cou'd say to her, she was not in the Mind to part with her Gallant. *Montafar* was angry with her, and to make himself some amends out of her Carcass, treated her with the same chastisement, which *Mendez* of happy memory and she had formerly undergone in the Mountains of *Burgos*. *Helen* pretended to be easily reconcil'd, however meditated secret revenge in her Heart. The better to accomplish her End, she caress'd him so lovingly for eight Days together, that he perswaded himself she was one of those tractable Ladies that adore their Tyrants, and use their humble Servants scurvily. One Day that our *Granada* Gallant had promis'd to sup with them, but by reason of some unexpected Business, could not come to the noble entertainment he had provided for them, *Montafar* and *Helen* drank Hand to Fist several Bumpers to their Benefactor, to whom they were oblig'd for all this good Chear. *Montafar* got fuddled according to his laudable Custom, and towards the end of the repast, must needs taste a Bottle of perfum'd Hippocrass, which the Gentleman had sent them as an extraordinary Present. It is not certainly known whether *Helen*, who opened the Bottle before Supper, put any poisonous Druggs in it or not : but this is agreed on all Hands, that soon after *Montafar* had empty'd it, he felt a strange heat in his Bowels, and intolerable pains after that. He suspected he was poison'd, and ran towards his Sword, at the same time that *Helen* did the like towards the door, to avoid his fury. *Montafar* went into his Chamber, thinking she had hid her self there, lifting up the Tapestry, but discover'd *Helen's* young Gallant, who without any more ceremony whipt him thro the Guts. *Montafar*, tho he had receiv'd his Death's Wound, yet held him fast by the Throat. The Servants made such a hellish noise with crying out *Murther*, that the Justice coming that way ran into the House, just as the young Bravo, who had done *Montafar's* Business, was making his Escape. In the mean time *Helen*, who had got into the Street, and knew not which way to take, ran into the first House she found open. She saw a Light in a lower Room, and a Cavalier walking up and down in it. Without asking him any Questions, she threw her self at his Feet to implore his Assistance and Protection, and was strangely surpriz'd to find it was *Don Sancho de Villafagnan*, who on his part was no less astonish'd to see the Idol of his Heart thus prostrate, this being the fourth time of his meeting her by

Accident;

Accident. *Don Sancho* had lately fallen out with his Wife, who had procur'd her self to be divorc'd from him upon the Score of his ill Usage of her, and his disorderly Life. He had obtain'd a Commission to go and settle a new Colony in the *Indies*, and was to embark at *Sevil* in a short time. *Helen* told him a thousand Lies, and he was ravish'd to find she was ready to follow him into *America*: the Justice apprehended the Assassin of *Montafar*, and made a strict search after *Helen* in *Madrid*, and seiz'd all they could find in her House. *Don Sancho* and *Helen* arriv'd happily in the *Indies*, where several Adventures besel them that cannot be contain'd in so short a Volume as this is, and which I promise to oblige the Publick with, under the Name of the *Perfect Courtezan*, or the *Modern Lais*, if I find the World inclin'd to receive it.

NOVEL

NOVEL IV.

THE

Innocent Adultery.

THE *Spanish* Court at *Valladolid* was very much bedaggled and be-mir'd, where they are as much bedaggled as they are at *Paris*, according to the Observation of a famous *Spanish* Poet, when in one of the coldest raw Nights of a very cold raw Winter, and about the time when most of our Convents ring to Mattins, a young Gentleman, *Don Garcias* by Name, came out of a House where he had spent the Evening in Conversation, or else Play. He was now got into the Street where he lodg'd, and altho the Night was exceeding dark, by reason the Sky was overcast, yet had he no Light with him, whether it was because his Foot-man had lost his Link, or because he was a Gentleman that did not stand upon these Punctilio's, I cannot tell; when a Door opening all on the sudden, he saw some body thrown out of it with that Violence as to fall on the other side the way. If he was surpriz'd at so odd an Adventure, he was much more so, when going to lend his Hand to this Person that had been so rudely treated, he perceiv'd she was in her Smock, and heard her sigh and lament, without making the least Effort to rise. He concluded she might be hurt with the fall, therefore by the help of his Foot-man having set her on her Legs again, he desir'd to know wherein he might serve her. 'Tis in your Power to save both my Life and Honour, answered this unknown Person, in a Voice interrupted with frequent Sobs, and which discover'd she was a Woman. I conjure you, added she, by the same Generosity

Generosity that inclin'd you to pity my Misfortunes, to carry me to some place of Security, provided none but your self, or such whose Fidelity you can trust, may know where I am. *Don Garcias* cover'd her with his Cloak, and commanding his Foot-man to bear her up on one side, as he did on the other, soon arriv'd at his Lodging, where every body was gone to Bed but the Maid, who open'd the Door, and curs'd them heartily for making her sit up so late. All the Answer the Footman made her was blowing out the Candle, which while she went to Light, calling him a hundred Rogues for his pains, *Don Garcias* conducted, or rather carry'd the afflicted Lady, who could scarce make a shift to stand, to his Room, which was up one pair of Stairs. His Man soon brought a Light, and then *Don Garcias* beheld one of the most beautiful Women in *Spain*, who at the same time inspir'd him with both Love and Compassion. Her Hair was as bright and black as Jet, her Complexion a mixture of Lillies and Roses, her Eyes two Suns, her Breasts above all Comparifon, her Arms admirable, her Hands much more so, and her Shape like that of a Queen of one's own creating: but this black Hair was in disorder, this charming Complexion was eclipsed, these piercing Eyes were top full of Tears, these incomparable Breasts were bloody, these Arms and Hands were in no better condition, in short, this fine Body so delicately shap'd was cover'd all over with black and blue Marks, as if it had undergone the Discipline of a Dog-whip a Cat-of-nine-tails, or something as bad. If *Don Garcias* was ravish'd to behold so beautiful a Creature, this beautiful Creature, was as much concern'd to see her self in her present Circumstances, in the power of an unknown Gentleman, who seem'd not to be above twenty five Years of Age. He was sensible of it, and did all that in him lay to persuade her she had no reason to fear any ill Usage from a Man, who should think himself happy to dye in her Service. In the mean time his Foot-man made a little Coal-fire, for in *Spain* they use scarce any other firing, which by the by is none of the best in the World. He laid a pair of clean Sheets, or at least he ought to have laid them, on his Master's Bed, who wishing the Lady a good Night, left her in Possession of his Chamber, which he double lock'd, and went to lye, upon what pretence I cannot imagine, because our History is silent in the matter, with a Gentleman an Acquaintance of his, that lodg'd in the same House. He slept in all probability much better than his Guest, who wept all Night long. The Day appear'd, *Don Garcias* arose, and dress'd himself as spruce

as a Courtier for a Ball. He listned at his Chamber-door, and hearing the poor Lady still bemoaning her self, made no Difficulty to come in. As soon as she saw him, her Grief attack'd her with new Violence. You see, says she to him, a Woman who was yesterday the most esteem'd in *Valladolid*, now infamous to the last Degree, and that deserves more to be pity'd, than ever she did to be envy'd, but let my Misfortunes be never so great, the Charitable Protection you have so seasonably afforded me, may still alleviate them in some measure, if at Night you will see me conducted in a Chair or Coach to a certain Convent I shall name to you. But continu'd she, after so many Obligations ought I to beg the Favour of you to step to my House, and inform your self what is said and done there, and in short, to know after what manner the Court and City talks of an unfortunate Woman, whom you have so generously protected? *Don Garcias* offer'd to go where-ever she wou'd please to command him, with all the Eagerness of a Man who begins to be in Love. She gave him all the Instructions that were necessary upon this Occasion: he took his leave of her, promising to return immediately, when she poor Lady fell a weeping and lamenting as violently as if she had begun but that very Moment. *Don Garcias* did not stay a full Hour before he came back, and finding his beautiful Guest as much afflicted, as if she already knew that he had ill News to impart to her: Madam, says he to her, if you are *Eugenia* the Wife of *Don Sancho*, I have something to tell you which nearly concerns you. *Eugenia* is not to be found, *Don Sancho* is in the Hands of the Magistrate, accus'd of the Murther of his Brother *Don Lewis*. *Sancho* is innocent, cries she, I am the unfortunate *Eugenia*, and *Don Lewis* was the most wicked of all Men. Her Tears which trickled down apace, and her Sighs which redoubled their Violence, would not give her leave to say any more; and in all probability, *Don Garcias* was not a little perplexed, to put on a sorrowful Air to keep her Company in her Grief. At last, as violent things are never of long continuance, *Eugenia's* Affliction began to abate, she wip'd off her Tears, her Sighs were gentler than before, when she reassum'd her Discourse in the following manner. 'Tis not enough that you know the Name and Quality of the unhappy Woman, you have so highly oblig'd, she is likewise willing to acquaint you with the Particulars of her Life, and to testify in some manner her Gratitude to you, by reposing this Confidence in you. I am continu'd she, descended from one of the best Families in *Valladolid*. I was born rich, and with Beauty enough to

give me some pretence to be proud of it. The Charms of my Person brought me more Lovers than those of my Fortune, and the Reputation of both together, provided me Adorers in the remotest Parts of *Spain*. Among the rest who believ'd they should be happy in possessing me, *Don Sancho*, and *Don Lewis*, two Brothers, equally befriended by Fortune and Nature, signaliz'd themselves by the excess of their Passion, and the mutual Emulation there was between them, who should render me the most important Services. My Relations declar'd themselves in favour of *Don Sancho*, who was the eldest, and my Inclination following their Choice, I gave up my self intirely to a Man of above forty Years old, who, by the Sweetness of his Temper, and the extraordinary Care he took to please me, had made as great a Progress in my affections, as was possible for any Person, whose Age had been no better suited to mine. The two Brothers, notwithstanding they were Rivals, had all along liv'd very amicably together, and *Don Sancho* when he had marry'd me, did not lose the Friendship of his Brother *Don Lewis* by so doing. Their Houses were contiguous, or properly speaking, were but one House, for the Wall that divided them, had a Door, which by common consent was always left open. *Don Lewis* did not forbear to pay the same Devoirs to me before his Brother, as he had done while he was his Rival, and *Don Sancho*, whose Love encreas'd after Possession, and who lov'd me better than his Life, was not in the least offended at his Gallantry. He himself was us'd to call me his Brother's Mistress, who on his side made a real Love to pass for a feigned one, with so much Address, that I was not the only Person he deceiv'd by it. In short, after he had accusom'd me to hear him talk of his Passion before Company, he made Love to me in Private with so much Importunity, and so little Respect, that I no longer doubted his Intentions were Criminal. As young as I was, I had Discretion enough to make him still think I took his Love to be only meant in Raillery. I made a Jest of what he spoke in earnest, and tho I was never more enrag'd than at that time, yet I labour'd as well as I could, not to lose my ordinary Temper. He was provok'd at it, instead of making right use of it, and looking upon me with Eyes, which his wicked Designs had made wild and staring: No, no, Madam, says he, I feign much less since I have lost you, than I did when I had some hopes to possess you; and tho your Rigour be sufficient to deliver you soon from the Importunities of your Lover, yet have you so long accusom'd me to suffer, that you will do

much better to ----- Never to be alone with you if I can help it, said I interrupting him. One of my Women that came into my Room at that time, hindred him from carrying his Insolence farther, and me from shewing him my Resentment as he deserv'd, and I was about to do. I was afterwards very glad I did not do it, as well for my Husband's sake, as because I was in hopes this wicked Brother of his would at last love me less, and come to esteem me more; but still he continu'd to make feign'd Love before Company, and to solicit me in private. I combated his Transports with all the Severity I cou'd summon to my Aid; nay, so far as to threaten him to acquaint his Brother with it. I us'd all my Arts to cure him of this Folly. I pray'd, I wept, I promis'd to love him as much as any Brother ought, but he forsooth wou'd be lov'd as a Lover. In short, sometimes a Sufferer, sometimes ill-treated, but always as much in Love as he was hated, he had made me the most unhappy Woman in *Spain*, if my Conscience, that can reproach me with nothing, had not preserv'd Tranquillity to my Soul. But at last my Virtue, which had all along so well defended it self against so dangerous an Enemy, abandon'd me, because I abandon'd it first, and help'd to betray my self. The Court came to *Valladolid*, and brought all its Gallantry along with it. As all new things are apt to please, our Ladies fancy'd they saw more in the Courtiers than they could find in the City-Gallants, and the Courtiers endeavour'd to please our Ladies, whom perhaps they look'd upon as assur'd Conquests. Among the other Cavaliers that attended the Court, in hopes of being recompenc'd for their Services, a *Portuguese*, whose Name was *Andrada*, had render'd himself one of the most considerable, by his Wit and good Mien, but much more by his expensive way of Living, the most efficacious Charm to gain Women of no Experience, who judge of the Beauty of the Soul, by that of the Equipage or Habits: He had no great Fortune of his own, but Play had made him Master of that of other People, and his Gains this way were so considerable, that he made as great a Figure as the richest and most magnificent Nobleman at Court. I was unfortunate enough to please him, and when my own Vanity, backt by his continual Addresses, had persuad'd me I was not disagreeable to him, I reckon'd my self the happiest Woman upon Earth. I can hardly express how well he knew to make himself belov'd, or to what excess I lov'd him. My Husband, so good, so dear, and so respected, became to me in a little time as contemptible as odious.

Don Lewis appear'd more hateful to me than ever. In short, nothing pleas'd me but *Andrada*. I lov'd none but him, and in all places where I did not see him, I surpriz'd all the Company with my Distractions, and restless Behaviour. *Andrada* on his part lov'd me full as passionately. His predominant Passion for Gaming gave way to his Love: his Presents gain'd my Women; his Letters and Verses charm'd me, and his Serenades set all the Husbands in our Street a thinking for whom they were design'd. In short, he attackt me so well, or I defended my self so ill, that I at last surrender'd. I promis'd him all that lay in my Power to give him, so that now we had no other Difficulty to surmount, but that of a convenient Time and Place. My Husband had engag'd in a Hunting Match, which would keep him several Days in the Country. I sent to acquaint my dear *Portuguese* with this News, and we agreed to execute our amorous Designs that very Night, after my Husband was gone. I was at a certain Hour to leave the Back-door of our Garden open, and under pretence of passing part of the Night there, by reason of the excessive Heats, was to set up a Field-bed in a little Summer-house, that was open on all sides, and encompass'd with Orange Trees and Jessamines. At last my Husband quitted *Valladolid*, and that Day seem'd to me the longest I ever knew. The Night came, and my Women having set me up a Bed in the Garden, I pretended to be very sleepy, and as soon as my Maids had undress'd me, commanded them all to go to Bed, except one Chamber-maid, who knew the Secret of our Amour: I had scarce laid me down, and the Maid, whose Name was *Marina*, had hardly shut the Garden-door that fac'd the House, and open'd the Back-door, when my Women came to tell me my Husband was return'd. I had but just time to shut the Garden-door, which I had order'd to be left open for *Andrada*. My Husband caress'd me as he us'd to do, and you may imagine how I receiv'd him. He told me he was forc'd to come back, because the Gentleman, who had invited him to the Sport, had unluckily fallen off his Horse, and broke his Leg. After this he commended my Judgment for chusing so cool and refreshing a place, and concluded he would likewise take up his Quarters there. He got himself undrest at the same time, and came to Bed to me. I did all I could to conceal my Vexation at his Return, and to shew him by my feign'd Embraces that his were not ungrateful to me. In the mean time *Andrada* came at the Hour of Assignment, and finding the Door

shut, which he thought to have found open, by the help of his Valet, leapt over the Garden-wall, where he had hop'd to pass the Night with me. He has confest'd to me since, his Jealousie put him upon so hardy and dangerous a Design; and that he did not doubt but some happy and better belov'd Rival enjoy'd that Happiness which I had promis'd him. These Suspicions of his, that perhaps I diverted my self at his Expence with another Gallant, so inflam'd his Anger, that he was resolv'd to use me ill, in case he found what he suspected to be true, and to revenge himself upon his Rival to the last Extremity. He crept up to the Summer-house, where we lay together, as softly as he cou'd. The Moon shone very bright, I saw him, and knew him as soon as he came in: he saw I was very much affrighted, and I made a Sign to him to be gone. At first he cou'd not discern whether the Person, that was in Bed with me, was my Husband or some one else; but observing in my Countenance less Fear than Confusion and Shame, and seeing upon the Table the Cloaths and Plume of Feathers he had seen my Husband wear that very Day, and which were as singular as they were remarkable, he was satisfied it was *Don Sancho*, whom he saw a Bed with me, and found him to be faster asleep than a Gallant in all probability would have been. However, he drew near that part of the Bed where I lay, and stole a Kiss, which I could not well hinder, considering the Fear I was in lest my Husband should awake. He had no mind to keep me longer in this Fright, and therefore went his way, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, shrugging his Shoulders, and shewing all the Marks of a Man that was deeply afflicted at this Disappointment, and so leapt back again over the Garden-wall, with the same Facility as before. Early in the Morning I received the most passionate Letter from him that ever was read, accompany'd with a pretty Copy of Verses upon the Tyranny of Husbands. He spent the remainder of the Night, after he had parted with me, in writing them, and next Day when I receiv'd them, I could hardly do any thing else but read them over and over, as oft as I could do it in private. Neither of us sufficiently reflected upon the Hazard we had run, to make it a Warning to us not to expose our selves so any more. But altho I had not been inclin'd of my self to grant him all he asked of me, or had loved *Andrada* less than I did, or had not yielded to the insinuating Flattery of his Letters, yet I could not have resisted the Persuasion of my Chamber-maid, who talkt to me incessantly in his Favour. She reproach'd

me with want of Resolution, which had made me to think no more of *Andrada*, and talk'd of the Passion he had for me, with the same Vehemence as she would have told a Sweet-heart of her own, what a Kindness she had for him. By this I found she was not to learn her Trade now, and likewise saw of what Importance it is to be careful in the Choice of Persons, that are plac'd so near Women of my Age and Condition. But I was resolv'd to ruin my self, so that if she had been more virtuous than she was, she had enjoy'd a less Share in my Confidence. At last she over-persuaded me to receive *Andrada* in a Dressing-room near my Chamber, where she lay by her self; and we agreed that so soon as my Husband was fast asleep, she should lye by him in my place, while I pass'd the Night with my Gallant. Thus we got him conceal'd into my Dressing-room; my Husband fell asleep, and I prepar'd to meet my Lover with all the Emotions of one whose Desires are violent, yet who had a great deal to fear, when a terrible Noise of confus'd Voices that cry'd out *Fire, Fire*, alarm'd my Ears, and wak'd my Husband: At the same time my Chamber was all in a Smoke, and I could perceive the Flames thro my Windows. A Negro Maid, that serv'd in the Kitching, had set it on Fire, being drunk, and it was not perceiv'd till it had taken hold of some dry Wood, and the neighbouring Stables, and now had seiz'd my Apartment: My Husband was very well belov'd: In an instant the House was full of Neighbours that came to help us to quench the Fire. My Brother-in-law *Don Lewis*, whom the common Danger had made more active and diligent than the rest, was one of the first that helpt us with his Servants, and who push'd on by his Passion, soon made his way into my Chamber thro the Flames, that had already seiz'd the Stair-case. He was in his Shirt, and had nothing over it but his Night-Gown, in which he wrap'd me up, when taking me between his Arms, who might more properly be said to be dead than living, and that on account of the Danger to which *Andrada* was expos'd, rather than my own; he carry'd me to his own Room, thro the Communication his House had with ours, and setting me down upon his Bed, left me there, accompany'd by some of my Women. In the mean time my Husband, and all that had concern'd themselves in this Accident, that had befalln us, bestirr'd themselves so notably, that the Fire was happily put out, yet after it had done a great deal of Damage. *Andrada* made his Escape without Difficulty among the Crowd and Press of People that came

to help us; and you may imagine how joyful I was when *Marina* told me the agreeable News. He writ to me a hundred foolish Things the next Day, which I answer'd with more Transport than he had shewn; and thus we made shift by writing to each other to soften and relieve that Pain, which Absence occasion'd us. After we had repair'd all the Mischief the Fire had done us, and I had left *Don Lewis's* Room to return to my own, *Andrada* easily persuad'd me to let him try the same way once more, which had not fail'd the last time but for so unfortunate and unexpected an Accident. That very Night we had pitch'd upon to make our selves full Amends for the time the Fire had made us to lose; a Cavalier of my Husband's Acquaintance, who was in some Trouble about a Duel, and had fled to an Ambassador's House, where he did not think himself safe enough from the Civil Magistrate, was oblig'd to abscond some where else. My Husband carry'd him privately to his own House, and took the Key of the Street-door, which he caus'd to be lock'd before his Face, lest any Servant thro Treachery or Indiscretion might discover the place of his Retirement. This Order, at which I was equally surpriz'd and troubled, was unluckily put in Execution just as *Andrada* made the Signal in the Street, which he had told *Marina* of before. The poor Maid was in a strange quandary what to do, and made him a Sign from a low Lattice Window to stay a Moment. We deliberated upon the Matter a little, and afterwards she went and told him in a low Voice what new Obstacle our ill natur'd Destiny had trumpt up to oppose our Design; so she propos'd to him to stay till all our People were gone to Bed, and then he should try to get in thro one of the Kitching Windows, which she wou'd open to him. Nothing seem'd difficult or dangerous to *Andrada*, provided he cou'd but satisfie his Love. My Husband saw his Friend to Bed, and went to Bed himself in good time, after the Example I had set him; all our Servants did the like; and *Marina*, when she thought the whole Family was fast asleep, open'd the little Window to *Andrada*, who with all the ease in the World got half way through, but so indiscreetly or unfortunately, that after several Efforts, which rather did him a Mischief than helpt him, he stuck fast by the Waste between the Iron Bars, without being able to stir backwards or forwards. His Valet could not help him from the Street, no more cou'd *Marina* from the place where she was, without some one else to assist her. So she went to call up one of the Maids, in whom she cou'd repose Confidence, and told her that

that she had been over-persuaded that Night by her Sweet-heart, whom she lov'd intirely, and was to Marry in a little time, to try to let him in at the Kitching Window, but that he stuck so fast between the Iron Bars, that there was no getting him out without filing, or wrenching them out of their places; she desir'd her therefore to assist her in this Extremity, to which the other readily consented; but for want of a Hammer, or some such like Iron Utensil, *Andrada* had not been a Farthing the better for the help of these two Wenches, if he had not bethought himself of his Ponyard, which did the Business so effectually, that after a great deal of struggling and sweating, the Iron Bars were by main Strength wrested from the Wall, and my Gentleman deliver'd from the terrible Fear of being found so scandalously wedg'd, in a place where he cou'd be taken for nothing but a House-breaker. However, this cou'd not be done with so little Noise but that some of the Servants heard it, who look'd into the Street, at the same time when *Andrada* carrying with him the Iron Hoop, which inclos'd him about the Waste, rubb'd off as hard as he cou'd drive, attended by his Foot-man. The Neighbours and our Servants cry'd out, *Stop Thief*, after them, and made no question but that some Villains had attempted to rob *Don Sancho's* House, especially when they saw the Iron Bar gone. In the mean time *Andrada* got safe to his Lodgings, and was forc'd to file off the Iron Bar, which grip'd him as close as a Belt, for notwithstanding all the tricks his Man and he play'd, there was no getting it off otherwise. This third Accident put him in a very ill Humour, as I came to be inform'd afterwards. As for me, I took it quite otherwise; and while *Marina*, not yet recover'd of her Fright, told me the Story, I thought I shou'd have kill'd my self with laughing. However, I was no less concern'd than he, at this Series of Disappointments, which rather inflam'd than cool'd our Desires, and wou'd not let us defer the happy Minute of Enjoyment any longer, than the very next Day after this pleasant but unlucky Adventure. My Husband was in the City, endeavouring to make up his Friend's Business for him, which in all probability would keep him there the remaining part of the Day. I sent trusty *Marina* to *Andrada's* Lodgings, that were not far from my House, she found him a Bed, still discompos'd with the Fatigues of the last Night, and so dejected by these unlucky Crosses in his Amours, that *Marina* was partly scandaliz'd to see with what Coldness he receiv'd the Advances I made him, and to find him so backward to give me the Meet-

ing, altho she often assured him, this was an Opportunity that was not to be lost. To make short of my Story, at last he came, and I receiv'd him with all the Transports of Joy which a Woman wholly abandon'd to her Passion can feel. I was so blinded by it, that I did not perceive, as well as *Marina* did, with what Indifference he made his Approaches to me, altho it was but too visible. However my Embraces at last drew on his. Hitherto our mutual Joy could not be otherwise exprest than by our Silence, and the thoughts of what each of us desired with so much ardour, put me into so great a Confusion, that I cou'd not look *Andrada* in the Face, and by this means gave him an Opportunity to Attempt what he pleas'd; when *Marina*, who like a discreet Chamber-maid had gone out of the Room to be upon the Watch, came in all affrighted, and told me my Husband was come home. She carried *Andrada* into my dressing Room, rather dead than alive, and seeming to be much more concern'd than my self, altho I had more Reason to be so. My Husband gave some Orders to his People below, before he came up into my Chamber. In this Interval I had just time enough to compose my self, and *Marina* to empty a great Coffer full of Lumber, into which she put the despairing *Andrada*. She had scarce stow'd her Lover in this little Sanctuary, when my Husband came into the Room, and only kissing me as he pas'd by, without any farther stay went directly into my dressing Room, where he found a Book of Plays and unhappily open'd it. He lighted upon a place that pleas'd him, and had engag'd him to read longer, if *Marina* had not advis'd me to go to him, and try to bring him into my Chamber. My Misfortunes did not stop here, for *Don Sancho*, finding me strangely discompos'd and thoughtful, as I had but too much reason to be, endeavour'd by his own good Humour to put me into a better. Never in his Life did he take so much pains to divert and please me as now, and yet never did he vex and importune me more. I begg'd him to quit my Chamber, pretending to be so sleepy that I could not hold open my eyes; but by an unseasonable fit of Pleasantry, which was not usual with him neither, he kept me Company in spite of all I cou'd say to him; and tho he was the most complaisant Man alive, yet shew'd he so little of it at this time, that I was forc'd to turn him out. As soon as ever I had lock'd my Chamber door, I ran into my dressing Room to deliver *Andrada* from his Prison. *Marina* open'd in all haste the Coffer wherein she had put him; but both of us had like to have died of Fear and Grief, when we found him without either Pulse or Motion like a dead Man, and so in effect he

was according to all appearance. Imagine to your self what terrible Agonies this sight occasion'd me, and what measures it was possible for me to take in so cruel an extremity. I wept, tore my hair, grew desperate, and I believe had had Resolution enough to have stabb'd my self with *Andrada's* Ponyard, if my excessive Grief had not so enfeebled me, that I was forc'd to throw my self upon *Marina's* Bed. This Maid, altho she was concern'd to the last degree, yet preserved her Judgment better than I in this our common Calamity, and bethought herself how to remedy it; which for my part I wanted strength to execute, altho my Reason had not been disorder'd after the manner it was. She told me that perhaps *Andrada* was only in a swoon, and that a Chirurgeon either by bleeding, or some other speedy Relief might restore him that Life, which he seem'd to have lost. I look'd on her without returning any Answer, my Grief having in a manner made me stupid. *Marina* lost no time in asking more Questions, but went immediately to put in Execution what she had propos'd; but no sooner had she open'd the Door with this Intention, than my Brother-in-Law *Don Lewis* pop't in upon us, and this second Disaster was yet more terrible than the first. Altho the Body of *Andrada* had not been expos'd to his view; as it was, yet the Confusion and Surprize he might read in our Faces, wou'd have told him that we had been engag'd in some mysterious Affair, which he wou'd not have fail'd to examine to the bottom, being so much interest'd in me, both as a Brother-in-Law and a Lover. I was therefore obliged to throw my self at the Feet of a Man, whom I had often beheld at mine, and relying upon the Love he had for me, and upon his Generosity, the essential quality of every Gentleman, resign'd the dearest thing I had in the World intirely to his Will. He did what he could to raise me, but being resolv'd to continue on my Knees, I frankly told him, as well as my Tears and Sighs wou'd give me leave, what a sad Accident had befallen me, at which I don't at all question but he was pleas'd in his Heart. *Don Lewis*, said I to him, I don't implore thy Generosity now to prolong my Life; my Misfortunes already have made it so odious to me, that I wou'd even take it away my self, were I afraid that my Despair could not effect it, but at the expence of my Honour, from which that of *Don Sancho*, and even his Life are perhaps insperable. Thou may'st believe; the Disdain I have all along shewn thee; was rather the effect of my Aversion than Virtue; thou may'st rejoyce at my Disgrace; nay and glut thy Revenge with it; but darest

thou reproach me with a Crime, which thou hast so often tempted me to commit, and canst thou want Indulgence for her, who has so often shewn it to thee? *Don Lewis* wou'd not let me go on, but, Madam, says he; you see Heaven has justly punish'd you for bestowing your Affections upon one, whom you ought to have hated: but I have no time to lose, that I may convince you, by drawing you out of this Premunire, that you have not a better Friend in the World than *Don Lewis*. Having said this, he left me, and return'd a Moment after with two Porters, whom he had order'd to be sent for. *Marina* and I had, in the mean time, put *Antrada's* Body again into the great Coffer. *Don Lewis* lent a helping Hand to put it on the Fellow's Shoulders, and bid them carry it to a certain Friend's House of his, to whom he had discover'd this Adventure, as he had before entrusted him with the Secret of his Amour. Here, after he had taken the Body out of the Coffer, he order'd it to be laid at full length on a Table, and while they were taking off his Cloaths he felt his Pulse, and put his Hand on that part of his Breast, where the Palpitation of the Heart is best to be discover'd, whereby he found there were still some Sparks of Life remaining in him. He sent for a Chyrurgeon in all haste, while in the mean time they put him to Bed, and employ'd all the Remedies were proper to bring him to Life again. In short, he came to himself, being blooded. A Servant was left to attend him, and the Company quitted the Room to afford time to Nature and Rest to compleat that Cure, which their Remedies had so successfully begun. You may imagine how great *Antrada's* Surprise was, when after so long a *Deliquium* he found himself in Bed, and cou'd only remember what a Fright he had been in, when they put him into the Coffer; he knew not where he was, nor what he had to hope or fear. He was taken up with these mortifying Thoughts, when he heard the Chamber-door open, and when the Curtains were drawn, saw by the Light of some Tapers, that were brought into the Room, *Don Lewis*, whom he very well knew to be my Brother-in-law, and who having taken a Chair, spoke to him as follows. Am I a Stranger to you, Signior *Antrada*, and don't you know, I am Brother to *Don Sancho*? Yes, replied *Antrada*, I know you well enough. And do you remember, cries *Don Lewis*, what happen'd to you to Day at his House? Take my word for't, continues he, if you pretend any more to carry on your Intreagues with my Sister-in-law, or if I ever see you more in our Street, you shall sorely repent it; and further know that thou hadst been a dead

Man,

Man, if I had not taken Compassion on a foolish and unfortunate Woman, who has been pleas'd to put her Life and Honour into my Hands; and if I were not fully assur'd, that thy criminal Designs against my Brother's Honour have not been put in Execution. Change your Habitation therefore, continues he, and think not to escape my Resentments, if you break the Promise I expect you should make me. *Andrada* promised him more than he ask'd, he made him the meanest and most abject Submissions he cou'd think of, and protested that he ow'd him a Life for saving his. He was weak enough in all Conscience to keep his Bed, but his excessive Fear gave him Strength to get up. From that very Moment he conceiv'd as great an Aversion for me as his Affection before had been violent, nay he had my very Name in Horror. In the mean time I was uneasy to know what was become of him, but had not Assurance to ask *Don Lewis*, nay not so much as to look him in the Face. I sent *Marina* to *Andrada's* Lodgings, were she arriv'd just at the same time as he came in himself, and had ordered his Trunks to be got ready, to remove to another Quarter of the Town. As soon as he saw her, he forbid her to come to him any more from me; and recounting in few words all that had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and himself, added that I was the most ungrateful and most perfidious Woman in the World; that he wou'd only consider me for the future as one that design'd to ruine him, and desired I wou'd no more think of him than if I had never seen him. Having said this, he turned *Marina* out of his Chamber, who was extremely surpriz'd at his Treatment: However her Astonishment was not so great, but that she had Presence of Mind enough to dogg him at a distance, and observing the House where his Trunks were carried, by that means came to know his new Lodgings. The Vexation I felt to be accus'd of a Crime, whereof I was innocent, and to be hated by the Man whom I loved so tenderly, for whom I had hazarded both my Life and Reputation, hindred me from taking so much Satisfaction in his Safety, as otherwise I should have done. I fell into a Fit of Melancholy, which threw me into a Sickness, and my Distemper, which the Physicians cou'd not tell what to make of, was no little Affliction to my Husband. To compleat my Misfortune, *Don Lewis* began to value himself upon the important Service he had done me; he incessantly importun'd me to grant him that Happiness, which I had intended for *Andrada*: reproaching me that I was in Love with the latter, all the time I preach'd

to

to him what I ow'd to my Husband, and what he ow'd to a Brother. Thus being hated by the Man I lov'd, lov'd by him I hated, seeing *Andrada* no more, seeing *Don Lewis* too often, and perpetually accusing my self for having been so ungrateful to the best Husband in the World, who left nothing undone to please me, and who was distracted at my Illness, when he had the justest Provocations to take away my Life: being thus troubled with Remorse of Conscience, of Love and Hatred, two Passions so contrary, I kept my Bed for two Months, expecting every moment my Death with Joy; but Heaven it seems reserv'd me for greater Misfortunes. My Youth, in spite of my self, assisted me against this inconsolable Grief. In short, I recover'd, and *Don Lewis* persecuted me much more than ever he had done. I had given Orders to my Women, and particularly to *Marina*, never to leave me alone with him. Enrag'd at this usage, and the resistance I continually made him, he resolv'd to obtain by the blackest piece of Treachery that ever was known, that which I refused him with so much stedfastness. I have already told you, there was a Way from his House to ours, thro a Door that was seldom shut. On the Night he pitch'd upon for the Execution of his damnable Design, and at the hour when he thought every one was asleep both at his House and ours, he got in by this Door, open'd the gate towards the Street, and turn'd all our Horses out of the Stable; they immediately ran into the Court, and thence into the Street. The noise they made soon awaken'd the Servants that looked after them, and they my Husband. He being very fond of his Horses, as soon as ever he knew they were got into the Street, immediately ran after them in his Morning Gown, swearing heartily at his Grooms, and the Porter, who had forgot to shut the great Gate. *Don Lewis*, who had hid himself in my Anti-chamber, and seen my Husband go down Stairs, followed him into the Court, and having shut the Street Door, and tarried a little to give the greater probability to what he had a mind to effect, came to Bed to me, personating my Husband so well, that 'tis no wonder if I was mistaken. He was excessive cold with standing so long in his Shirt. Good God, Sir, said I to him, how cold you are! 'Tis very true, answers he, counterfeiting his Voice, I had like to have been starv'd in the Street. And are your Horses, said I to him, retaken? My Servants are gone after them, cries he, and then drawing nearer me, as to warm himself, embracing me very lovingly, proceeded to betray me, and dishonour his Brother. As Heaven permitted this Crime, perhaps it reserv'd the Punishment of it to me, that so

my

my Honour might be retriev'd by my own Hands, and my Innocence known. Having satisfy'd his wicked desire, he pretended to be in pain for his Horses, so up he got, and having open'd the Street Gate, retir'd to his own Lodging, well pleas'd perhaps with his Crime, and rejoycing in that which wou'd be the cause of his Destruction. My Husband came in soon after, and getting into Bed crept close to me, half frozen and starv'd as he was, and obliged me by his Caresses, which I thought extraordinary, to desire him to let me sleep. He thought it strange; for my part I was surpriz'd, and did not doubt but that some treacherous trick had been play'd me. I cou'd not sleep a wink till it was Day, I got up much earlier than I us'd to do, went to Mass, and there I saw *Don Lewis* in his finest Cloaths, and with his Countenance gay, as mine was sad and Melancholy. He presented me with the holy Water, which I receiv'd very coldly from him; then looking on me with a malicious Sneer, Good God, Madam, says he, how cold you are! At these Words, that were the same I spoke to him the Night before, and which made me no longer doubt my Misfortune, I turn'd pale and then redden'd. He might easily find by my Eyes, and the Disorder he had occasion'd me, how hainously I resent'd his Insolence. I parted from him, without so much as looking at him, and pass'd all the time at Mass very uneasily, as you may well imagine. I made my Husband uneasy too, when at Dinner, and all the rest of the Day I look'd like a distracted Woman, sighing incessantly, and shewing that I was troubled in Mind, notwithstanding all the care I took to conceal it. I retir'd to my Chamber sooner than I us'd to do, pretending a slight Indisposition. I thought of a hundred different Designs to revenge my self. At last my Indignation put me upon that which I resolv'd to put in Execution. The Night came, I went to Bed when my Husband did: I pretended to sleep, to oblige him to do the same; and when I saw him fast, and suppos'd all our Servants were so too, I got up, took his Ponyard, and wholly blinded and transported by my Passion, made a shift however, by the same Door, and the same Way thro which my cruel Enemy had got to my Bed, to find the way to his. My Fury made me not to do things at random. I grop'd out where his Heart lay with my Hand that was free, and discover'd it by its palpitation: My fear of missing my Blow did not make the other tremble wherein I held the Ponyard. I sheath'd it twice in the Heart of the detestable *Don Lewis*, and punish'd him by a gentler Death than he deserv'd. In the heat of my Rage I gave him

him five or six hearty Stabs more, and return'd to my Chamber in that tranquillity and peace of Mind, that convinc'd me I had done nothing but what was just. I put up my Husband's Ponyard, bloody as it was, into the Scabbard: I dress'd my self in as much haste, and with as little noise as I cou'd; I took with me all my Jewels and Money, and as much transported by my Love, as I had been lately hurry'd by my Revenge, ran away from my Husband, who lov'd me better than his Life, to throw my self into the Arms of a young Man, who had not long ago taken care to let me know I was become odious to him. The natural Cowardise of my Sex was so well fortified by the impetuous Passions that reign'd in my Soul, that tho it was midnight, and I all alone, yet I walk'd from my own House to *Andrada's* Lodging, with as much assurance as if I had been going to do a good Action in the day time. I knock'd at *Andrada's* Door, who was not at home, being engag'd it seems at Play at a Friend's House. His Footmen, who knew me well enough, and were not a little surpriz'd to see me there, receiv'd me with a great deal of Respect, and lighted a Fire for me in their Master's Chamber. He came home soon after, and I suppose little imagin'd to find me in his Room. He no sooner saw me, but looking wildly upon me, cry'd what has brought you hither, Madam *Eugenia*, and what have you to say to me of all Men living, whom you design'd to sacrifice to the Revenge of your Brother-in-law and Gallant? How! *Andrada*, said I to him, do you put so ill a construction upon an unavoidable accident, which forc'd me to have recourse to the only Man in the World whom I was most afraid to be oblig'd by? and cou'd you pass so disadvantageous a Judgment on a Person, who had given you so many proofs of her Affection? I expected something more than Reproaches from you, which you wou'd not have been in a condition now to make, had I not done that very thing for which you condemn me, and charge me with as a Crime. Alas! if I have been guilty of any, 'tis not against you, but against my Husband, to whom I ought to have been faithful, to whom I have been ungrateful, because I wou'd not be so to you, and whom I have left to cast my self upon a cruel Man that uses me ill. When your Death, which I look'd upon to be real, had flung me into that Despair, which how cou'd a Woman avoid, that expected every moment to be surpriz'd by her Husband; and when *Don Lewis* found me in this deplorable condition, what cou'd I otherwise do than rely upon his Generosity, and the Love he had for me? He has most treacherously betray'd me at the

Expence

Expence of his own Honour, but it has been also at the Expence of his own Life, which I have just now taken from him; and 'tis this, my dear *Andrada*, that has brought me hither. 'Tis necessary I shou'd conceal my self from Justice, till I find a proper time to inform the World what *Don Lewis's* Crime was, as well as my own Misfortune. I have Money and Jewels enough to maintain you with Splendour in any part of *Spain*, whither you will think fit to accompany a miserable Woman. I shall convince the whole World in a little time, that I rather deserve to be pity'd than blam'd, and my future Conduct shall justify my past Actions. Yes, yes, cry'd he, interrupting me, I will go and take *Don Lewis's* place, now thou art cloy'd with him, and have my Throat cut like him, when thou art so with me. Ha! thou lascivious Woman, continues he, how well does this last wicked Action of thine confirm me in my Belief that thou design'dst to sacrifice me to thy Gallant? but think not to come off with Reproaches only, I will rather be the Punisher of thy Crime than the Accomplice of it. He had no sooner spoke these words, but he stripp'd me by main force, in so barbarous a manner, that even his Servants were asham'd of it; he gave me a hundred Blows, naked as I was, and after he had satisfy'd his Rage till he was quite weary, threw me into the Street; where if I had not happily met with you, I had dy'd e'er this, or falln into the Hands of those who perhaps are now searching for me. When she had ended her Discourse, she shew'd *Don Garcias* the black and blue Marks on her Arms, and those parts of her Body, which Modesty wou'd allow her to shew, and then resum'd as follows. You have heard, generous *Don Garcias*, my deplorable History: Tell me therefore, I conjure you, what Measures an unhappy Woman ought to take, who has caus'd so many calamitous Misfortunes? Ah, Madam, cries *Don Garcias* interrupting her, that I cou'd as easily advise you what to do, as punish *Andrada*, if you would but give me leave! Don't rob me of the Honour of revenging your Quarrel, and don't refuse to employ, in whatever you think fit to command, a Man who is no less concern'd for your Misfortune, than the Outrage has been offer'd you. *Don Garcias* pronounc'd these words with a heat, which convinc'd *Eugenia* he no less lov'd than pity'd her. She thank'd him in the most obliging Terms her Civility and Gratitude cou'd suggest, and begg'd him to give himself the Trouble to go once more to her Husband's House, to inform himself more particularly what People said of her Flight, and of the Death of *Don Lewis*. He

happened

happened to come there just at the time they were carrying *Don Sancho* to Prison, together with his Domesticks, and those of *Don Lewis*, who had depos'd their Master was in Love with *Eugenia*. The common Door between the two Houses which had been found open, and the Ponyard of *Don Sancho* yet reeking with Blood, were circumstantial Proofs that he had murdered his Brother, of which nevertheless he was as innocent, as he was afflicted at it. The running away of his Wife, his Jewels and Money that were missing, so strangely surpriz'd him, that he could not tell what to make on't, and this troubled him infinitely more than his Imprisonment and the Proceedings of the Magistrate. *Don Garcias* was impatient to carry this News to *Eugenia*, but cou'd not do it so soon as he desired. One of his Friends, who had Business with him, stopt him a long while in the Street where his Lodging was, that happen'd to be over against *Andrada's*, from whence he saw a Servant come out booted, carrying a Portmantle. He followed him at a distance, accompanied by his Friend, and saw him stop at the Post-house. He came in after him, and found he had hired three Horses, that were to be got ready in half an Hour. *Don Garcias* let him go, and ordered the same Number of Horses to be ready at the same time. His Friend ask'd him what was the meaning of this, he promis'd to tell him, provided he wou'd make one of the Number; to which the other readily consented, without troubling himself what the matter was. *Don Garcias* desir'd him to put on his Boots, and stay for him at his Lodgings, while he made a short trip to his own. Thus they parted; and *Don Garcias* went immediately to wait upon *Eugenia* to inform her what he knew of her Affair. At the same time he gave Orders to his Landlady, who was a Woman he cou'd trust, to furnish *Eugenia* with Cloaths and other Necessaries, and to carry her that very Night to a Convent, the Abbess whereof was her Relation and Friend. After this he privately order'd his Man to carry his riding Coat and Boots to the Gentleman's Lodgings, whom he last parted with, and having once more conjur'd the Woman of the House to take care of *Eugenia*, and conceal her from all the World, he went to call upon his Friend, and walked with him to the Post-house, where they had not been a Minute but *Andrada* came thither. *Don Garcias* ask'd him whither he was going: He told him to *Sevil*. Why then, replied *Don Garcias*, we shall need but one Postilion. *Andrada* liked the Motion, and perhaps thought *Don Garcias* and his Friend were a brace of Cullies, whom he might easily bubble of their Money at Play.

They

They rode out of *Valladolid* together, and gallop'd a pretty while, without doing any thing else; for I think 'tis agreed on all hands, that when Men ride Post, they are none of the best Conversation. *Don Garcias* finding they were now in a fine open Plain, fit for Business, and remote enough from any House, rode a little way before the Company, then came back and bid *Andrada* stop. *Andrada* ask'd him what he would have. I must fight you, answer'd *Don Garcias*, to revenge if I can *Eugenia's* Quarrel, whom you have mortally injur'd by the most cowardly, and villanous Action that ever was known. I don't repent of what I have done, reply'd *Andrada* to him fiercely, without seeming to be surpriz'd, but perhaps you may have occasion to repent of this Insolence. He was a Man of Courage, and alighted from his Horse at the same time that *Don Garcias* alighted from his, who would not vouchsafe him an Answer. They were now coming up to one another with their Swords drawn, when *Don Garcias's* Friend told them they must not offer to tilt without him, and offer'd to fight *Andrada's* Foot-man, who was a well shap'd young Fellow, and of a promising Countenance. *Andrada* protested, that altho he had the best Swordsman in all *Spain* for his second, he would only fight one against one. His Foot-man not contenting himself with his Master's Protestation, protested likewise for his part, that he would fight no Man whatever, for what Cause whatever, or at any Weapon whatever. So *Don Garcias's* Friend was forc'd to be an humble Spectator, or if you please, Godfather to the two Combatants, which is no new thing in *Spain*. The Duel did not last long, Heaven so much favour'd the righteous Cause of *Don Garcias*, that his Enemy pressing upon him with more Fury than Skill, ran upon his Sword's Point, and fell down dead at his Feet, losing his Blood and Life together. *Andrada's* Foot-man and the Post-boy, neither of whom were made for Heroes, threw themselves at the Feet of *Don Garcias*, who meant them no Mischief. He commanded *Andrada's* Foot-man to open his Master's Port-manteau, and give him all he had taken from *Eugenia*. He obey'd him immediately, and put into his Hand a rich Manteau Gown and Petty-coat, and a little Box, which by its Weight would have made a blind Man swear it was not empty. The Foot-man found the Key of it in his Master's Pocket, and gave it likewise to *Don Garcias*, who bid him do what he pleas'd with his Master's Body, threatening to cut his Throat if he ever saw him in *Valladolid*. He commanded the Post-boy not to come back till the Dusk of
the

the Evening, and promis'd he should find the two Horses, he had hired, at the Post-house. I suppose he was punctually obey'd by these two worthy Gentlemen, who were ready to die with fear, and thought they were exceedingly oblig'd to him, for not killing them as he had done *Andrada*. History leaves us in the dark as to what his Footman did with his Body; and as for his Moveables, 'tis very probable he kept them for his own use. Our Memoirs likewise are wanting to inform us how the Post-boy manag'd himself in this Affair. *Don Garcias* and his Friend gallop'd it all the way to *Valladolid*, and alighted at the Imperial Ambassador's House, where they had Friends, and stay'd till it was Night. *Don Garcias* sent for his Footman, who told him *Eugenia* was in Pain to see him. The Horses were sent back to the Post-house by an unknown person, who cunningly rubb'd off, after he had deliver'd them to one of the Ostlers. As for *Andrada's* Death, the People of *Valladolid* either talked nothing at all of it, because they never heard a word of it; or if they talk'd any thing of it, they said no more but that a Cavalier had been kill'd by some unknown Enemy, or by Thieves. *Don Garcias* return'd to his Lodgings, where he found *Eugenia* dress'd in the Cloaths which his Landlady had taken care to provide for her. I am apt to believe she took them up at a Broaker's; for in *Spain* 'tis a common thing for Persons of Quality, both Men and Women, to rig themselves in such places. He restor'd *Eugenia* her things again, particularly her Jewels, and inform'd her after what manner he had revenged her Quarrel upon *Andrada*. Being of a sweet and tender Disposition, she was extremely concerned at the unfortunate end of a Person, whom she had once so dearly lov'd, and the thoughts that she was the cause of so many Tragical Disasters, afflicting her as much as her own Misfortunes, caus'd her to shed abundance of Tears. That Day publick Notice had been given at *Valladolid* that no one should entertain or conceal *Eugenia*, and two hundred Crowns were offered by way of Reward to any that cou'd bring any news of her. This made her resolve to get into a Convent as soon as she cou'd. However she pass'd that Night in the Lodging where she was, and slept as little as she did the Night before. *Don Garcias* rose by break of Day to go Visit the Abbess of the Convent, who was related to *Eugenia*, and promis'd to receive, and keep her private as long as she was able. From thence he went to hire a Coach, and order'd it to stop at a by-street adjoining to his, whither *Eugenia* came, accompanied by the

Gentlewoman of the House, both of them covered with their Veils. The Coach carried them to a certain place, where they Ordered the Coach-man to set them down, and there alighted, that no one should find out the Convent whither *Eugenia* had retired. She was courteously entertained there; *Don Garcias's* Landlady took leave of her, and went to inform herself how matters were like to go with *Don Sancho*. She was told things look'd with an ill aspect, and that the least they talked of doing to him was putting him to the Question. *Don Garcias* communicated this news to *Eugenia*, who was so much concern'd to see her Husband in danger of being punished, for a Crime he was no ways Guilty of, that she was resolv'd to surrender herself into the Hands of Justice. *Don Garcias* dissuaded her from so doing, and advis'd her rather to write to the Judge-criminal to let him know, that only she could inform him who it was that kill'd *Don Lewis*. Upon this the Judge, who by good luck was related to her, went attended with several other Officers of Justice, to discourse her. She freely confess'd to them that she had kill'd *Don Lewis*, acquainted them with the just provocation he had given her to serve him so, and recounted to them the particulars of all that had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and herself, except what related to *Andrada*. Her Confession was taken down in writing, and a report of it made to his Catholick Majesty; who, considering the blackness of *Don Lewis's* Crime, the just Repentment of *Eugenia*, her Courage and Resolution, the innocence of *Don Sancho* and his Domesticks, order'd them all to be set at liberty, and granted his Royal Pardon to *Eugenia*, at the instance of all the Court, who appear'd in her behalf. Her Husband was not much displeas'd with her for the Death of his Brother, nay, if one knew the truth, perhaps lov'd her the better for it. He made her a Visit as soon as he was enlarg'd, and would fain have taken her home with him, but she would not consent to it, notwithstanding all his Importunities and Entreaties. She did not question but that he took *Don Lewis's* Death as he ought to take it; yet knew very well he had heard something of what had pass'd between her and the Portuguese Cavalier; and that the least blemish in a Woman's Honour may raise her Husband's Jealousy, and sooner or later untie the Conjugal Knot, let it be never so well knit. Poor *Don Sancho* visited her often, and endeavour'd by all the tenderest Instances of Kindness he could shew her, to oblige her to return home; and be absolute Mistress of his Estate and him. She continu'd inflexi-

ble in her Resolution, reserving for her self a Pension suitable to her Quality and Fortune: But tho *Don Sancho* could not prevail on her to go home with him, yet she behav'd herself so obligingly to this good Husband, that he had all the reason in the World to speak well of her. But all that she did in the Convent to please him, only encreas'd his concern that he was not able to get her out of it. This threw him at last into so deep a Melancholy, that he fell sick, and his sickness brought him to death's door. He conjur'd *Eugenia* to afford him the satisfaction of seeing her, before he parted with her for ever. She could not refuse this sorrowful delight to a Husband who had been so dear to her, who had lov'd her so tenderly, and who still lov'd her so well. She went to see him die, and had like to have dy'd herself with Grief, to observe him shew so much Joy at the sight of her, as if she had restor'd that Life to him, which he was going to lose. This Goodness of *Eugenia* did not go unrewarded: He left her all he had, by which means she became one of the richest and beautifullest Widows in all *Spain*, after she had found herself upon the very brink of being one of the most unhappy Women in the World. Her Affliction for the Death of her Husband was sincere as it was great. She gave all necessary orders for his Funeral, took possession of his Estate, and return'd to her Convent, resolving to pass the remainder of her days there. Her Relations propos'd to her the best Matches in *Spain*, but she was resolv'd not to sacrifice her Repose to her Ambition: And finding her self everlastingly persecuted by Crowds of Pretenders, whom her Beauty and Wealth drew after her to the Parlour of the Convent where she was, she would at last be seen by no Body but *Don Garcias*. This young Gentleman had serv'd her so opportunely upon so important an Occasion, and with so much Zeal, that she could not see him without saying to her self that she ow'd him something more than bare Civilities and Complements. She discovered by his Livery and Equipage that he was not over-rich, and she was Generous enough to offer him some Assurances, which a Person in ordinary circumstances may receive without Shame from one that is richer than himself. In the little time she had been at his Lodgings, and in the Conversation he had often had with her, he made her sensible he had a lofty Soul, elevated above the common pitch, entirely disengag'd from all sordid Interests, and wholly devoted to Honour. She was therefore afraid she should affront him if she made him any Present, which to be sure wou'd have been answerable to her gene-

rous

rous temper; and on the other hand she fear'd he wou'd have but a sorry Opinion of her Gratitude, if she did not give him some proofs of it by her Liberality. But if *Don Garcias* gave her some Pain upon the aforesaid Occasion, she gave him no less on her part, and so was even with him. In short, he was in Love with her, but tho the Respect he bore her cou'd not have hinder'd him from acquainting her with it, yet how durst he mention Love to a Woman, whom that word had so lately expos'd to such terrible Misfortunes, and that at a time too, when the sorrowful air of her Face, and the Tears which trickl'd down her Cheeks incessantly, were evident demonstrations, that her Soul was yet too full of Grief to be capable of admitting any other Passion: Among the rest that made their Visits to *Eugenia*, in quality of her thrice-humble Slaves, in hopes I suppose to become one Day her thrice-imperious Masters; among the rest, I say, who had offer'd themselves to her, and whom she had refus'd, there was one *Don Diego*, who having nothing else to distinguish him, was resolv'd to signalize himself by his constant Persecutions. He was foolish as 'tis possible for a young Fellow to be, as unmannerly as he was foolish, as troublesome as he was unmannerly, and hated by all the World for being thus troublesome, unmannerly, and foolish. His Body was of a piece with his Soul, ugly and ill-fashion'd; he was as poor in respect of the Blessings of this transitory World, as he was covetous to obtain them. But being descended from one of the best Families in *Spain*, and nearly related to one of the principal Ministers of State, which only helpt to make him the more insolent, People shew'd him some little Respect for the sake of his Quality, altho it was not recommended by the least Merit. This *Don Diego*, who was for all the World such a Spark as I have describ'd him, thought *Eugenia* had every thing a Man cou'd desire in a Woman, and hop'd to obtain her with ease by the Credit of his Friends at Court, who had promis'd to make up the Match for him. But *Eugenia* was not to be so easily persuaded as they imagin'd, into an Affair of that importance, and to favour a private Man the Court wou'd not commit a Violence that must needs have disgust'd all the World. *Eugenia's* retiring into a Convent, her Resolution never to leave it, her positive Orders to receive no more Visits, the Coldness of those that at first encourag'd *Don Diego* in his Pretensions, made him to despair of ever obtaining her without difficulty. For this reason he was resolv'd to carry her by main force out of her Convent, an Attempt the most Criminal that can be undertaken in

Spain, and which none but a Fool like himself would ever have dreamt of. He found for his Money, Fellows that were as great Fools as himself, and gave Orders to have fresh Horses left upon the Road down to the Sea-side, where a Vessel lay ready for him; in short, he forc'd the Convent, carried off *Eugenia*, and that unfortunate Lady had become the prey of the most dishonourable Wretch alive, if Heaven had not rais'd up an unexpected Champion for her Relief, even then when she thought herself most abandon'd by it. One single Gentleman, whom *Eugenia's* Cryes drew after her Ravishers, oppos'd their whole Body, and hinder'd them from passing farther, with so much Valour that he immediately wounded *Don Diego*, and several of his Accomplices, and gave time to the Townsamen, who had taken the Allarm, and to the Civil Magistrate to come down upon them with such numbers, that quickly forc'd *Don Diego* and his Companions to surrender, or else to run the hazard of losing their Lives on the spot. Thus *Eugenia* was deliver'd, but before she would suffer her self to be carry'd to her Convent, she desir'd to know what was become of that valiant Gentleman, who had so gallantly expos'd his Life for her sake. They found him wounded in several parts of his Body, and he had almost lost all his Blood as well as his Senses. *Eugenia* had a mind to see him, and no sooner cast her eyes upon him, but she knew him to be *Don Garcias*. If her Surprize was great, her Compassion was no less, and she gave such tender proofs of it, that the standers by might have interpreted it to her disadvantage, if she had not had a just Occasion besides to afflict her self. She prevail'd with them thro' her Intreaties and Prayers, not to carry her Generous defender to Prison, whom *Don Diego*, who was upon the point of expiring, and his Accomplices confess'd not to belong to their Company, but to be the Man that had attack'd them. So he was carry'd to the next House, which happened to be that where *Don Sancho* liv'd formerly, and now belonged to *Eugenia*, who had left all her Furniture, and a few Servants in it. He was put into the Hands of the Chirurgeons belonging to the Court and City. *Eugenia* retir'd to her Convent, but was forced the next Day to leave it, and return to her own House, because a new Order was issued out, which prohibited all Convents of Nuns to receive any Seculars among them. Next Morning *Don Diego* died, and his Relations had interest enough to hinder his Process being made after his Death; but his Accomplices escap'd not so, for they were all punish'd according to their deserts. In the mean time *Eugenia* was almost distracted to see *Don Garcias* out of hopes

of a Cure. She implored the assistance of Heaven, and offer'd to give the Chirurgeons whatever they could demand; but their Art was exhausted, and they had no hopes but in Heaven, and the Youth of the sick Party. *Eugenia* would not stir from his Bed-side, and attended him Night and Day so carefully, that she was in danger of bringing her self into the same condition, I mean, of wanting another to do the same Offices for her self. She heard him often pronounce her Name in the delirious fits of his Fever, and among a thousand incoherent things, which his disturb'd imagination made him to say, she heard him often talk of Love, and discourse like a Man that is a Fighting or Quarrelling. At last Nature, assisted by so many Remedies, surmounted the Obstinacy of his Illness; his Fever abated, his Wounds began to close up, and the Chirurgeons assured *Eugenia* there was now no danger, provided no unexpected Accidents beset him. She gave them handsom Presents for their pains, and order'd Prayers to be put up in all the Churches of *Valladolid* for her Champion's Recovery. 'Twas at this time *Don Garcias* was inform'd by *Eugenia* that she was the Woman whom he had sav'd, and that she came to be inform'd by him how he happen'd to come so seasonably to her Relief, as he was returning home from a Friend's House. She cou'd not forbear to let him know how many Obligations she had to him, and he on his part cou'd not conceal his excessive Joy for having serv'd her so opportunely, but yet durst not presume to acquaint her with a thing of greater Importance. One Day as she was all alone with him, and had conjur'd him not to let her be any longer ungrateful to him, but to make use of her upon some important Occasion, he thought it a proper time for him to discover the real Sentiments of his Soul. He sigh'd at the very thought of what he was going to do, he look'd pale, and the disorder of his Mind was so visible in his Countenance, that *Eugenia* was afraid something extraordinary ail'd him. She ask'd him how his Wounds far'd? Alas, Madam, answer'd he, my Wounds are far from being my greatest Misfortune. And what is the matter? said she to him, very much affrighted. 'Tis a Misfortune reply'd he, that is without Remedy. 'Tis true, answer'd *Eugenia*, you were unfortunate to be so dangerously wounded for an unknown Person, who was not worth your exposing your Life for her: But still 'tis a Misfortune that can't last always, for your Chirurgeons don't doubt but that you'll be well in a little time. And this it is that I complain of, cries *Don Garcias*; if I had lost my Life in serving you, continues he, I had died gloriously, whereas I must drag on a

wretched Life against my Will, and live to be the most unhappy Man in the World. With all the good Qualities you possess, I cannot believe you to be so unhappy, as you talk, replies *Eugenia*. How, Madam, says he to her, don't you think that Man very unhappy, who knows your Value, who esteems you more than any one living, who loves you better than his Life, and with all this, who cannot pretend to merit you, tho' Fortune had been as favourable as she has hitherto been averse to him? You mightily surprize me, said she to him blushing, but the great Obligations I have to you, give you a Privilege over me, which under my present circumstances I should allow in none but your self. Only think of getting well, continued she, and rest assured your Misfortunes shall not trouble you long, when it is in *Eugenia's* power to put an end to them. She would not stay for his Answer, and by that means sav'd him a World of Compliments; which fell out luckily for him, because he must have strain'd hard to make good ones, and that perhaps might have done him harm in this present Weakness. She call'd to some of her Servants to look after him, and went out of the Room, just as the Chirurgeons came in. Satisfaction of Mind is a sovereign Remedy to a sick Body. *Don Garcias* gather'd such hopes of the happy success of his Amour from *Eugenia's* words, that from the deep Melancholy wherein he had been plunged before like a despairing Lover, he now gave up himself to Joy, and this Joy contributed more to his Cure, than all the Remedies the Chirurgeons could use. In a little time he was perfectly cur'd, and out of meer good Manners quitted *Eugenia's* House, but not his pretensions to her Heart. She had promis'd to love him, provided he did not make any publick Discovery of it; and after all perhaps she lov'd him as much as he cou'd love her; but having lately lost her Husband, and been engaged in some Adventures, which rendred her the common Subject of Conversation in Court and City, she thought it not adviseable to expose her self afresh to the malicious Censures of the World, by a Marriage so unseasonable, and against the Rules of Decency. At last, *Don Garcias* overcame all these Difficulties by his Merit and Constancy. He was so well made in his Person, as to make any Rival whatever despair. He was a younger Brother of one of the best Families of *Arragon*, and altho he had not actually signalized himself in the Wars, as he had very gallantly, yet the long Services his Father had done the Crown of *Spain*, might very well make him hope to find a Reward of as great Profit as Honour at Court. *Eugenia* could not defend

defend her self against so many noble Qualities, nor was she willing to be any longer in his debt, after she had received so many Obligations from him. In short, she marry'd him: Both Court and City approved her choice; and that she might not have any reason to repent it, not long after the King of Spain bestowed a Commandery of St *Jago* upon *Don Garcias*: And before that happen'd, it so happen'd, that our Bridegroom convinc'd *Eugenia* the first Night of his bedding her, that he was another sort of a Man than *Don Sancho*, and she found in him what she had not found in the *Portuguese Andrada*. They had abundance of Children, because they took abundance of pains to get them; and the People of *Spain* to this Day tell their History, which I have given you here for a true one, as it was given me.

The Man of Deeds, and not of Words.

Now a King of M. whose Name I cannot tell, however suppos'd it might be *Alfonso*, &c. was the 2. *Alfonso*, Prince of *Castile*, was one of the greatest Lords of his Kingdom, and one of the most civil.

His Daughter *Isabella*, a young Princess, was about fifteen Years old: As beautiful as an Angel, and as good temper'd as the most beautiful. She was so extremely good temper'd, that those that did not know her had an odd condition'd, that she would not have been apt to have call'd her having any in question. Her Father long before his Death had promis'd her in Marriage to *Prince*, Prince of *Salvador*. He was a Person of a heavenly Disposition, and the most virtuous Prince of his Age, by virtue of her being so virtuous.

Gg 4 NOVEL

Her mind, that never did slave depend more upon the imperious Will of his Master, than this young Princess did upon that of old *Alfonso*. I think a Man of the Age of forty-five may very well be call'd old, especially where he is inclin'd with one to young as *Isabella*. Her Affection to this imperious Lover may be said to have proceeded rather from Custom than Inclination; and was as sincere as his was inclin'd. Not but that he was as fond of her too, as 'twas possible for him to be, and this was no more than what any Man would have been as well as he, for indeed she was all over amiable; but 'twas not in the Nature of the Person (I

 N O V E L V.

The Generous Lover:

O R,

The Man of Deeds, and not of Words.

UNder a King of *Naples*, whose Name I cannot tell, however suppose it might be *Alphonso*; *Leonard de St. Severin*, Prince of *Tarento*, was one of the greatest Lords of his Kingdom; and one of the most celebrated Generals of his Time. He died, and left the Principality of *Tarento* to his Daughter *Mathilda*, a young Princess about seventeen Years old: As beautiful as an Angel, and as good temper'd as she was beautiful. She was so extremely good condition'd, that those that did not know she had an infinite deal of Wit, would not have been apt to have call'd her having any in question. Her Father long before his Death had promis'd her in Marriage to *Prosper*, Prince of *Salerno*. He was a Person of a haughty disagreeable Temper, and the sweet and gentle *Mathilda*, by virtue of her being long accustomed to bear with him, was so well prepared to love and fear him, that never did Slave depend more upon the imperious Will of his Master, than this young Princess did upon that of old *Prosper*. I think a Man of the Age of forty-five may very well be call'd old, especially where he is mention'd with one so young as *Mathilda*. Her Affection to this superannuated Lover may be said to have proceeded rather from Custom than Inclination, and was as sincere as his was interess'd. Not but that he was as fond of her too, as 'twas possible for him to be, and this was no more than what any Man would have been as well as he, for indeed she was all over amiable; but 'twas not in the Nature of the Beast (I beg

beg his Pardon for this Expression, but 'tis out) to love very much, and he rather esteem'd a Mistress for her dirty Acres and unrighteous Mammon, than for her Merit and Beauty. The truth is, he made Love but awkwardly: However was so happy, or, to express my self more properly, she was so easy to be pleased, that altho he did not pay her half the Respect and Complaisance which one might expect from a generous Lover, yet for all that he was absolute Master of her Heart, and had brought her to such a Pass as to submit to all his ill Conditions. He found fault with all her Actions, and plagued her incessantly with those musty Advices that old Men in their great Wisdom so often inculcate to the young, and which they so little care for. In short, he would have been a greater Thorn in her side, than a peevish malicious Governante, if he could but have found any Faults in her Conduct. It is true, when he was in good Humour, he would tell her Stories of the old Court, play on his Guitarre, and dance a Sarraband before her. I have already told you his Age, but to go on with his Character. He was spruce in his Person and Cloaths; curious in his Perriwigs, an infallible sign that his Hair was none of the best; took mighty care of his Teeth, tho time began to play Tricks with them; valued himself upon his Lilly-white Hands, and suffer'd the Nail of his left little Finger to grow to a prodigious Length, by the same Token he thought it one of the prettiest Sights in the World. He was nice to Admiration in his Feathers and Ribbons, punctually twisted up his Mostachio's every Night, was always perfum'd, and ever carry'd some tit bit in his Pocket to eat, and some Verses to read. As for himself, he was an execrable Versifyer, a walking Magazine of all the new Songs, play'd upon most Instruments, perform'd his Exercises with a Grace, but his chief Talent was Dancing. He lov'd the Wits that ask'd him nothing, had perform'd some Actions in his time that were brave, and some that were otherwise, and as one might say, had two Buzzards for one Hawk, or if you please two Blanks to one Benefit. In short, I may properly apply to him a burlesque Song of my own making, the latter part of which is almost worn into a Proverb.

SONG.

SONG.

Here lies a fine Wight,
That cou'd sing you at fight,
And dance like a Sprite,
Could Verses indite,
And bravely recite.
What's more, he cou'd fight,
(I swear by this light,
Like Fury, or Knight.

He knew what was what,
Cou'd gallop or trot,
And toss off his Pot,
And swear at the Shot.
Yet with all he had got,
It was the hard lot
Of this Boaster, God wot,
To be a damn'd Sor.

With all these fine Qualities, one of the loveliest Princesses in the World was desperately in Love with him. 'Tis true indeed, she was but seventeen years old; but our Noble Prince of *Salerno* did not stand much upon that. There is no doubt but the Princess *Mathilda*, being so rich and beautiful as she was, would have had a hundred Gallants more, if it had not been universally believed in *Naples*, that her Marriage with *Prosper* was as good as concluded in her Father's time, or if that Prince's Quality had not discouraged other Pretenders, who (tho they wanted his Title) were Men of Fortune and Birth good enough to be his Rivals. Thus the greatest part of these Lovers, either govern'd by a principle of Fear or Discretion, were content to sigh for her in private, without daring to speak. *Hippolito* was the only Man that had the Courage to own himself in publick the Rival of *Prosper*, and the respective Lover of *Mathilda*. He was descended from one of the best Families in *Spain*, and came in a direct Line from the great *Ruis Lopez d'Avolos*, Constable of *Castile*, who was so remarkable an Instance of the inconstancy of Fortune, since from the richest and most powerful Grandee of his own Country, he was turned out of it poor and miserable, forced to borrow of his Friends, and fly to the King of *Arragon*, who took him into his protection, and gave him a Fortune sufficient at *Naples* to support him suitable to his Quality. This *Hippolito* was one of the most accomplish'd Cavaliers of his time: His Valour had gain'd him Reputation in several parts of *Europe*, and all the World own'd him to be a Man of the nicest Honour. As I have already told you, he was an humble Admirer of *Mathilda*, and tho he could never hope to succeed, so long as she loved *Prosper*, yet he resolv'd to love her on to the end of the Chapter. He was liberal even to Prodigality, whereas his Rival was thrifty even to Avarice.

He

He omitted not the least Opportunity to shew his Magnificence to *Mathilda*, and altho he carried it as far as his Fortune would give him leave, yet she seldom saw it; for her Tyrant *Prosper* hindred her from giving any Countenance to these Gallantries of Love, let them come from what Quarter of the World they would. Our obstinate Lover frequently ran at the Ring before his Mistress's Window, often gave her Serenades, and diverted her with Tilts and Tournaments. The Ciphers and Colours of *Mathilda* were to be seen in all his Liveries: The Praises of *Mathilda* rung thro all *Italy*, in the Verses he composed, and in the Airs and Songs he caused to be made; but she was no more mov'd with all this, than if she had known nothing of the matter. Nay, by the express Order of the Prince of *Salerno*, she must go out of *Naples*, whenever there was to be any Running at the Ring, Dancing, or any Gallantries of the like nature, which the amorous *Hippolito* provided for her. To make short of my Story, she affected to disoblige him upon all Occasions, with a Cruelty that seem'd to be a Violence upon her Nature, and made all the World to exclaim against her. This did not in the least discourage *Hippolito*, and the ill Treatment of *Mathilda* encreas'd his Love instead of lessening it. He did more than this: he shew'd that respect to *Prosper*, which he did not owe him, and to please *Mathilda*, paid him the same Deference, which is usually shewn to Persons of superiour Quality, altho there was no other Difference between the Prince of *Salerno* and him, than in their Estates. In short, he respected his Mistress in his Rival, and perhaps forbore to hate him, because he was belov'd by *Mathilda*. But *Prosper* was not so complaisant: He hated *Hippolito* mortally, made a hundred scurvy Jest's upon him; nay, would never have scrupl'd to tell Lies of him, if he had thought any one would have believ'd them. But *Hippolito* was the Delight of *Naples*, and his Reputation was so well establish'd there, that altho he had actually deviated from his Character, he could hardly have destroy'd it. Thus *Prosper* was the happy Man, and stood possess'd of *Mathilda*'s Affection, tho he did nothing to deserve it. That beautiful Princess did not think she saw him often enough, tho she saw him every Day, when Fortune all on the sudden threw her from the height of Happiness into the extremity of Misery. She had a Cousin-german by her Father's side, who might have pass'd for a Man of Merit, had he been a Person of less Ambition and Avarice; he had been bred up with the King, was of the same Age, and had insinuated himself so far into his good Graces, that he was the sole Manager of

all his Pleasures and Sports, and the Dispenser of all his Favours. This *Roger de St Severin* (for so he was call'd) was possess'd with a Fancy, that the Principality of *Tarento* belonged to him, and that a Daughter could not legally inherit it, to the Prejudice of the Male-line. He spoke to the King about it, who encourag'd him to claim his Right, and promis'd to support him by his Authority. The Affair was kept secret; *Roger* made himself Master of *Tarento*, and had plac'd a good Garrison there, before *Mathilda* had the least mistrust of it. Our poor Princess, who had never been in any Trouble before, was as it were Thunder-struck with this News. No one but *Hippolito* declar'd in her Favour, who scorn'd to truckle to the King's Favourite; and *Prosper*, who was more oblig'd to her than any Man living, did even less for her in this case than any Man, whereas *Hippolito* not only discharg'd his Duty, but was carry'd by his Zeal beyond it. He waited on her to offer her his Service, but she durst not accept it, for fear of disobliging her Prince of *Salerno*, who since her Misfortune did not visit her so often as he had us'd to do, when she was peaceable Mistress of *Tarento*. In the mean time *Hippolito* talk'd boldly of the Injustice was done her, and sent a Challenge to *Roger*: for which he had Guards placed upon him, and was commanded to desist; but as he was generally belov'd by all People, he might have easily rais'd a Party in *Naples*, strong enough to have made the Favourite doubt the Success of his ill Designs. He made several Attempts upon *Tarento*, all which miscarry'd, by reason of the great Care *Roger* had taken to prevent all Accidents of that Nature. At last the Breach between the two Pretenders growing wider every Day, and most of the *Italian* Princes interetting themselves one way or t'other, the Pope employ'd his Mediation to procure a Peace, made them lay down their Arms, and prevail'd with the King of *Naples* to refer the Decision of the Dispute between his Favourite and *Mathilda*, to Judges of known Integrity. The Reader may easily guess what an extraordinary Expence *Hippolito* had been at, being Head of the Party, and so liberal in his Temper; he may likewise easily imagine, that *Mathilda*, as much a Princess as she was, was in a short time reduced to very pressing Necessities. *Roger* had possess'd himself of her Lands. He had persuad'd the King she kept private Intelligence with his Enemies; her Rents were no longer paid, and no one durst lend Money to the Woman, whom the Favourite had a mind to ruin. *Prosper* abandon'd her at last, but she still lov'd him so violently, that she

less resent'd his Ingratitude, than forgetfulness. *Hippolito* would not offer her Money, because he knew she wou'd refuse it, but went a more generous way to work. He sent her some by one of his Friends, who took the Honour of it upon himself, and without telling her it came from *Hippolito*, oblig'd that Princess by Oath never to speak of it, lest his Kindness might draw upon him the indignation of the Favourite. In the mean time the Process came on, and Sentence was given in favour of *Mathilda*. The King was displeas'd at it, *Roger* was enrag'd, the Court was astonish'd, every one was vex'd, or rejoyc'd according to his own inclination or interest, but yet the generality of People admir'd and prais'd the Probity of the Judges. *Mathilda*, who to her Glory had obtained so important a Process, sent a Gentleman to *Prosper*, in a transport that can hardly be imagin'd, to acquaint him with the happy Success of her Affair. *Prosper* rejoyc'd exceedingly at the news, and to testify his satisfaction to this Gentleman, hugg'd and embrac'd him after a strange rate, and moreover promised to serve him, whenever an opportunity should offer. *Hippolito* knew nothing of the matter till after his Rival, yet he bestow'd a Diamond Ring of great value upon the Person that brought him the News. He feasted all the Court, prepar'd Lists before *Mathilda's* Window, and for eight days together ran at the Ring against all Opposers. Gallantries of this nature generally make a great deal of noise. Several Princes of *Italy*, and most of *Mathilda's* Relations and Friends were there present, and signaliz'd themselves: Nay, the King himself, who passionately admir'd this sort of Exercise, was pleas'd to honour it with his Royal Presence. *Roger* had interest enough with his Master to have hinder'd him, but by a cunning fetch of Politics he had reconcil'd himself to *Mathilda*, and declar'd to all the World, that unless he had really thought *Tarento* had belonged to him, he would never have attempted to make himself Master of it. The King was mightily pleas'd with his so readily submitting to the Sentence of the Judges, and that he might recompence him for the Loss of his Trial, and his Pretensions upon *Tarento*, gave him one of the most important Governments of the Kingdom, besides the places he had before. *Hippolito* perform'd Wonders at running at the Ring, and carry'd away the sole Honour of it. *Prosper* had a mind to dispute it with him, so all be-plum'd and be-feather'd, that any one would have taken him for an *American* Prince. But he was thrown the very first Course, either thro his own fault or that of his Horse, and was sufficiently

ciently bruise'd to boot, or at least pretended to be so. He was carry'd to *Mathilda's* House, who out of Vexation quitted her Balcony, and curs'd the Amorous *Hippolito* a hundred times for his pains. He came to hear of it, and was so concern'd that he broke up the Assembly, and retir'd in the greatest despair, to a fine House he had within a League of *Naples*. In the mean time *Prosper* was so enrag'd at his Fall, that he treated *Mathilda* after a most terrible manner, telling her she was the cause of his Disgrace, and reproach'd her with being in Love with *Hippolito*. *Mathilda*, always gentle, always humble, and always blindly fond of her haughty Tyrant, begg'd his Pardon, and in short, was as chicken-hearted, as he was brutal. *Hippolito* had a Sister that was bred up with the Queen of *Spain*, and was lately return'd to *Naples*, for reasons I don't know, but which would signify nothing to our History if I did. Besides she was beautiful to a Miracle, and was a Lady of so extraordinary Merit, that render'd her deserving of the Vows of the best Men in the Kingdom. At her return from *Spain*, she found her Brother's Affairs in so low a Condition, that when he set up the running at the Rign, she would not appear at Court, because she wanted an Equipage suitable for a Person of her Quality, yet always kept at her Brother's House, which was all was left him of his Estate, for he had already parted with his Lands. She came *incognito* to see the running at the Ring, and observing her Brother to break up the Assembly, and leave *Naples* so abruptly, follow'd him home, and found him in the most lamentable Condition that could be. He had broke his Lances, tore his Feathers and Hair, mangled his Cloaths and Face; and in short, was in such a distraction, that she would have despair'd of ever seeing him come to his senses again; had she not known very well, that a Smile, nay an indifferent Look from *Mathilda*, would have made him to forget a thousand ill Treatments. She did all that lay in her power to bring him to good Humour, gave way to his passion instead of combating it, rail'd at *Mathilda*, when he storm'd against her; and said all the good things she could think of her, when after all his Transports the Scene chang'd, and she found him the most amorous Lover that ever was. But the surly *Prosper* had not the same Complaisance for *Mathilda*; his Fall still broil'd in his Stomach, and he daily laid it to her charge, tho' she was by no means accessary to it. One day, when after having thank'd her Judges, she went to wait upon the King to thank him likewise, altho he had been against her; but at Court 'tis a point of Indiscretion to
speak

speaking one's real thoughts, or receive a Denial otherwise than with fawning and cringing: One day therefore when she was in the King's Anti-chamber, she saw the obsequious *Prosper* come in. Ever since his Fall he had never made her a Visit, but to scold and quarrel with her for suffering *Hippolito* to run at the Ring under her Window. Nothing could be more unjust than *Prosper*'s Complaints. It was not in *Mathilda*'s power to hinder a publick Diversion, even tho it had not been design'd for her sake, since her Palace took up one side of the great Square: And altho it had been in her power, yet ought she not to have done it, unless she had resolv'd to be thought a Woman of neither Manners nor Gratitude. *Prosper* was the only Man, who by his false way of reasoning fancied she had done him an irreparable Injury, and his Anger fow'd him to that degree that he went no more to visit her, as if he had broke with her for good and all. The poor Princess was ready to run distracted about it, and no sooner saw this Tyrant of Hearts, who was just going into the King's Chamber, but she threw herself in his way and stopt him. He endeavour'd to avoid her, and press'd forward: She caught him by the Arm, and casting a Look at him that was enough to have charm'd any one but this haughty Brute, ask'd him, what she had done, that he should shun her. thus. What have you not done, reply'd this Prince arrogantly, and how can you ever retrieve the Reputation you have lost by suffering the Gallantries of *Hippolito*? I cannot hinder them, nor prevent his loving me, answers *Mathilda*, but 'tis in my Power not to approve either his Love, or Gallantry; and I think, continues she, I sufficiently testified my dislike of them, when I went from my Balcony, before the Shew was over. You should not have appear'd there at all, replies *Prosper*, and the reason why you went away at last, was only because you saw all the Company pointed at you for being there. But your Love for *Hippolito* has made you to lose all your Reason, and his Gallantries have quite effac'd the Services I am capable of doing you. *Mathilda* was vext to the Heart to hear this, and was going to answer, but he wou'd not give her leave: Besides the Anger, that appear'd in his Countenance, made the Princess so afraid of him that she was perfectly speechless. When you were no more Mistress of *Tarento*, said he to her, and the King order'd you to be apprehended, I had a mind to see how far your Indiscretion and mean Spirit would carry you, and whether Adversity could cure your Faults. For this reason I made no Feasts like your Gallant, nay I pre-

tended

tended to be no longer in your Interests. In the mean time *Hippolito* made a mighty bustle, and did you little Service, and your Affairs for a long time seem'd to be in a desperate Condition. Then you could condescend to make some advances towards me, in order to bring me back to you again, but this was only a Copy of your Countenance, since you still preserv'd your *Hippolito*. Your Politicks, I confess, were not amiss: You drain'd this poor despicable Gallant while he had a drop to part with, flattering your self, that after you had exhausted him to all intents and purposes, you should do me an extraordinary favour to take me in his Room; and you made account, that altho you should lose *Tarento* at your Tryal, yet your Beauty would make you Princess of *Salerno*, whenever you pleas'd. But no sooner did a favourable Decree revive your Hopes, than you chang'd your Maxim of State for you Maxim of Love. You thought a young ruin'd Prodigal would better fit your turn than me, and consider'd, that if you married the Prince of *Salerno*, you must expect to live with a Master, authoriz'd by Custom and the Laws, whereas you would find in *Hippolito* a supple Slave, that would make it all his business to please you. Imprudent Princess! continued he, durst such a poor needy Wretch as *Hippolito* pretend to make Love to a Woman of your Quality, unless you gave him encouragement; and can any one believe, that for bare Hopes only, he would have put himself to such an Expence, that he is utterly beggar'd by it, and so foolishly too, that he enrich'd, with one single Present, the Man that came from you, to bring him the news that you had gain'd your cause? Yet after all these Testimonies I have of your Indiscretion and Infidelity, you are vain enough to believe I love you never the worse for them. Be happy if you can with your *Hippolito*, but delude your self no longer that I will be unhappy with *Mathilda*. He would have left her after he had spoke these words, but the Princess still kept her hold, and once in her Life had the Courage to contradict him. Ungrateful Prince! said she to him, one of the greatest proofs I can give thee that I yet love thee, is not to hate thee, after thou hast said so many disobliging things to me. They rather make against thee than me; and I cannot employ them better to thy Confusion and my own Advantage, than by confessing they are true. Yes, continued she, *Hippolito* has lov'd me; *Hippolito* to serve me; neither fear'd the hatred of a Favourite, nor the Indignation of a King; he respects me, he does every thing to please me. He would have protected me when I was abandon'd by all

the

the World, nay, he has done more, for he has ruin'd himself for my sake. What didst thou ever do like this? Thou wilt tell me perhaps thou lovest me; how! love me, and not shew common Civility to me; thou who ought'st to have shewn it to my Sex, altho it were not due to my Quality. And yet what ill-condition'd Master ever treated Slave more unworthily than thou hast done me, and who would have thus trampled on a person that loves thee so well as I do? No, no, Prince, thou hast no reason to complain, and art oblig'd to me that I don't. But I will go farther than this: I will own, if thou wilt have me, Crimes I never committed. I will never see *Hippolito* more, nay will be ungrateful to him, that thou may'st not be so to me. In fine, to regain thy Heart, there is nothing so difficult but I will put it in execution. And there is nothing impossible to those bright Eyes, says the Prince to her, adjusting his Perriwig. They have already disarm'd me of my Anger, and provided they always keep their favourable Glances, the too happy *Prosper* will never adore any other than the beautiful *Maibilda*. The amorous Princess thought herself over-paid with these few Compliments of her old Gallant. In a less publick place perhaps she would have thrown herself at his Feet, to thank him for this mighty Condescension, but neither time nor place would give her leave to answer here. The King came out of his Chamber: She begg'd *Prosper* to stand by while she spoke to him, but he shrinking away told her, it was not convenient for them to be seen together, for some reasons he could tell her. She perceived well enough, he was afraid of making his Court ill, but she was so near the King, that she had not time to reproach *Prosper*, with being a better Courtier than a Lover. She presented herself to the King, paid her Respects to him, and made her Compliment of Thanks. The King receiv'd her very coldly, and his Answer was so ambiguous, that it might as well be interpreted to her Disadvantage as otherwise. But the sweet things *Prosper* had said to her, gave her such satisfaction, that his last Ingratitude, in refusing to introduce her to the King, made no impression upon her, no more than the ill Reception his Majesty had given her, so much transported was she to be reconcil'd to her imperious Lover. That day she was visited by all the Ladies of Quality in *Naples*, who agreed to go a hunting next Morning a Horseback, in a Campaign Dress, and Caps set off with Feathers. The greatest Gallants at Court were there, so we may easily imagine, the Prince of *Salerno*, who was Gallantry

it self, made one of the Company. This was not all; he resolv'd to make the Princess a Present, which he had never done before. He sent her a most passionate Letter, accompany'd with a fine Cap; but to tell truth, he himself had sort'd and order'd the Feathers, by the same token there was not one new amongst them. As I take it, I have already observ'd, he had an admirable fancy in Feathers. This was the only Vanity on which he would lay out his Money, tho' to do him Justice, he husbanded his Plumes to a miracle, for he would often diversify, and transplant them from one Cap to another, and let them be never so old, knew how to make them appear fresh and gay upon Occasion, as well as if he had serv'd seven Years Apprenticeship to the Trade. I am willing to believe he sat up the best part of the Night to put this Cap in order, that nothing might be wanting to so magnificent a Present. The Princess receiv'd it as if it had been sent her from Heaven, gave him a hundred more thanks than it deserv'd, and promis'd in a Letter she sent in answer to his, that she would honour herself with this miraculous Cap as long as she liv'd. I will not tell you what sport they had in the Chase, because the particulars never came to my knowledge. But we may reasonably suppose, some of their Horses founderd, that the Cavaliers were so well-bred as to wait upon the Ladies, that *Prosper* display'd all his Gallantry, and that he engros'd the whole Discourse to himself, being the greatest Talker of his Age. Our Ladies were so well pleas'd with the Sport, that they resolv'd to take their pleasure the next day; and in order to change their Diversion, design'd to go by Sea to *Pozzuolo*, where the Princess *Mathilda* promis'd to give them a Collation and Musick. They no less spruc'd themselves up for this Voyage, than they had done the Day before for Hunting. The Boats they went in were finely adorn'd, cover'd with rich Tapestry, whether of *Turky* or *China*, I won't be positive, and the meanest Cushions were of Silk or Velvet. *Prosper* would needs go thither by Land, and had none but his dear self to accompany him, either to save Money, or because he was melancholy, for some Folks are so out of Pride. He was mounted upon his finest Horse, had dress'd himself in his richest Campaign Suit, and loaded his Head with the Spoils of many an Ostridge. *Hippolito's* House lay on the road to *Pozzuolo*, near the Sea, and the Prince of *Salerno* must of necessity ride just by it. He no sooner saw it, but a noble thought came into his Head. He knew *Hippolito* was at home, and therefore alighted from his Horse

to have a little Conversation with him. *Hippolito* receiv'd him with all the Respect and Civility due to his Quality, altho the other had not the Manners to return it. *Prosper* made him a very rude Compliment upon his presuming to be in Love with a Princess, who was to be his Wife. *Hippolito* bore his Impertinence for a long while, and answer'd him with all the sweetness imaginable, that he ought not to be offended at his Gallantry, which a Love without hopes put him upon. But at last *Prosper's* Insolence forc'd him to change his Language, and he had already call'd for his Horse to go out and fight him, when word was brought, that the Sea was very tempestuous, and that the Boats wherein the Ladies were, which they could behold from the Shore, were in danger of being dash'd against the Rocks. *Hippolito* did not doubt but that these Ladies were *Mathilda* and her Company, he perswaded *Prosper* to run to the Relief of their common Mistress, but who excus'd himself upon his not being able to swim, and that he was not yet recover'd of the Bruise he had receiv'd when he ran at the Ring. The generous *Hippolito*, detesting in his Soul the Ingratitude of his Rival, ran or rather flew to the Sea-shore. His Servants follow'd, threw themselves into the Sea after his example, and by the assistance of some Fishermen, who happen'd by good luck to be at that time upon the Coast, they made a shift to save *Mathilda's* Life, and the Ladies in her Company. Their Boats were overturn'd within a hundred Yards of the Shore; and *Naples* had bewail'd the loss of all its Beauties at once, had it not been for this seasonable Relief. *Hippolito* was so happy, that *Mathilda* ow'd her Life to him. His Love made him soon to distinguish her from the other Ladies, whom the Waves were going to dash against the Rocks that bounded the Shore. While the Fishermen and his Servants help'd the first persons they found, he caught hold of the Princess just as she rose above Water, and holding her with one Hand, while he swam with the other towards the Shore, he happily gain'd it without any one to help him. *Mathilda* found her self much more ill upon her Shipwreck, than the rest of the Ladies that were sav'd with her. After they had vomited their salt-water, chang'd their Cloaths and recover'd from their Fright, they were well enough that very Day to take Coach for *Naples*. As for the Princess of *Tarento*, it was a long while before they could bring her to herself. Even then they much doubted her Life, and *Hippolito* and his Sister *Irene* took all the care of her that was possible. He sent to *Naples* for the ablest Physicians, besides him that belong'd to the Princess, and quitted his House intirely to her,

and some of her Domesticks that came to wait on her. He and his Servants made shift to lodge at a little Farm not far from his own House, whence he sent every moment to enquire how the Princess did, when he could not go thither himself. As for *Prosper*, who was very well pleas'd with the rough Compliment he had pass'd upon *Hippolito*, he left *Mathilda* and the rest of the Ladies to shift for themselves as well as they could, without troubling his Head what became of them; thinking perhaps, that since he was none of the fittest to help them, he ought not to pollute his Eyes with so sad a spectacle, and so jogg'd on gently towards *Naples*, expecting the doubtful event of the Shipwreck to rejoice at, or otherwise, according as it would have made him happy or unhappy. In the mean time *Mathilda*, assisted by her youth, and the Remedies that were given her, recover'd both her Health and Beauty at once, and was extremely satisfied with the great care of *Hippolito* and his Sister, who dexterously insinuated to her, with what indifference *Prosper* had beheld the peril she was in. *Mathilda* did not discover the least token of Resentment in her Face or Discourse; whether it were because her Love had master'd it, or because she dissembled her ill usage, I cannot tell. The Night before she design'd to leave *Hippolito's* House to return to *Naples*, she could not sleep, and therefore call'd for a Book and a Candle to divert her. Her Women were gone out of her Chamber to sleep or do something else, when she saw *Prosper* come into the Room. We may easily guess what a surprize she was in, to see him at so unseasonable an Hour, and how much she look'd upon herself affronted by so disrespectful a Visit: She spoke to him of it with some warmth. *Prosper* was warmer than she, and as if this Princess had thrown herself into this danger of losing her Life, on purpose to give *Hippolito* the glory of saving it, reproach'd her with her Shipwreck, as a Blemish on her Honour, and tax'd her with Infidelity, by reason she was in the House of one that was in Love with her, lodg'd in his Chamber, and lay in his Bed. *Mathilda* would not condescend to shew him how unjust his Reproaches were, but retorted on him for not having endeavour'd to save her, and in a cutting way of Raillery, complain'd of him for not being able to swim, as also for not being fully recover'd of his late dangerous Fall. *Prosper* redd'n'd with Anger and Confusion, treated her with opprobrious Language, and told her he would never see her more, since *Roger* the King's Favourite offer'd him his Sister, and with her all the Advantages he might expect from the Alliance of a Person in his Post. *Mathilda* could not hold out against so terrible a menace; her Blood curdl'd within her, and her Love soon conquer'd

quer'd her Indignation. She had begun to exert herself a little, but all on the sudden became a suppliant. He relented too on his side, when he saw her humbl'd as much as he thought convenient, and according to his Custom cajol'd her, and said the same soft things he ought to have done, if in all the Love Quarrels he had had with her, he had never trespass'd against the Respect and Tenderness he ow'd her. He made new protestations of Love to her, and straining hard to surprize her by some topping Compliments, made very impertinent ones; for he wish'd her all sorts of Adversities, to the end he might have an opportunity forsooth of convincing her, how much he was her humble Servant. For God's sake Madam, said he to her, in a passionate tone, why are you not out of Favour at Court? Oh that you were still persecuted by *Roger*! Oh that you were yet out of your Principality of *Tarento*! that you might see with what Zeal and Ardour I would solícite the King for you! with what Vigour I would espouse your cause against your Enemies, and whether I should be afraid to venture my Person, and all I were worth in the World, to re-inflate you in what was usurp'd upon you. Come, come, says the Princess, there's no necessity I should be more unfortunate than I am, to give you the opportunity of shewing your Generosity; and I would not willingly put your Love to so dangerous a Trial. They were engag'd in this Discourse, when a noise of confus'd and dreadful voices, that cry'd out Fire, made them to run to the Windows, where they saw all the lower part of the House vomiting Fire and Smoke, and that at the same time the Flames beginning to enter the Chamber by the Stair-case, took from them all hopes of saving themselves that way, as *Prosper* was preparing to do. The Princess all in a Fright, conjur'd him not to abandon her in so great a Danger, and propos'd to make use of the Sheets and Hangings to get out of the Window. The Prince, as much afrighted as she, told her, they could not have time to do it; and measuring with his Eyes the height of the Windows, and considering which would be the best way to leap into the Court, told *Mathilda* very plainly, that upon these occasions every one ought to shift for himself. But thou shalt not go without me, said she to him very resolutely, and I will run no Danger here, which the most ungrateful and ungenerous Man alive shall not partake with me. She had no sooner said these words, but she caught hold of *Prosper*, and her Indignation at his Baseness gave her so much strength, that in spite of all his striving and struggling, he could not disengage himself from her. He swore, call'd her names,

was Brute enough to threaten to drub or kill her, (I don't know whether) and had certainly been as good as his Word, if at the time he was struggling with her, as rudely and fiercely as if he had been to deal with an Enemy, the generous *Hippolito* had not come into the Room. The Princess seeing him, left *Prosper*, and came up to *Hippolito*, who without giving her time to speak, cover'd her with a wet Sheet, which he had brought on purpose, and taking her up in his Arms, threw himself like a Lion with his prey thro' the Flames, which now had fill'd all the Stair-case. He had no sooner set her down in a Place of Safety, but he was so generous as to do the like Service for his Rival. 'Tis true, he burnt his Cloaths, and sing'd his Hair and Eye-brows; but I would fain know what signifies the burning ones Cloaths, or singeing ones Hair, to a Man whose Heart had been already burnt to a Coal by Love? While *Mathilda* recover'd her Spitts, and *Prosper* got back to *Naples*, without so much as thanking his Deliverer, *Hippolito* beheld his House burnt down to the Ground, together with his Furniture, Horses, and in short, all that his former Profuseness had left him: *Mathilda* was afflicted at it, I will not say more than he was, for alas he scarce thought of it at all, but as much as if she had seen all that was dear to her in the World destroy'd. She look'd upon her self to be the Occasion of this Misfortune to him, and indeed was not mistaken. Her Cousin *Roger*, who had reconcil'd himself to her with no other intent, than to accomplish her Ruine more easily, had brib'd some of *Hippolito's* Servants, that were Villains enough to take his Money, to lay a great deal of combustible Stuff in the Vaults and Cellars, which they were to set on Fire in the dead of the Night; when all the Family were asleep. This unjust Favourite made no Conscience to ruin a poor Gentleman, nay, procure his Death too, provided he could but do the same to a Relation, whose Estate he hop'd by this Means to inherit; and as if her Death would not satisfy him, which had most infallibly happen'd, in case his Design had succeeded, he likewise endeavour'd to make her Memory odious. At the time when *Hippolito's* House was on Fire, *Roger* had manag'd his Cards so dexterously, that Messengers were order'd to search *Mathilda's* Palace, who opening her Closet found some forg'd Letters there, which seem'd to be written to the Duke of *Anjou*, and which plainly convicted her of keeping a private Intelligence with that dangerous Enemy of the Government. Our unfortunate Princess receiv'd this unlucky News, just as she was going to send to *Naples* for her Coaches to bring her home. She was extremely troubled at it, and without staying any longer, ran to *Naples* with all her

Servants

Servants a foot in the most lamentable Condition that can be imagin'd. *Hippolito* offer'd to accompany her, but she positively forbad him, fearing I suppose to disoblige her musty Spark *Prosper*; and thus our unhappy Lover saw her depart, and was infinitely more concern'd at this last Misfortune which had befall'n the Princess, and at her commanding him to leave her, than at the burning of his House. *Mathilda* no sooner came to *Naples*, but she was taken into custody. She demanded to have Audience of the King, but it was refus'd her. She sent to speak with *Prosper*, but the old Gentleman pretended to be wondrous sick, and thus *Mathilda* beheld herself all at once abandon'd by her Friends, as if she had been infected with the Plague. The very same day she receiv'd an Order from the King to leave *Naples*. Her own Domesticks basely and scandalously deserted her; her Creditors, without any respect to her Quality, persecuted her most unmercifully: In short she was reduc'd to so wretched a Condition, that she could not procure either Coach or Horse, to carry her to a certain Prince of *Italy*, who was the nearest Relation she had in the World next to *Roger*, and who had always espous'd her Quarrel against that haughty Favourite. Being thus forsaken by all her Friends, destitute even of the Necessaries of Life, and incapable of obeying so rigorous an Order, she took sanctuary in a Convent, where they would not receive her without his Majesty's Permission, who granted it, on condition that she should leave it that very Night. She went out of it in disguise, and so secretly, that with all the search and enquiry *Hippolito* cou'd make, he could not meet the least information which way she was gone. However, he resolv'd to follow her just as Chance directed, rather than sit still at home, and make no enquiry after her. While he was in quest of her, or at least fancied he was, she thought no more of him, and *Prosper* no more of her. He represented her as a State Criminal, made his Court very regularly to the King and his Favourite: And as the generality of Mankind use to alter their Measures with the time, he made Love to *Camilla*, *Roger's* Sister, and begg'd of the King to help on the Marriage. The King, who look'd upon this as an advantageous Match for his Confident's Sister, whom he lov'd the best of any Subject in his Dominions, spoke about it to this Favourite, who always liked that which his Master liked. This Sister of *Roger's* was one of the most beautiful Ladies of *Naples*, and tho she shar'd in her Brother's good Fortune, yet had she no hand in his wicked De-

signs. As she was look'd upon at Court to be the best Match in the Kingdom, she in like manner look'd upon *Hippolito* to be the compleatest Gentleman of his time, and perhaps lov'd him, or at least would have lov'd him, if she had not observ'd him so passionately in Love with another. She took *Mathilda's* Misfortune so to Heart, and was so generous in her Temper, that if she had in the least suspected it was all owing to her Brother, she would most undoubtedly have reproach'd him for so black an Action, and been one of the first that should have exclaim'd against it. She was so afflicted at *Hippolito's* late Loss, that not valuing what the World might say of her, she went to find him at his Habitation that was burnt down, to offer him Money, or whatever else he wanted that lay in her Power to bestow on him. She met with his Sister there, who little expected such a Visit, much less to be invited to take up her Quarters at *Camilla's* House. This beautiful Lady could not refuse so obliging an offer, and accordingly went with her to *Naples*. What better course could a young Person of her Sex and Condition take, who found herself without a Farthing to relieve her, without a House to cover her, without hopes of mending her Fortune, in a Country too where she scarce knew any one but her Brother, who was nevertheless as good as lost to her, since as soon as ever he had been inform'd that *Mathilda* had left *Naples*, he ran in quest of her like a Mad-man, without knowing whither she was gone. The Day on which *Camilla* went to find *Irene* at her Brother's House, with Design to carry her Home with her, the King was pleas'd to honour her with a Visit, and presented to her our Gallant Prince of *Salerno* with all his Gallantry. *Camilla*, who had *Hippollito* always in her Thoughts, receiv'd *Prosper's* Compliments with as great Indifference, as she express'd Thankfulness to the King for condescending to visit her. The sorrowful *Irene* bore her Company, and under all her Affliction appear'd so charming to the young King, that he fell in Love with her. His Love was violent even in its Infancy. He approached her with as much Respect and Awe, as if she had been in his Condition, and he in hers. He said a thousand fine things to her upon her Beauty, and this lovely young Lady, who demean'd herself neither with too much Haughtiness nor Submission, discover'd at once so much Wit, Prudence and Modesty, that he consider'd her from that very moment as the only Happiness that was wanting to his Fortune. He stay'd at *Camilla's* House as long as possibly he cou'd, and the pleasure he took in conversing with *Irene*, was so much the more taken notice of, as the young King had always seem'd insensible to Love, and behaved himself

with

with great Coldness towards all the most celebrated Beauties of *Naples*. *Irene* was so charming that it was impossible for a Man, tho never so little inclin'd to Love, and never so incapable to judge of her Merit, to avoid falling in Love with her. *Camilla* before she knew her, intended to serve her for her Brother's sake only, but no sooner came she acquainted with her, than she lov'd her for her own. She easily believ'd the King was in Love with her, because she desir'd it; and being far from envying her good Fortune, as any other handsome Lady but herself wou'd have done, she rejoic'd at it exceedingly. She congratulated *Irene* upon so important a Conquest, and had without question flatter'd the Vanity and Hopes of any Lady less presuming than her. But this modest Damsel cou'd not be persuaded, but that the King was more a Gallant than a Lover, that he had no other Design than only to divert himself, and that he wou'd think no more of her, when he was out of her sight. But she was mistaken: for it was not long before the King came again, to acquaint her with his Passion, which was so impetuous that it wou'd not suffer him to be longer without seeing her than that very Evening after he fell in Love with her. He told the Prince of *Salerno* he was resolv'd to go *incognito* after the *Spanish* mode to make Love to *Irene* under *Camilla's* Balcony. *Prosper* was mightily pleas'd to be made the Confident of his Master's Pleasures, and to accompany him in an amorous Adventure. In all probability *Roger* had been chosen for this Affair, or at least had bore his share in it, had not he that very Day taken his leave of the King to go to *Taranto*, whither some important business had call'd him. The Night came, and the King accompanied by *Prosper*, armed like himself after the *Italian* manner, that is to say, with more offensive Arms than a single Man can be suppos'd to want, came under *Camilla's* Balcony, who had been before hand acquainted with his coming by *Prosper*. She knew the method and good Breeding of the Court too well, not to leave the King at liberty to entertain himself with his Mistress in private. For this reason she retir'd to another Balcony, notwithstanding all the intreaties *Irene* could use to get her to stay with her. The King reproach'd this young Lady for her uneasiness to be alone with him, and told her, she ow'd at least some Complaisance to a King, who had for her something above it. I should owe all to your Majesty, reply'd *Irene*, if I did not likewise owe something to my self, which I cannot owe to any one else. And what do you owe to your self, says the King, which you do not owe to my Love? Why not to believe you have any for me,

answer

answers *Irene*. Alas! cries the King sighing, there is nothing so sure, and nothing I would not willingly do to hinder you from doubting it. If I could believe what you tell me, says she, I should have more reason to complain of your Majesty, than to thank you. How! cruel Damsel, answer'd the King, and can a Passion so sincere as mine offend you? It wou'd be an Honour to some great Queen, replies *Irene*, but it wou'd very much call in question the Judgment of any one else. 'Tis true indeed, says the King, you are no Queen, but she that deserves to be one, is in a possibility of being one. I am not so conceited of my own Merit, answers *Irene*, as to expect any such alteration in my Fortune, and your Majesty I hope has more Goodness than to divert your self any longer at the expence of an unhappy Creature. Beautiful *Irene*, says our amorous Prince, I love you as much as 'tis possible for the most passionate and faithful Lover in the Universe to love, and if my Tongue has inform'd you what my Looks and Sighs cou'd not have acquainted you with in so short a time, don't think I have any design to dispense on account of my Quality with any of the pains of a long Servitude, or the Services and Cares which the most charming Woman upon Earth may expect from the most respectful Lover. But so violent a Pain as mine wants a speedy Remedy, and you ought to rest satisfied in my Opinion, however scrupulous and rigid you may be towards a King, who is afraid to displease you with this declaration of his Love. He said to her abundance of things more passionate than this, which the Person who overheard them might unluckily forget, as I can assure you he did. So I leave the discreet Reader to imagine them; for to make a King of *Naples* express himself so tenderly as ours did, and at the same time not to maim his Thoughts, a Man must be as much in Love as he was, which I humbly presume is none of my business to be at present. *Irene* always answer'd him with her usual Modesty, and without shewing herself either too hard, or too easie to be persuaded, she disengag'd herself so handsomely from so nice a Conversation, that it increas'd the King's Esteem for her, who parted from her infinitely more in Love than he had been before. From that time there passed not a Day, in which he did not visit *Camilla* and *Irene*, nor a Night but he came to that Lady's Balcony, where he employ'd all his amorous Eloquence, to persuade her of the sincerity of his Passion. One Night when he had given Orders to his Guards not to attend him, he walked in disguise thro the Streets of *Naples*, accompanied only by the Prince of *Salerno*. He took so much

Diversiſion

Diversions in this Ramble, that the greatest part of the Night was spent when he came to *Camilla's* Balcony. He found his Post already taken up by two Men, or at least they stood so near it, that they must needs over-hear whatever he should say to *Irene*. One of these parted from the other and went into *Camilla's* House, while his Companion tarried in the Street. The King stay'd a while to see whether he would not go away of himself, and leave him the Street free; but finding he stir'd no more than a Statue, he grew impatient, and commanded *Prosper* to go and see what the Fellow meant by staying there, and to oblige him to retire. The Prince of *Salerno* walked toward him, with as much apprehension as if he had been sent upon some dangerous Enterprize. The other seeing him come up, retired. *Prosper* was resolv'd to see who he was, the other mended his pace, and seeing *Prosper* did the like, very fairly betook himself to his Heels, when the Prince of *Salerno* ran after him, and cours'd him into another Street. In the mean time the King did not stir from his Post, expecting every moment when *Prosper* would come back, that he might send him to *Camilla* and *Irene*, to let them know he expected them under the Balcony, and in all probability was wholly taken up with his Amour, for a Lover does nothing else when he is alone; when the Man who had parted from him whom *Prosper* pursu'd, came out of *Camilla's* House, and mistaking the King for his Comrade, Look, *Calixtus*, said he to him, here is your dispatch. The Governour of *Cajetta* will order you a Vessel to carry you to *Marseilles*. The King without returning any answer, receiv'd the Packet of Letters which he presented to him. *Calixtus*, adds this unknown Person, the rest depends upon thy Diligence: And thou hast in thy hands the Fortune of the Duke of *Anjou*, thy Master and mine. Ha! ungrateful Villain and Traitor! What wicked Designs art thou carrying on against me, cries the King, laying his Hand upon his Sword. *Roger*, for it prov'd to be him, distracted at his making so fatal a Mistake, and hurried on by his Despair to be more wicked than he was, thought of nothing now but losing his Life, or taking away that of the King, who had lov'd him so tenderly. The Reproaches he so justly expected for his unparallell'd Ingratitude and Villany, affrighted him as much as the severest Torments that could be inflicted on him. He put his Hand to his Sword almost at the same time the King did, who charg'd him with so much Vigour and Fury, that *Roger*, troubled with a remorse of Conscience for his Crime, was for a long time forc'd

to defend himself. At last, his Rage filling him with new Strength and Courage, he push'd furiously at the King, whom he look'd upon now to be no otherwise than his Enemy; and by the desperate Thrusts he made at his sacred Person, oblig'd him likewise to defend himself. But Kings, who may be valiant as well as other Men, are usually assisted by a more powerful Genius than that of ordinary Mortals. *Roger*, as brave, furious and desperate as he was, cou'd not have maintain'd his Ground long against his incens'd Prince, altho the clashing of Swords had not brought several Persons upon the spot, who could hardly be kept from hacking to pieces an execrable Villain, who durst attack the Life of his Sovereign. His own Domesticks, and those of *Camilla* were the first that came with Lights into the Street, and were strangely surprized to see their Master engaged with the King. The unfortunate *Roger* no sooner saw the Light which expos'd him to the terrible Looks of his Prince, but he was utterly confounded. His Rage and Valour abandoned him both at once, and his Sword dropt out of his Hand. The King, who had the pleasure to see him wounded, after he had had occasion for all his Valour to hinder himself from being wounded by him, seized him with his own Hands, and gave him to the Captain of his Guards, who came luckily by with a Party of Soldiers, and had receiv'd Order to watch all Night, the Avenues leading to *Camilla's* House. In the mean time *Prosper* ran after his Man, who, flying from him as fast as his Legs could carry him, unluckily fell into the Hands of the Watch, who were walking their rounds that Night, as their Custom was, to prevent all Disorders in the Streets. He seem'd so astonisht, and falter'd so strangely in his Answers, that they had certainly stopt him, altho *Prosper*, who pursued with Sword in Hand, and had made himself known to them, had not commanded them in the King's Name to secure him, and to be responsible for his forth coming. He immediately sent back to acquaint the King with what he had done; and if he was surpriz'd to see such a number of Flambeaux in the Street, and the King surrounded by such Crowds of People, he was much more so to find what had past between the King and *Roger*; and to see that Favourite, whom all the Court so lately ador'd, curs'd by all the Company, and in the Hands of the Guards, who were carrying him to Prison. That Night the King did not see *Irene*, because he wou'd avoid the sight of *Camilla*, whom he order'd *Prosper* to wait upon, and assure her from his Mouth, that he

distin-

distinguish'd her from her Brother, whose Crime should not in the least lessen his Esteem for her. *Irene* writ to him in favour of *Roger*; and to oblige *Camilla*, did that which the repeated instances of an amorous Prince could not obtain from her. Next Day *Roger* was examin'd, and found guilty of High Treason, for maintaining a private Correspondence with the Duke of *Anjou*, who had a great party still in the Kingdom of *Naples*. He had been inform'd by some of them of the insatiable Ambition of *Roger*, and having offer'd him in Marriage a Princess of his own Blood, with certain Advantages, which he cou'd not hope from his present Master, this ungrateful Favourite, violating his Faith and Honour, had engag'd to receive the *French* into *Cajetta* and *Castellamara*, whereof he was Governour. The same Judges who convicted him of Treason against his Prince, discovered his villainous Plot against the Princess of *Tarento*; and now that mirror of Constancy the Prince of *Salerno*, who had abandon'd her when he saw her in disgrace, to offer his Services to *Camilla*, whom he saw in favour, no sooner found the King to repent of the ill Treatment he had given her, and resolv'd not only to re-instate her in her former Honour and Fortune, which had been unjustly taken from her, but likewise to confer new ones upon her, than this generous Lord, who had so lately importun'd the King to marry him to *Camilla*, now humbly entreated him to dispense with his Promise, and give him leave to carry on his Pretensions to *Mathilda*; and at the same time desir'd his Majesty, who design'd to make enquiry after her, to leave the care of that to him, and give him a Commission to go and find her where-ever he cou'd hear any News of her, in order to bring her again to Court. The King's Affection was too deeply settled on the beautiful *Irene*, not to think of her Brother *Hippolito*, and be concern'd that no body cou'd tell where he was. He dispatch'd Courriers into all parts of *Italy*, who had orders to enquire after him as they search'd for *Mathilda*, and in case they found him, to bring him again to *Naples*. He hoped by this means to convince *Irene*, how cordially he espous'd the interests of her Family, and how much it afflicted him, that she knew not what was become of her Brother, whom she lov'd so dearly. This amorous Cavalier, after he had search'd a long time for his Princess with the utmost care and diligence, without being able to find her, resign'd himself to that blind guide Chance, and rambl'd where-ever his Horse carried him, making no longer stay in any place than his Horse and that of his Servants, who we may suppose were not so solicitous as he in the search of *Mathilda*, had
time

time to rest themselves. As for his own part, he enjoy'd no more Repose than a condemn'd Criminal, and after he had pass'd whole Days in sighing on Horseback, spent whole Nights in complaining to the Trees and Rocks of the Cruelty and Absence of *Mathilda*, and in quarrelling with the innocent Stars, that generally lighted him to Bed, by reason he lay in the open Fields, and under the Canopy of Heaven. One Day, when he was so taken up with these melancholy Thoughts, that he did not consider that his Servant and Horses cou'd not, like himself, feed upon so slender a Diet as Love, he found himself towards Sun-setting near a solitary Inn, which rather look'd like a retreat for Cut-throats and Banditti, than a place to lodge Travellers. *Hippolito* had rode beyond it, for your true Lover is an indefatigable Animal, when his Valet inform'd him, his Horses were not able to stir a step farther, out of meer Lassitude and Hunger, not to speak of himself, who wanted to eat and repose as well as they; upon this our despairing Lover condescended to alight, but the Inn-keeper, who stood before his Gate, together with his Wife and an ill-look'd Fellow, who seem'd to be a Soldier, told him rudely, he had no place to entertain him in, and that his Rooms as well as Stables were all taken up. *Hippolito* was not much concern'd he cou'd not get a Lodging here, and his Servant had despair'd of getting one, when the Soldier that stood by the Inn-keeper, after he had whisper'd a few Words in his Ear, told *Hippolito* in *Calabreze*, that if he pleas'd he might come in, and that he should be very proud to lend his Room to so fine a Gentleman; and while *Hippolito* made scruple to accept so courteous an offer, the Man of the House, that had spoke so rudely to him a little before, came and held his Stirrup, while he alighted, with a smiling Cut-throat look, which shew'd he design'd to make a Penny of him. Thus *Hippolito* was persuaded to come into the Inn. He would not eat a bit, and having only drank a Glass of Water, (for Philosophers have observ'd that Love and Sorrow are very dry) he walk'd out to take a turn or two in a Place very proper for his melancholy Contemplations, which he had observ'd, not far from the Inn. In the mean time his Valet sat down to Supper with the Landlord and his Wife, and the civil *Calabrian*, who had so obligingly parted with his Chamber to *Hippolito*. He fell on like a Man that was half starv'd, and did not guzzle down so much Wine as he cou'd have done, because he was forc'd to call upon his Master to put him in mind of going to Bed, which was a thing he frequently forgot. He went to look for him among the Rocks, where he found him

him feeding his Melancholy, by reflecting on the ill condition of his affairs and his Love, and brought him back to the Inn; where they shew'd a vile Room, with a Bed yet more vile, and which having no Curtains, lay expos'd to the Sun and Wind on all sides. *Hippolito* would not undress, but threw himself in his Cloaths upon the Bed, as his Man did upon another, where he slept so heartily, that it would have made any Man but his Master to have envy'd him, who for his part could not sleep a wink; but a true Lover would think he had committed an unpardonable Sin, should he sleep like other Mortals. In a short time all the People in the Inn were got to Bed, and every thing was hush'd, when some Persons on Horseback disturb'd their Repose, and thunder'd at the Gate like to Persons that were impatient to be let in. The Man of the House, that got up to see what the matter was, knew them and open'd the Gate to them. Soon after *Hippolito* heard the next Chamber to his open; several Persons went into it, and some of them went out again immediately, while the rest that stay'd talk'd to one another. He was too much taken up with his own private affairs, to have any great curiosity for those of other People, and had not listened to their Discourse, if one of them had not talked so loud, that he fancied he was not unacquainted with the Voice. This made him desirous to know what they talk'd of, and at last he heard them speak the following Words distinctly. Yes, my dear *Julia*, I must once more say it, few Persons of my Condition have been treated worse by Fortune than my self: She has plung'd me in Miseries that are not to be parallel'd; but as great and vexatious as they are, yet they don't so much disturb me as the ingratitude wherewith the basest of Men requites my Affection for him; and this ingratitude does not sit so heavy on me, as mine to the Man whom I ought to love. I blame my self incessantly for it, and my inquietude on this score is infinitely more afflicting than all the Losses I have sustain'd, and all the Calamities that oppress me. The other Person that took up the discourse talk'd so low, that *Hippolito* could hear nothing but a few incoherent words, that were frequently interrupted by Sighs. He got up and crept to the Wainscot which divided the two Rooms, but the noise he made was heard by the Persons whom he had a mind to listen to, so their Conversation ceas'd, but not the Sighs of the afflicted Party, whose Voice he imagin'd to resemble that of *Mathilda*. The Reader may easily guess how impatient he was to know whether he was mistaken, and to satisfy himself in so important a doubt, was preparing to go out of his Chamber, when all on the sudden the Door open'd and by the Light of a dark Lanthorn, he saw four Men come into

into his Room with their Swords in their Hands, among whom he observ'd the *Calabrian* Soldier and the Master of the House. If he was surpriz'd at so unseasonable a Visit from these Men, who did not seem to come with any good Design, they were no less so to find him up and awake, who they hoped was in a sound Sleep. *Hippolito* clapping his Hand to his Sword, ask'd them what they wanted in his Chamber at such an Hour, and in such an Equipage; and he no sooner saw them put themselves in a posture to attack him, but he fell upon the foremost with such Bravery and Skill, that he soon made the Room too hot for 'em. In the mean time his Footman awak'd, follow'd the Noise, and seeing his Master set upon by so many Enemies, seconded him very valiantly, when having wounded all that had attack'd him, he laid the most dangerous of them at his Feet. These Men defended themselves like Fellows that did not value their Lives; but tho' they had been more in Number than really they were, yet could they not have resisted the valiant *Hippolito*, seconded by so courageous a Servant. He kill'd another of his Enemies, and the two that were left very fairly betook themselves to their Heels. He was so vex'd at a slight Wound he had receiv'd in his Arm, that he was resolv'd to pursue them, and in all probability had clear'd the World of them, as well as he had done of the other Sparks, had not these Villains been so wise in their fear, as to make one leap of it down the Stair-case and to shut the Door after them. *Hippolito* was a long while before he could open it, which gave the two Murtherers time enough to make their Escapes, so that he and his Man return'd to the Inn without them. He ran directly to the Chamber, where he thought he had heard *Mathilda's* Voice, but found it open and no one in it, no more than in the rest of the Rooms in the House, which he search'd with as much care as inquietude. *Fulvio*, said he to his Man, I heard *Mathilda* talk, I knew her Voice, and no one but such an unhappy Wretch as I could have mist her when she was so near me. He afterwards repeated to *Fulvio* the Words he heard *Mathilda* speak, interpreted them to his advantage, as he had some reason to do, but instead of giving him Consolation, they only increas'd his Affliction; for he thought this was a trick of Fortune, to let him hear *Mathilda's* Voice, for no other end than to make him more concern'd for not being able to see her, or know what was become of her. He look'd after this Princess in all the places there about, and was so besotted as to come back to the Inn to search for her there, but not a Soul was to be seen, except only in the Stable, from whence *Fulvio* took four Horses besides his own and his Master's.

Hippolito

Hippolito quitted this Inn in the most penſive Condition that can be imagin'd. *Fulvio* propos'd to carry off the Theives Horſes as lawful Prize, and repreſented to him, that perhaps they might find *Mathilda*, and then they ſhould want a Steed to mount her upon. *Hippolito* did not hear what he ſaid, or elſe would not vouchſafe to make him an Answer, ſo ſtrangely was he taken up with his melancholy Thoughts. *Fulvio* took his Maſter's Silence for Conſent, and tying the Horſes by the Tail, drove them before him, deſigning, I ſuppoſe, to make ready Money of them, the firſt Chapman he could find. They rode part of the Day together, without *Hippolito*'s anſwering ſo much as one of the many Queſtions *Fulvio* put to him, in order to divert him: They loſt their way, and at laſt were got among a parcel of barren Rocks by the Sea-ſide, and which ended in a ſandy Plain. Among theſe Rocks, in a Creek where the Sea ran into the Land, as they came from a narrow Lane, they fell in among a Company of Peaſants, arm'd with all ſorts of Clubs and other Weapons, who at firſt were ſurpriz'd to ſee two Men on Horſeback, followed by ſo many Horſes without any body to ride them; but at laſt taking Heart of Grace to ſee ſo few, and themſelves ſo many, for there was at leaſt a hundred of them, they encompass'd our Adventurers in a tumultuous manner; and holding the butt ends of their Muſkets up at them, ſome cry'd, *Who goes there?* Others, *Who are you for?* Others, *Knock them down*, and laſtly, ſome more Conſcientious than the reſt, *Who are ye?* *Hippolito* could not anſwer ſo many Queſtions at once, and if he could, theſe ill-bred Clowns made ſuch a confounded Noiſe that there was no hearing of him. At laſt an old Man of a tolerable good Aſpect, who afterwards diſcover'd himſelf to be the Commander of theſe formidable Hero's (for then every Man ſet up for himſelf) partly by ſpeaking aloud to them, which ſet him a coughing like an Alderman at Church, and partly by the Rhetorick of a good Oakent Cudgel, made ſhift to compoſe the Mutiny. He asked *Hippolito* peaceably and civilly who he was, and what Buſineſs he had in ſo ſolitary, and ſo remote a Place from the great Road. *Hippolito* told him he was a Cavalier of *Naples*, and had loſt his way to *Ancona*. He then asked the old Spark what occaſion had brought ſo many People together, who inform'd him that ſome Corſairs of *Barbary* having landed a great Number of Soldiers, they had pillaged ſome places near the Sea, and finding none to oppoſe them, and being covetous of a greater Booty, were ſo Foolhardy as to march

higher up into the Country. He added, that most of those Men he saw arm'd, had been robb'd, wherefore they resolv'd under his Conduct to wait the coming of the Enemy, and fight them as they came back with their Slaves and the Plunder of a neighbouring Village, which in all probability they were gone to attack; that 'twas impossible for the *Moors* to escape, there being no other way for them to get back to the Sea but this; and that it was not so much the Loss of their Goods that had encouraged these Peasants to attempt so bold a Design, as that of their Wives and Children. *Hippolito* offer'd to venture his Life in their Quarrel, and they took him at his Word. The old Man gave him the Command in Chief, which he accepted, to the great Satisfaction and Joy of our Boors, who now promis'd themselves mighty matters from *Hippolito's* Military Phiz. Four of the likeliest among them, of whom the old Fellow was one, were mounted upon the four Horses, which the provident *Fulvio* had brought along with him from the Inn. *Hippolito* divided his Men into three Parties. One he posted among the Rocks, where they cou'd not be seen by the Enemy, with Orders not to stir before they came up to them: He posted the second in a narrow Passage that led towards the Sea, to hinder the Infidels from getting back to their Ships; and he placed himself with his Men on Horseback at the Head of the third, encouraging them to behave themselves bravely, and fall in with the Enemy to render their Arrows ineffectual. He had scarce given these Orders, and posted his Men, but the Enemy appear'd to the Number of a hundred and fifty. They drove several Horses before their Mainbody laden with Booty, together with the Women and Children whom they had made Slaves. Being old experienc'd Soldiers, they were not a whit discourag'd to see *Hippolito* and his Troop marching towards them, or else perhaps they despis'd so small a Number. I will not trouble myself to relate the Particulars of this noble Battel between the *Moorish* Corsairs and our Peasants, altho' *Hippolito* did abundance of gallant Actions there, which deserve to be remembred. I will only tell you that his Orders were well executed, that the Arrows of the *Moors* did them little or no harm, because they fell in with them so gallantly, that he began their overthrow with the Death of their Captain, and concluded it by that of their stoutest Men. Our Peasants when they had been once blooded put all the *Moors* to the Sword, whether they cry'd Quarter or not,

not, and notwithstanding all the endeavours *Hippolito* used to prevent this Massacre. The Dead were lamented as much as the common Joy would give leave, and the Wounded bound up their Wounds. *Hippolito* received a thousand Commendations, and as many Thanks from these poor People, who verily believed they should not have got the better if it had not been for him. They offer'd him the better part of the Booty they had recover'd from the Enemy, which nevertheless he refus'd, as likewise to go and make Merry with them after the Victory. Just then *Fulvio* brought two Women before him in the Habit of Pilgrims, one of whom had no sooner taken off a great Hat which hid her Face, but he knew her to be *Mathilda*. He alighted, or I might rather say leapt from his Horse, to throw himself at the Feet of this Princess, who embrac'd him with all the marks of Tenderness that savour'd nothing of that disobliging Treatment, which the Tyranny of the Prince of *Salerno* had oblig'd her formerly to offer him. This faithful Lover wanted Expressions to let *Mathilda* know how glad he was to see her; never did his Eloquence leave him so in the lurch, never did he so strain to declare his Thoughts, which notwithstanding he murmur'd: In short he did not know what he did, so great was the disorder of his Mind. He was uncertain for some time whether he should inform *Mathilda* of the Pains he had been at to find her, so much did his excessive Modesty keep him from valuing himself upon his Services. However he gave her at last a true Recital of his Adventures, ever since he had left *Naples* for her sake, and forgot not to acquaint her what had happened to him in the Inn, where as he fancied, he had heard her Voice. *Mathilda* gave him abundance of Thanks for these last Obligations she had to him, adding that she looked upon herself to owe both her Life and Honour to him, since the defeat of the *Moors* was entirely owing to his Bravery and Conduct. She own'd that it was she who was in the next Chamber to him at the Inn, promised to inform him by what accident she had been carried thither, and in short to give him her whole History, whenever she had a convenient Time and Place to relate it. The other Pilgrim that accompany'd *Mathilda* was one of her Chamber-Maids called *Julia*, being the only Servant that had Fidelity enough to follow the Fate of her Mistress, and bear a part in all her Afflictions. 'Tis probable that *Fulvio* and she were glad to see one another; and for my part, I am apt to

believe that they said abundance of fine things, and displayed their Subaltern Eloquence to each other (if I may so express my self) very plentifully upon this occasion. Our Victorious Peasants that had observ'd with what concern *Hippolito* and *Mathilda* received one another, redoubled their courteous offers to *Hippolito*, who made no difficulty to accept them for the Princess's sake. Among the rest the old Man who, as I have already taken notice, led the Peasants on to Battel, before *Hippolito* came up to them, begg'd of him and *Mathilda* that they would do him the Honour to take a sorry Lodging at his House, which they accepted. He sent one of his Sons in all haste to get things ready at Home for the better reception of these Guests, and now they prepared for their Journey. *Mathilda* and *Julia* were mounted upon the two best Horses they could find. Among several Women, whom they had freed from out of the Hands of the *Moors*, *Fulvio* observ'd one whom he thought he had seen somewhere, who avoided as much as she could his looking at her, as if she knew him, but had no mind to be known by him. At last he came up to her, and found her to be the Inn-keeper's Wife that had design'd to Murther them. He went to inform his Master of it, and desired some Peasants to look after her. Towards the dusk of the Evening they arriv'd at the Village: *Mathilda* and *Hippolito* were receiv'd by our old Man with all the marks of Esteem and Gratitude. The other Peasants of the Village went home to their several Houses, to make Merry after so notable a Victory, and those that lived farther off, march'd home-wards likewise. *Hippolito* commanded the Inn-keeper's Wife, whom *Fulvio* had apprehended, to be brought before him, and upon the very first threatening to deliver her into the Hands of Justice, she confessed, that their Inn was a Meeting-place of Banditti and Robbers, that her Husband kept a Correspondence with all the Thieves of the Country, and that the Reason why he at first had refused to entertain *Hippolito*, was because he expected a famous Highway-man that Night, Companion to the *Calabrian* whom he had seen at the Inn, to confer with him about some Robberies they had in hand. She likewise inform'd *Hippolito*, that the *Calabrian* had a great mind to his Horse and Equipage, to rob him of which after he had whisper'd with her Husband, and persuaded him to join in the Action, he had lent him his Room. History does not tell us what they did to this Woman, after they had learnt from her all they desired to know.

Hippo-

Hippolito and *Mathilda*, the better to conceal their Quality, made *Fulvio* and *Julia*, the old Man and his whole Family, to Sup with them. After Supper (I cannot tell whether it was a good or bad or one) *Mathilda* wou'd not suffer *Hippolito* to languish any longer under his Impatience to know her Adventures, and therefore inform'd him by what Accident she came to the Inn, and afterwards into the Hands of the *Moors*.

After the King had commanded me, said she to him, to quit Naples, and thro the great Interest of my Enemies, I had but one Night allow'd me to put my self in a Condition to obey so rigorous an Order; I implor'd the Assistance of some Gentlemen at Court, whom I thought I had oblig'd enough to be my Friends, but I found to my disappointment, that they were only such to my Fortune, and not to me. I had reason also to complain of my Domesticks, who had all abandon'd me in this Extremity but *Julia*. She had a Brother Married in Naples, who had the Generosity to leave his Family at the entreaty of his Sister, to conduct me to the Place whither I design'd to steer my Course. He bestirred himself so effectually, that the very Night I was commanded to leave Naples, I had got every thing ready for my Journey, before break of Day. We dress'd our selves in the Habit of Loretto-Pilgrims, by which means we were not discover'd at the City Gates. I walked that Day as many Miles as could be expected from one of my Sex, who had never been used to Travel before, and we jogg'd on peaceably after the same manner for several Days together without any cross Adventures to disturb us. Yesterday a little before Night, we were met in a narrow Way by three Men on Horseback, that had the Looks of Villains. I design'd to avoid them, which I endeavour'd with so much haste, and so unluckily, that my Foot slipping against a piece of rising Ground, I fell at the Feet of one of thy Horses that came thundering after me. The large Hat which cover'd my Face, and my Head cloaths tumbled off which the Falk, and my Hair fell about my Shoulders. My ill Stars would so have it, that these Men saw something in me that did not displease them. They talk'd a while together, then alighting from their Horses, one of them seized *Julia*, another caught hold of me, while the third attack'd *Julia's* Brother, who had put himself in a Posture to defend us, but whom we saw soon after fall, being it seems run through the Body. After so many Misfortunes which had happen'd to me, and which from a happy Princess, at least so in appearance, had made me the most miserable Woman in the World, I had some reason to believe, that all the Prudence and all the Precaution

imaginable, would signifie nothing against the Power of Fortune, that we must e'en suffer her to act as she pleases, and persuade our selves, that her Inconstancy, which makes us to feel her Hatred, then when we thought our selves most secure from it, will in like manner restore us to her Friendship when we least expect it. Thus I resign'd my self, continues Mathilda, to my peculiar Destiny, and when I found my self stop'd and seiz'd by these Strangers, submitted without any struggling to be mounted on one of their Horses, because I knew they could otherwise have done it by force; and altho I was in their Hands, yet Death could deliver me from them, whenever their Insolence should oblige me to have Recourse to that last Remedy. Julia, who fell a screaming and crying out as loud as she was able, when she saw her Brother drop, yet suffer'd her self to be carried off after my Example, tho she still continued afflicted. At Night we arriv'd at the Inn where you heard my Voice. Your Engagement with the Robbers troubled us exceedingly at first, but when we saw you had driven them out of the House, and the Noise was over, Julia and I quitted our Room. Finding no body in the Inn, we resolv'd to make our Escapes out at the Garden-door, which then stood open, and the Fear of being retaken made us to double our Speed. We travell'd all Night, and part of the next Day, till the Heat of the Sun, and our Weariness together, forc'd us to rest our selves among the Rocks, not far from this Place, where we found a convenient Shade, and were taken asleep by the Moors, whom you defeated.

Mathilda concluded the Recital of her Adventures, with fresh Protestations to Hippolito, that she wou'd never forget what he had done for her. However she did not tell him the Name of the Place to which she intended to retire, and for his part, he did not ask her about it. No doubt it was to some petty Prince or other of Italy, in which Cattel that Country abounds, for any Man that has Money enough, may there be easily made his His Highness, without any other Qualification to merit it. I might with as little Difficulty have bestowed what Name I pleas'd upon him, since History has been silent in the matter; but I found upon second Thoughts, that his Name would be no great Ornament to my Narration, and therefore omitted it. Hippolito offer'd to conduct her whither she had an Inclination to go, but she would by no means suffer him; however she was forced, at the repeated Instances of our officious Cavalier, to take his Servant Fulvio with her, and two Horses for her self and Julia. I will not mortifie the Reader with a Recital of the melancholy parting between Hippolito and Mathilda. I'll e'en let her go in quiet to

Ancona,

Ancona, where she sold part of her Jewels, and bring back the poor *Hippolito* to the sad Ruins of his House, where he arriv'd without a Farthing in his Pocket, all the earthly Goods he had in this transitory World, being the Horse he rode on. He had scarce set Foot to Ground, before he met a *Neapolitan* Gentleman, who was in quest of *Mathilda*, as well as several others, whom the King had dispatch'd into all Parts of *Italy* to find her, if possible. He acquainted *Hippolito* with *Roger's* Disgrace, after what manner *Mathilda's* Innocence came to be discovered, the Orders the King had given to find her out, and in short, with all that had happen'd at *Naples* ever since he had left it, except his Majesty's violent Love to the beautiful *Irene*, which was nevertheless known to all the World; however our Gentleman thought fit to conceal it from him, whether out of an excess of Discretion, or for some other Reason I don't know. You may imagine, that *Hippolito*, generous as he was, and loving *Mathilda* better than his Life, was extremely pleas'd to hear of so unexpected a Revolution in her Favour, altho at the same time, he came to know that his own Condition was more desperate than ever; this Gentleman having withal assur'd him, that the King had promised *Prosper*, he should marry this Princess as soon as ever she return'd to *Naples*. This last News hinder'd the wretched *Hippolito* from going to Court, it made his Life odious to him, insomuch that he avoided all manner of Company so carefully, that he was the only Man in the Kingdom, who did not know what a great Ascendant his Sister had over the King. In the mean time *Mathilda* was no where to be heard of, altho the Gentleman that had accidentally met with *Hippolito*, went to *Ancona*, whither he told him she was gone, yet could he hear no News of her, notwithstanding all the Enquiries he made for that purpose. A Report ran of this Princess's Death, and some People pretended to relate the very Circumstances of it, which at last coming to *Hippolito's* Ears, it threw him into such a Fit of Sickness, that had like to have cost him his Life. But in short, his Body at length recovered a little Strength, in spite of the Indisposition of his Mind. He was accusom'd sometimes to ride on Horseback along the Sea-shore, and 'twas in one of these melancholy Freaks, that after he had made several Reflections upon the Misfortunes of his Life, he resolv'd to go and end his Days in the Wars which the *Grecian* Princes were at that time carrying on against the *Turk*, who now began to extend his Conquests from *Asia* into *Europe*. At last *Mathilda* was found, and *Hippolito* was so ravish'd with

Joy that he bestowed his Horse, the only Moveable he had left him in the World, upon the Man that brought him the News. The same Day his Servant *Fulvio* came to him, and was exceedingly astonish'd to find his Master so melancholy, and in so bad an Equipage, at a time when all *Italy* talked of nothing but the great Pow'r his Sister *Irene* had over the King, by the Love he bore her. He told *Hippolito* the Princess's Name, to whom *Mathilda* had retired, he inform'd him after what manner *Prosper* came to compliment her from the King, how he conducted her to *Naples*, and according to the laudable Custom of Servants, that always make haste to tell their Masters ill News, he exaggerated to him the Joy *Mathilda* had conceived at the sight of *Prosper*, and the Marks of Affection she shew'd him. Her Passion for him is so increased, continues this indiscreet Valet, that she has newly spruc'd up the old Cap of Plumes he formerly presented her with, which he has so often upbraided her with, and which is so well known at *Naples*, by the many Feasts that have been made upon it at Court. I can't imagine, says he, where the Devil she had laid it up, to find it at so critical a Juncture, but to be sure she must set a mighty Value upon it. After this rate trusty *Fulvio* began to rail at the Princess of *Tarento* a little more than became him; but *Hippolito* bid him to hold his Tongue, and perhaps had cudgel'd him, had he not given off, or alter'd his Language. *Fulvio* likewise told his Master, that the Princess desired him to come and meet her. How! cries *Hippolito*, and does she not sufficiently afflict me by not loving me, but to enhance my Affliction, she must make me see how well she loves another, and will she care for *Prosper* before me? It may be so, to give him, I suppose, the Pleasure of seeing me die with Grief, as if their Happiness wanted nothing to compleat it but my Death. But, continues *Hippolito*, I must obey her, and see how far her Injustice will go. He was in a good Vein to complain of his ill Treatment, and was about to have done it, as he had just Provocation, when he saw afar off a Body of Horse, which *Fulvio* assured him came with the Princess of *Tarento*, who designing to see *Hippolito*, would needs pass by his House, in hopes to find him there. Altho the King had sent his Coaches for her, yet she was resolv'd to make her Entry into *Naples* on Horseback. *Prosper* looked as big upon his Prancer, as a Holiday-Heroe, and being all over cover'd with Feathers like to any *Indian* Monarch, rode by her side. He entertain'd the Princess with a world of treble refin'd Compliments,

ments, and every other Moment sung some amorous Ditties to her, very methodically, and like a Man of Art. *Hippolito*, who was out of sorts, both as to his Mind and Body, would fain have declined seeing his Rival, as well as appearing before so much Company; but *Mathilda*, who knew him afar off, because perhaps she saw *Fulvio* with him, who had parted from her so lately, rode up to him, and *Prosper* and the rest of the Company did the like. *Mathilda* reproached *Hippolito* after the most obliging manner that could be, that being her best Friend, he had not done her the Honour to meet her on the Road, as some of the best Quality of the City and Court had done. *Hippolito* protested he had never heard of her happy Return till now, and added, that altho he had known of it, he had not presum'd to meet her, for fear such an unhappy Wretch as he might infect and disturb the publick Joy. *Mathilda* assur'd him he had effectually disturb'd hers, if she had not been so happy as to have met him. She conjur'd him to come and share in her good Fortune, as he had done all along in her Adversity; and added, that having a Design to marry, because she had found by woful Experience, that a young Princess, without either Father or Mother, had occasion for a Husband of Power and Interest to protect her, and that having cast her Eyes upon the Man she design'd to make Prince of *Tarento*, she desired him to do her the Honour to assist at her Wedding, which she wou'd not celebrate without him. *Prosper*, as having the principal Interest in this Affair, joined his Prayers to those of his Mistress, and contrary to his Custom, spoke abundance of civil things to his Rival, pretending to be overjoy'd to have his good Company. A despairing unhappy Man interprets every thing to his Disadvantage, as a sick Body beyond all Possibility of Recovery, turns the best Aliments to Poison. *Hippolito* took the Civilities and obliging Words of *Mathilda* as so many Cruelties she was minded to persecute him with. He could not conceive how she could have so hard a Heart, as to make him be the Spectator of her nuptial Ceremonies. He could not tell what Answer to make her, and therefore looked on her with Astonishment. The faithful *Fulvio*, who was as much scandaliz'd as his Master, curs'd her heartily behind his Back, and whispering him in the Ear, desir'd him of all Love not to go; swearing that she was a Fury incarnate, to ask him to see her married to *Prosper*. In the mean time *Mathilda* redoubled her Petition with so much Importunity, that *Hippolito* was not able to refuse complying

plying with her. She would have him that very Minute get up upon a Horse she had brought for him, tho perhaps it might so happen at that time, that he was not Master of a pair of Boots. Thus we see *Hippolito* mounted, very much out of Humour, and out of Countenance, by *Mathilda's* side, who rode between him and *Prosper*. The Princess still continued to talk very obligingly to him: She exaggerated the Obligations she had to him, and entertain'd the Company with a Recital of all the valiant Actions he had perform'd, both against the Robbers that attacked him in the Night, and against the *Moors*, whom he attack'd in the Day, altho they were much superior to him in Number, and with but a small Body of unexperienced Peasants. She was interrupted by *Prosper*, who with an Impertinence peculiar to himself, must needs acquaint her with the Miracles of that famous Night, in which *Roger* was taken, and with what Swiftneſs he had pursued the above mentioned *Calixtus*, who was privy to the Correspondence, which that chief Minister had kept with the Enemies of the State. *Mathilda* did not bestow much Attention upon his Discourse, but still address'd her self to *Hippolito*, altho he seldom made her any Answer. But *Prosper* by telling the same Story a hundred times over, made People to listen to him whether they would or no; and whatever happen'd to be talk'd of, he perpetually loaded the Conversation with the important Service he had done the King and Government, by his pursuit of *Calixtus*. He had mortified the Company much longer with this important Exploit, if the King had not appear'd, attended by all the topping Persons of both Sexes at Court and City. *Prosper*, to shew what a fine Figure he made, rode towards the King, and then without knowing why or wherefore, rode back again to *Mathilda*, with full as little Reason, and presented her to his Majesty, altho there was no occasion for it. She was received by him as well as she could desire or expect: He excused himself for all his ill Treatment of her, laying the Blame thereof upon *Roger*, and told her that to make her some Reparation for the Injuries, which thro the Instigations of this treacherous Favourite he had done her, he now bestowed upon her one of the best Preferments in the Kingdom. *Mathilda* thanked his Majesty with a great deal of Humility, but much more Wit. I will not here pretend to set down any of the fine Compliments that her Gratitude suggested to her upon this occasion. I will only tell you, that they were admired, nay, and applauded by all the Company, as I have been credibly inform'd. *Prosper*
interposing

interposing to make Acknowledgments for her, only repeated what she had said before. In the mean time *Irene* rode up to *Hippolito*, whom she knew from behind, and seeing her self out of the King's sight, threw her Arms about the Neck of her dear Brother, who had made her shed so many Tears, and drew some from her now. *Hippolito*, who lov'd *Irene* as much as so amiable a Sister deserv'd, embraced her in so tender a manner, that the sight thereof was enough to soften a Heart of Iron or Marble, according as the Reader pleases. The King, who missed *Irene*, and could not be long without her, looked for her in the Crowd, and at length perceiving her with her Brother, his amorous Impatience must needs make him ride up to her. He did not receive *Hippolito* as a bare Subject, when she presented him to his Majesty. *Matilda*, *Prosper*, and in short all the Persons of Quality about the King, observed that he talked to him after such a manner, as made some of the Politicians in the Company then conclude, that this Cavalier would make no little Figure at Court. But all the King's Smiles could not cure him of that mournful Air, which the Gaiety of his Rival had occasioned in him, who appeared as jolly and well satisfied as if he had the whole World at his Beck. All this while the Sun who darted his Rays very fiercely upon this noble Company, warm'd most of their Heads deliciously, but especially those that were bald. All the Flies from the Sea-shore, the Gnats from the neighbouring Places, those which the Horses belonging to the King's Retinue had brought along with them from *Naples*, and those which *Matilda's* Horses had brought with them from more distant Parts; in fine, all these buzzing Insects, which we may call the Parasites of the Air, incommoded their Faces exceedingly, tormented their Horses cruelly; and those poor Tits were the most exposed that had the least Tails to whisk about them. I must own indeed that the Umbrellas protected them a little from the Beams of the Sun, but not from the burning Reverberation of the Earth, or from the Clouds of Dust, with which the *Sistole* and *Diastole* of the Lungs commonly called Respiration, fill'd the Throats of all the Company, his Majesty not excepted. In a word, the place was not tenable; but to the great Consolation of those who suffer'd most by the Sun and Flies, the King, who was never weary where *Irene* was, had not as yet told *Matilda* all that he had a mind to tell her; and therefore talking loud enough to be heard by those that were about him, he pronounc'd the following numerical individual Speech to her, for it was

faithfully

faithfully repeated to me word for word. 'Beautiful Princess, after the Persecutions you have suffered from me, and in some measure by my Orders, and after all the Losses you have sustained, you would have little reason to be satisfied with me, and I should have as little to be satisfied with my self, if I did not do all that lay in my Power to contribute as much to your Happiness, as hitherto I have done to your Misfortunes. 'Tis not enough that I have declared you innocent, that I have restored to you all that was taken from you; nay, that I have encreased your Fortune by my Favours, for if I don't see you married to the Prince of *Salerno*, I do nothing. By making you this Present of the Prince, I acquit my self in part of what I owe you; and by rewarding him with so beautiful a Lady, I think I have sufficiently requited him for all the great Services he has done the State. Ah! Sir, said *Mathilda*, let your Majesty take care that while you intend to be just to me, you be not so to *Prosper*. Acknowledgment has its Excess, as well as Ingratitude. You will not give *Prosper* all he deserves, in giving him only me, and in giving me the great Prince of *Salerno*, you will give me more than I deserve. I am as well satisfied with your Majesty, as 'tis possible for me to be; and these last Testimonies of your Goodness, which I owe to my Misfortunes, render them so dear to me, that they will be the most agreeable things I can think of as long as I live. But, Sir, *contin'd she*, since your Majesty is so religious as to pay what you think you owe, and since a Subject ought to govern her self by the good Example of her Prince, will not your Majesty give me leave, now you have put me in a Capacity to pay my Debts, to do it immediately upon the Spot, and pay others in the same Coin they have paid me. Draw near therefore, brave *Hippolito*, said she to this Cavalier, turning towards him, come and thank my Gratitude, after you have had so much reason to complain of my Unkindness. I owe you a Love of many Years, which is not in the least lessen'd by my ill Treatment of you. I owe you, besides the Expences wherein this constant Passion has engag'd you, and besides the greatest part of your Estate which you have spent to support my Quarrel, and your fine House, which was burnt all long of me; I owe you, I say, my Honour and my Life, that were both in danger between the Robbers and the *Moors*; and I owe you likewise a Life, which you hazarded in my Deliverance. I will now take

care

' care to acquit my self, generous *Hippolito*, of all these Obligations; but those I have to *Prosper*, being of the oldest Date, are consequently the more pressing, and must be first discharg'd. *Hippolito* look'd as pale as Death at these last Words of *Mathilda*, and immediately reddend after he had looked pale. *Prosper* smil'd upon him, and gaz'd at *Mathilda* with a very amorous Look, who spoke to him as follows. ' Prince of *Salerno*, you would make me believe that you loved me from my Infancy, and indeed you have always treated me like an Infant. You made your self to be fear'd by her, whom you called your pretty Mistress; you have always amused her with fine Complements and Songs, or treated her with Reproaches and Reprimands, at the time when she expected the most important Services from you. In fine, the greatest Token of Love you ever gave me, was a Present of some of your old Feathers, which I promised to keep for your sake, and have been as good as my Word. With this she took the Cap off her Head, which *Prosper* had given her in the Days of Yore, and presenting it to him, at the same time, *continued she*, that I discharge my Debt, by returning you the fair Words and Feathers you gave me, I bestow my self upon *Hippolito*, and make him Prince of *Tarento*, to acquit my Obligations towards the most generous of all Men, whom I have always found to be a *Man of Deeds and not of Words*. When she had said these Words, she gave *Prosper* his fatal Cap with one Hand, and with the other took that of the despairing *Hippolito*, who from that happy Moment ceased to be so, and no more dream'd of this unexpected Happiness, than *Prosper* did of being repay'd with his Cap. The King, as well as his Courtiers, was not a little surpriz'd at this sudden Change of the Scene; but *Irene's* great Interest with him, and the Justice as well as Generosity of *Mathilda's* Action, made him to approve it: Besides the Commendations he bestow'd upon the Princess at the same time, kept the Prince of *Salerno* in his Duty, who blushing with Shame and Confusion, could not tell how to behave himself, and we may suppose, had it not been for the fear he lay under of displeasing his Master, he would have quarrell'd with *Mathilda*, according to his ancient Custom, in case the Interest of his Fortune had not been too prevalent for his natural Arrogance. The King took Pity on him, and presenting *Camilla* to him after he had talked a while in private with her and *Irene*, told *Prosper* that so beautiful a Lady with all her own Charms, and her Brother *Roger's* Estate might very well comfort him for the Loss of *Mathilda*. In the mean time all the Court strove

who

who should be most forward to congratulate this Princess upon her just Choice of *Hippolito*, and to assure this happy Lover how over-joy'd they were at his good Fortune. They were most plaguily embarrassed on both sides, to find out Compliments to answer every one, and were forc'd to repeat the same thing over and over again: But the King came very luckily to deliver them out of this Trouble. 'Beautiful Princess,' says he to *Mathilda*, you have taught me that we ought to discharge our Debts when we are able. I therefore acquit my self of the Debt I owe to *Irene's* Beauty and Wit, and this Day make her Queen of *Naples*. This unexpected Declaration of his Majesty surpriz'd, as we may imagine, the Company infinitely more than that of *Mathilda* had done. *Irene* throwing her self at his Feet, testified to him by her Respect and Silence, her Humility and Resignation. The King raised her up, kissing her Hand, and from that very moment treated her as he would have done the greatest Queen in the World. All these strange Adventures so took up Peoples Thoughts, that those that were most incommoded by the Heat, complain'd no longer of it. In short, they turn'd back towards *Naples*, where all sorts of Rejoicings began, till all things were prepar'd for the King's Marriage, who caused that of *Hippolito* and *Mathilda*, as likewise that of *Prosper* and *Camilla* to be deferr'd, to the end that the same Day might be signaliz'd by three such illustrious Weddings. The King never repented of chusing *Irene* for his Wife. *Mathilda*, who was of so loving a Temper, that she loved *Prosper* more than he deserved, for no other reason than because he happen'd to be loved by her first, yet loved *Hippolito* exceedingly, who for his part loved her as much when a Husband, as he had done when a Gallant. Only *Camilla* lived unhappily with *Prosper*. She durst not refuse him for fear of offending the King, who had punish'd *Roger* only with Banishment; and thus to save her Brother's Life, she render'd her own uneasie, being married to a covetous, impertinent, jealous Prince, who while he lived was the Scorn and Laughter of the Court of *Naples*.

THE
BOOKSELLERS
TO THE
READERS.

WE shall not trouble you with a long Harangue in Praise of our Author, he being so well known to have been one of the wittiest Men of his Age, and Husband to the great Madam de Maintenon, whose Politics and Wit have likewise made her famous all Europe over; but our present Design is to give you some account of this Edition. We having observ'd that the Comical Works of Scarron had been several times printed at Paris, Amsterdam, and elsewhere, thought it might not prove unacceptable to the English Reader, if we got them Translated and Collected into one Volume, and which we were the more induc'd to undertake, in that the Third Part of the Comical Romance, as likewise several of his Novels and Characters had never been before in English; and because part of his Works had been Translated near Forty Years ago, from Copies neither so correct nor full, as this last Paris Edition, from which we had this Translation. Besides, what was formerly printed of our Author's in English, was part in a Folio, and partly in
Octavo,

The Booksellers to the Readers.

Octavo, and so could not be bound together. Some Persons may object, and ask, why is not the City Romance here? To which we answer, it was none of his, but only Father'd upon him to make it sell. Our Design was only to publish his genuine Works, which we have done from the best Paris Edition; and as to the English, we hope the Translators have done themselves and you Justice. Several of the Novels before mention'd being interspers'd in the Comical Romance, we here add the Names of them and Page, for the ready finding of them, and remain

Your Servants, &c.

Scarron's Novels.

<i>The Invisible Mistress.</i>	page 20
<i>The History of Destiny and Mrs. Star.</i>	p. 45
<i>The Impostor Out-witted.</i>	p. 104
<i>The History of Cave.</i>	p. 129
<i>Leander's History.</i>	p. 140
<i>The Judge in her own Cause.</i>	p. 176
<i>The two Rival Brothers.</i>	p. 218
<i>The History of the Prior of St. Lewis.</i>	p. 279
<i>The two Jealous Ladies.</i>	p. 317
<i>The Capricious Lady.</i>	p. 321
All these in the <i>Comical Romance</i> .	

<i>Avarice Chastis'd: or, the Miser Punish'd.</i>	p. 337
<i>The Useless Precaution.</i>	p. 356
<i>The Hypocrites.</i>	p. 392
<i>The Innocent Adultery.</i>	p. 428
<i>The Generous Lover.</i>	p. 456

SELECT

S E L E C T
L E T T E R S
O F
M. S C A R R O N.

L E T T E R I.

To the Countess of Fiesque.

Madam,

YOU have not a better Friend upon the Face of the Earth than Fame. If you knew how many good Offices she daily does you where'er she goes, you would own you have a thousand Obligations to her. Ever since the City of *Orleans* has been taken ---- by a young Princess, attended by two Countesses, who won't give the Wall to any two Counts in Christendom, this everlasting Babbler has deafen'd all the World with the Recital of your Exploits. But 'tis agreed on all hands, that 'tis impossible for her to talk too much of them: so let us e'en leave her to prattle as she pleases, and not reproach her for being guilty of the Sin of Repetition. I confess the Action was noble and heroick, and my Muse lies under a violent Temptation to try how she can celebrate it, tho I have laid an Injunction upon her to be mute as long as I live. How in the name of Wonder! What Scale a City! I desire our fiercest Heroes to do more

K k than

than you, Illustrious Heroines; even *Clorinda* and *Camilla* could not have behav'd themselves more bravely at the Assault, than your Ladyship and *Madam de Frontinac*. You are two Bold-spirited *Amazons*, and I will maintain you to be such, not only in *France*, but all over the Universe. Neither *la Hire*, *Poton*, nor the Gallant *Dunois*, have carry'd their Glory farther by following the Steps of the old Maid of *Orleans*, that was burnt, than you have acquir'd Reputation by imitating the Modern one, who burns all that behold her:

*Her Charming Eyes inflame the Nation,
And cause a General Conflagration.*

In short, let the great Prince, who will make her change her Name one of these Days, be as Brave as he pleases, I question not but all the World will own, that the Lady is in all respects as good as the Lord; nay, I dare almost swear, before I have seen *America*, whither my Dog of a Destiny will send me in my latter Days, that at my coming there, I shall hear the *Indians* talk of the noble Exploits which her incomparable Royal Highness, attended by her brave Lieutenant-Generals, has perform'd for the Party. I would expatiate upon this Argument both in Verse and Prose, if I concern'd my self at all in the affairs of *Europe*: and besides, it would look ill in such an unfortunate Wretch as I am, to pretend to meddle with any gay Subjects. My meaning therefore in Writing to you now, is only to thank your Ladyship for being so kind as to remember my last Petition; for which I shall be oblig'd to you as long as I live, tho the Business does not succeed. I am

*Your Ladyships most humble,
and most obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

LETTER II.

To Mademoiselle de Nevillan.

Madam,

Altho in the common Language of the World we use to say Damn'd Poets and Poor Cripples, yet certainly there's nothing like being one of the two or both; since with these

these unhappy Qualities, I have deserv'd a Letter from Madam de Nevillan. However I will be so wise as not to boast of this Favour; for if I should, every Coxcomb in Town would fall a writing Verses, tho he had no Genius for 'em, and your Ladyship would be perpetually persecuted by these wretched Rhimers. In the next place, a World of our well shap'd Beaus would immediately break their Legs and Arms to put themselves in the same Predicament with me, and that would really be a pitiful Sight; yet after they had done so, perhaps you would not write to them, and that would be the Devil and all of a Disappointment. For this reason I will not thank you in Publick for the obliging Letter you were pleas'd to write to me. I only beg you to believe I shall always be oblig'd to you for it, and that I am,

Madam,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

Scarron.

LETTER III.

To Madam de St. Denis, a Nun.

Madam,

THE Present you made me is very pretty, but the Letter you sent infinitely more. I am resolv'd to wear your Bracelets on all Days of Ceremony, and will carefully preserve your Letter among my richest Curiosities. But 'tis not enough to thank you in Prose, I must do it likewise in Verse,

Your Present, Fair Nun,

Has your Vassal undone,

To my sorrow I say it,

He can never repay it.

This I plainly declare,

But you'll force me to swear.

Why let Fevers attack me,

Or Rheumatism rack me.

If this wo'n't suffice,

You some Oath must devise,

Of a terrible Size.

}

*Let it be what it will, I'll swear like a Dragon,
Or Gamester that loses, and has not a Rag on.*

The Spirit of Versifying being spent, I return to my Prose,
to tell you that I am,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Scarron.

LETTER IV.

To Monsieur Sarrazin.

YOU must certainly have little or no Business upon your Hands in your Kingdom of *Bordeaux*, since you can condescend to write to such a mean Fellow as I am; or else *Madam de Viger* has got entire possession of your Heart and Soul, since you could put your self to the Expence of so many Lines, to let me know what famous Exploits she has perform'd in Peace and War. For my part, if she be so handsome, as you say she is, I must freely own, that I would much rather break my Leg, than have known her when I was able enough to lead up a Country-dance; and I would advise you, dear Friend of mine, not to meddle there, since you have not much time to lose. But after all, is not this miracle of Beauty purely fram'd in your own Imagination? For you tell me such strange Stories of her, that I protest I should not believe 'em, but that I know you too well to think you would say so many fine things for nothing. Till you thought fit to undeceive us, 'twas an Article of Faith with us at *Paris*, that nothing at *Bordeaux* was capable to inspire Love but *M. Guyonet*:

*Whose smiling Looks and charming Air,
The Hearts of all the Nymphs enjare.*

But since we have read your Letter, we may easily believe, that if *Madam de Viger* makes a right use of her Charms, she will at least make as many Slaves, as *Guyonet* has made unhappy Damsels, and will abundantly revenge her self upon the poor Men, for all those Ravages which that dangerous Hero of *Bordeaux* has made on her own Sex. But tell me, dear Friend of mine,

mine, fairly and honestly tell me, are you not afraid to make one of those Slaves; you that pretend to be such a Servant to Love? As for me were I now what you tell me you are,

----- *Qualis eram bona*
Sub regno Cynara -----

and were at this present writing upon the Banks of the *Garonne*, where she makes so many Flowers spring under her Feet, it would-----let me see-----it would at least cost me two or three thousand Inquietudes, seven or eight hundred Jealousies, the Devil and all of restless Nights and uneasy Days, and numberless Tuns of Tears; for you must know, I have as good a knack at crying as any Man in the World, nay even as your self, tho' you can cry like to any Priest in a Lent-sermon. But to return to *Madam de Viger*, 'tis a thousand pities she is wiser than *Solomon*: to my knowledge there are abundance of Men in the World, that would be content with all their hearts, to be as great Fools for her, as the Queen of *Sheba* was for the aforesaid King of *Jerusalem*. For instance your humble Servant, who does not pretend to be so wise as the Son of *Bersheba*, as she it seems tells you I am, tho' for my part I think her ten times more amiable than the Queen of *Sheba*, would immediately ride Post to *Bordeaux* to see her, if I went to *Bareges*, as I design'd; but a confounded Planet, that breaks all my Measures, will force me in my own Defence to set sail for *America* within this Month. What fortifies me in this Resolution, is, that we are eternally plagu'd here in Town with a new Crop of Sots, who call themselves *Platonists* forsooth, and are perpetually plaguing us with their damn'd airy Doctrines. They no longer trouble their Heads to enquire whether a Man is a Man of Honour or Worth, and so forth, but whether he is a Wit of the new Stamp, and can talk *Platonically*. I don't doubt but we should soon see these *Platonick* Rogues hooted out of the World, were it not that some of the most considerable among them give out, that they are countenanc'd by a certain great Princess, whose Wit in truth is equal to her high Rank, otherwise these refin'd *Platonists*, with a Pox to them, had been hiss'd off the Stage long before now. Thus, my most witty Friend, I have laid before you, fifty Reasons why I am resolv'd to go to the *West-Indies*; I have been tempted too for a thousand Crowns to enter my self in our new *West-India* Company, which is going to settle a Colony within 3 Degrees of the Line, upon the Banks of the *Orillana* and the *Oronoque*. So adieu *France*, adieu *Paris*, adieu ye She-

Devils in the Shape of Angels, adieu ye *Menages*, ye *Sarrazins*, and ye *Marignies*: I take my leave of Burlesque Verse, of Comedies, and comical Romances, to go to a happy Climate, where there are no affected Beaus, no godly canting Rascals, no Inquisition, no Rheumatisms to cripple, nor no confounded Wars to starve me.

LETTER V.

To Madam de Sevigny.

I Have liv'd the most regular life in the World, and have taken as much Care of my self as a dying Pope could do, and all in Obedience to the Commands you were pleas'd to lay upon me, not to die till you had seen me. But, Madam, with all my Care and Caution, I find my self a dying, out of the impatient desire I have to see you. If you had better consider'd your own Strength and mine, you would never have put me upon so unrighteous a Task. You Ladies forsooth, with your Charms and other Merits, imagine you have nothing to do but command, and carry all before you; but we, poor Wretches, cannot dispose of our Lives just as you would have us. In my Opinion now, you may content your selves to kill those Gentlemen that see you sooner than they desire, without obliging those to live, who are depriv'd of your sight, as long as you desire it. You may e'en thank your self, if I cannot obey this first Command of yours, since you have hastened my Death: tho one would have thought, that to please your Ladyship I should have had as good a Stomach to live a hundred Years as any Man alive. But, Madam, can you not change me this kind of Death? For if you cou'd, you'd infinitely oblige me. These foolish Deaths that come from Love and Impatience, are by no means proper for one of my Age, much less are the things I have a fancy for; and if I have wept a hundred times in my Life for those unhappy Gentlemen that dy'd of these Distempers, pray consider how lamentably I shall bewail my self, who take it for granted I shall die this pretty kind of Death. But 'tis impossible for a Man to avoid his Destiny, and whether I had been your Neighbour, or liv'd a thousand Miles from you, 'tis all one, for I am fated to receive my Death's Wound from you. What comforts me is, that if I had seen you, my Death had been ten times more cruel than now it is like to be. I am inform'd on all hands, that

you

you are a very dangerous Person, and that those who look upon you without due Care, grow sick upon't immediately, and are not long-liv'd. Therefore, Madam, I will keep to the Death you have allotted me; and forgive you for it with all my Heart. Adieu, Madam, I die your most obedient Servant, and I pray to Heaven your Diversions in *Bretagne* may not be spoil'd, by any Remorse of Conscience, for killing an honest Fellow that never did you any harm:

*At least remember, Fair Ingrate;
That if I die before I see you,
Heav'n knows it is no Fault of mine.*

These are none of the best Rhimes, that's the truth on't; but at the Hour of Death a Good Christian rather thinks of Dying well than Rhiming so.

LETTER VI.

To the Marquess of Villarceaux

FOR the Discharge of my poor Conscience, I am oblig'd to tell you your Lordship did not know what you did, when you offer'd me your Friendship, and demanded mine in exchange. As much accusom'd as you are to do generous Acts, yet your wishing well to such an unfortunate Fellow as I, is a strain of Charity more dangerous to put in Execution than you wou'd imagine: For my part, I see but very little for you to hope, and a great deal to fear, tho I am never so great a Gainer by the Bargain. This, and nothing in the World else, cost *Armentieres* his Life in the Days of yore; and t'other Week poor *Haucourt*, not to mention to you the Lord knows how many more, whom I cou'd name, but you don't know them, who all dy'd suddenly and before their time, for no other reason, but because they had a Kindness for me. Wou'd you have me cite you other Examples to convince you that my Unhappiness is contagious? Know then, that Cardinal *Richelieu* dy'd within a Month after I had the Honour to be introduc'd into his Company. The late Prince of *Orange* no sooner shew'd an Inclination to be kind to me, but he fell ill of the small Pox, which carried him off. The President *de Mesme* fell immediately into a Consumption, after he had given himself the trouble to visit me in my Quarters three

Story high. In short, my Friendship is so certain to hurt, and that speedily too, that I can't for the Heart of me unriddle how our new Cardinal *de Retz* came to be promoted to the Purple, against Wind and Tide as the saying is, at the time when he was so indiscreet, as to tell all the World he had an Esteem for me. Now after all these fatal Instances, if you are resolved to honour me with your Heart, I surrender my self Body and Soul to your Discretion. I am not such a Coxcomb as to refuse Happiness when it is proffer'd me, or to slight the Friendship of a Person whom I passionately Love, as well upon the Score of his own shining Qualities, as my own Natural Inclinations. However, I can't help pitying you exceedingly; for once more I must tell you, that I am the unluckiest Devil in the Universe, and a certain Fore-runner of Mischiefe where-ever I come. I will tell you more of this matter to morrow, at Madam *de Lenclos's*, whither I will come in a Chair about Dinner-time, &c.

Your most humble, and
most obedient Servant,

Scarron.

LETTER VII.

To the Queen of Sweden.

Madam,

TO offer your Majesty a Play of my own composing, is to make you a Present unworthy of your Merit and Quality; but 'tis my Opinion, every Man ought to be Tax'd according to his Estate, towards the Payment of that Tribute, which all our present Writers are oblig'd to pay to you. The Authors of the *Augustean* Age, paid the same Tribute in Verse and Prose to that Patron of Wit *Mecenas* of happy Memory, whom your Majesty knows much better than my self, by the Testimony of all the Poets, to have been a very generous gallant Person. But notwithstanding all the noise his Name has made in the World, he has no other Advantage over your Majesty at present, than that of being born before you; and I durst lay every farthing I have in the Kingdom of *Parnassus*, that your Majesty would have carried away all his Practice from him, and made him as angry, as the Great *Gusta-*

was your Father would have made his Master *Augustus*, if he had been but to dispute the Empire of the Universe with him. But Madam, if so inconsiderable a Wretch as I am may be allow'd to put a few Questions to so great a Queen as you are, does not your Majesty find your self sometimes incommoded by being so great a Heroine? Even extraordinary Merit has its Inconveniences, and those solemn Trifles call'd Epistles Dedicatory, which we Poets, forsooth, would palm for Incense upon the Persons whom we pretend to deifie, are not always of the same Value, nor have they the same Effect. Some of these Druggs make a mighty Smoke, but do not perfume; and indeed I am not Prophet enough to foretel whether what I now offer to your Majesty will pass in your Court for right *Spanish*, or common Essence. The late Prince of *Orange* thought otherwise of it, and found it to answer. If your Majesty likes it, pray don't be sparing of it. I shall soon have a Recruit, and will keep it for your Use, whom all the World unanimously owns to surpass in Merit all the Princes of former Ages, to eclipse all those of the present, and to be the best Example for all that come after you to copy. This is as true, as that I am, with the profoundest Humility,

Your Majesty's most obedient Servant,

S—

LETTER VIII.

To ———

YOU are taken ill of a Tertian Ague; if it turns to a Quartan, we must e'en expect to be plagued with it all this Winter; for you need not question but it will torment me as much as your self. Pray be so kind as to inform me how many Fits we have already had, and what the Physicians say to them, for you have them first, and 'tis a very odd business, upon my Word, that you should know all my News four or five Hours before I my self do. 'Tis a Sign I have a good Opinion of my Strength, since mortified thus by my own Distempers, I can afford to bear so great a share in yours. I don't know whether I had not done much better to have stood upon my Guard against you the first time I saw you: 'Tis plain, I ought to have done it, if we are to judge of things by their Events.

But

But who the Duce would have thought that a young Lady wou'd disturb the Repose of an old Fellow, and prove such a Thorn in my Side as to make me lament my unkind Destiny, because I am not in a Condition to revenge my Quarrel upon her. Jestling apart, I know you are very ill, but don't know whether the People about you take such care of you as they ought. This Inquietude not a little augments my Concern to see you so unhappy, and my self so incapable of doing you any Service.

*While you all naked in your Bed
Those wanton roguish Breasts display,
Where Cupid do's recline his Head,
And sleeps his happy Hours away.
I tofs and tumble till the Morn,
I pass the Night in restless Sighs:
The God of Sleep my Prayers do's scorn,
And from my weary Eye-lids flies*

And all this I suffer forsooth for loving you more than I thought to do. Good Heavens! that I should not only love you, but like a Sot doat on you so vainly. 'Od's Life, how comes this about, that every moment of the Day I should long to go to *Poitou*, tho the Weather be so cold, that Bears in their *Russian* Furs would scarce venture to peep abroad. Is not this downright Conjurat[i]on? Return, Madam, for Heaven's sake, return, since I am such a Milk-sop as to disquiet my self for your Absence. Indeed I ought to know my self better, and to consider that 'tis Plague enough for me to be a Cripple from Head to Foot, without being bedevil'd with that cursed Disease, which our new weekly Bills call *The Impatience to see you*. 'Tis a confounded Disease, that's certain. Don't I see how it racks and persecutes poor *M---* because he cannot see you so often as he would, altho he sees you every Day in the Week. He writ to me like a Man in Despair, and I dare engage to you that this very Minute I am talking to you, he's among the Damn'd, not because he's a Heretick, but for loving you, and that's enough in all Conscience. However, Madam, you ought at last to put a stop to your Conquests, and suffer poor Mortals to live in Peace.

*Command those Eyes to leave off Killing,
If to oblige Mankind you're willing.*

'Twere happy for you, Fair Lady, that you had nothing to do with me, for I shall certainly be even with you. Perhaps you laugh at these Menaces, but know, imperious Fair, that
Men

Men will never be wanting to assert their Rights, where the Publick is concern'd. What! can you find no better Employment than to kill and murder poor People? Tell me, my charming Tormentor, are you a *Christian*? Set your Hand to your Heart and resolve me this Question. You are a *Turk*, upon my Honour, I know it full well, and one of the worst sort of *Turks* too. Your *Turks* of the better sort are a good-natur'd honest People, and delight in works of Charity; but I know by Experience that you are of a different Temper, and would not do the least Act of Goodness for an Empire, even to those that love you as their Eyes; therefore I must bluntly tell you you are not worth a Farthing, altho your Outside be one of the finest in the World, and you are made up of a thousand good and pretty Ingredients. No one confirms the Truth of the Proverb so well as your self, *that all is not Gold that glisters*. In short, you are as much a Devil as you are fair. But after all (see what it is to be beautiful) no Man loves and honours you more than

*Your most humble, and
most obedient Servant,*

S—

LETTER IX.

To—

Sir,

I Have been inform'd by Monsieur *Du Pin* with what Generosity and Readiness you offer'd to do me any good Services with the King, which you may expect to succeed in, for a thousand Reasons that shall be nameless: But if I should suffer you to combat my ill Fortune that has hitherto persecuted me, I am afraid you'd have the Dissatisfaction to see your self once in your Life disappointed in your Generous Designs. For this Consideration, I would advise you not to pretend to oppose my unlucky Destiny; however, I have all those Obligations to you for your kind Offer, which a Man ought to have, who has scarce the Honour to be known to you, who never did you the least Service, who is incapable to do you any, and to whom, notwithstanding all this, you have offer'd your Protection. This uncommon strain of Generosity is so peculiar to you, that as far as I could know you by your Reputation, I should immediately have guess'd it to
come

come from you, tho *M. du Pin* had conceal'd your Name. I have a particular Veneration for those Persons that resemble you; and am vex'd, that the little time I have to live, will hinder me from knowing all your History, which I would have study'd with as much Satisfaction, as I have done that of the most Illustrious Men. Altho Nature never cut me out for a good Courtier, yet am I one of those Persons to whom the greatest Men in the Kingdom have ofteneft made liberal Promises, and ofteneft broke their Words. However, neither this Misfortune, nor a thousand others that attend me, shall hinder me from being very well satisfy'd with my Fate, while you believe I am with the utmost respect,

Sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient Servant,

Scarron.

LETTER X.

To _____

WHY how now Madam! You are a Lady of the most quarrellsome Temper I ever met with. Had you not some other good Qualities to balance this bad, upon my word I should lead but an uneasie Life with you. A very pretty Business this! To have all this Noise and Clutter about ones Ears, because I was once worse than my Word. Why, Madam, I can break my word with you a hundred times over, and yet not love you a jot the less. Be satisfy'd, I love my Friends so violently, so terribly, and all that, that I am e'en asham'd on't; but then I must inform you at the same time, that there are some small trifling Inconveniences to suffer from me. In the first place I am as Lazy as the Devil; and to convince you, what I say is true, 'tis out of pure Laziness I cannot stir to my Cabinet to look out the Verses I promis'd you, altho I have as great a Desire to do it as your self can, however will do it anon. When you rail at me next for this, you shall see with what a Christian Patience I will bear it, and then will leave you to judge, whether I am not at least good to be rail'd at, tho I am good for nothing else. Your Nephew need not give himself the trouble to set us at Variance, for you
and

and I will make a shift to quarrel between our selves like two Furies, without any Body's interposing; but then we'll be Friends again in a Minute, and that will be a diverting Scene. Adieu, Madam, I am your most humble and most obedient Servant, or may the old Gentleman in black hurry me to his Dominions.

LETTER XI.

To the Bishop of Mans.

My Lord,

I am not dead, Heaven be prais'd for it, as your eight Canons are whose Prebends you have dispos'd of, and yet you have made so free with your humble Servant as to give away mine. I should be heartily concern'd if they were no more dead than I am; not but that I love my Neighbours very well; but if they were not dead, *Monf. Costar* and *l'Eslee*, who perhaps are still my Friends, would not be Arch-deacons and Deacons. I can't tell how I came to stumble upon this Word perhaps. Perhaps I had not us'd it, if I had thought better of the matter. The next time I do my self the Honour to write to you, I will have a foul Copy by me, because I will do nothing against my Conscience. But to return to my Prebend, since you have given it away, you ought to give me another in recompence, nay tho it were only to make me amends for losing so much time in relying upon the Promises of your late Unkle of happy Memory, and no Performances. I need not inform you what you are to do; but if I were in your place, I would bestow a good Benefice upon one that wou'd be in mine: For I know you never want means to make Vacancies, without offending against good Manners; as an Eunuch did whose Name was *Mortier*, Unkle to the Abbot of *Evron*, and who was himself of *Marmoustier*, I don't mean Eunuch but Abbot. This Jewel of a Monk poison'd a score of Priors once at a Dinner, and thereupon writ a Treatise, entituled, *a Method to make Benefices vacant*, Publish'd by the Right Reverend Father in God, such a one, &c. 'Tis a great sign I grow old, when I set up for a Teller of Stories. But the Clock has struck twelve, and the *Lavardins*, who are great Talkers, don't love those that Talk as much as themselves, and as for my self, I am one of the greatest Talkers I know. For this Reason therefore, and because I writ this Letter only to tell it you, I will conclude.

clude. However, I will make bold to add, that now you are in the Kingdom of your Fathers, you ought to remember my Friend *Menage*, who with all his Merit and Learning, has got but little Preferment in the Church, and you would do well to give him a lift. I bethink my self likewise, that I have forgot to flourish my Letter here and there with as many *My Lords*, as are due to a Prelate, but I will avoid this Fault for the future, and never write to you without having a fowl Copy by me. I am,

My Lord,

*Your most humble and
most obedient Servant,
and what's more,*

Your dutiful Cannon,

Scarron.

LETTER XII.

To his Eminence my Lord Cardinal de Retz.

My Lord,

YOU have made me rich in spite of Fortune, by getting your self made Cardinal in spite of your Enemies. I hazarded all I was worth in the World, that you would be advanced to this Dignity; and if I have to do with Gentlemen of Honour, shall be worth half as much again as I was before. I pray God you may be able to say the same; and let his Providence bring it about as he shall think most convenient. 'Tis likely he will do it all at once, and your new Purple will soon, I hope, be supported by every thing Necessary to its Grandeur, to convince the World, that the Hand which made *Amboise* and *Richelieu* Cardinals, has not yet shewn all it is able to do. I hope we shall in a short time have the Satisfaction of seeing this come to pass. In the mean time, My Lord, I humbly entreat you to believe, that in *France*, in the *Indies*, or where-soever my unfortunate Destiny shall carry me, I will always be, with the utmost Zeal and Respect,

Your Eminence's

Most humble and

most obedient Servant,

Scarron.

LET.

LETTER XIII.

*To the Duke of Retz.**My Lord,*

YOU take a Pleasure perhaps in being Generous, but pray be undeceiv'd. 'Tis the greatest Plague can happen to a Person of Quality, when he is so indiscreet as to bestow any Favours on such an unfortunate Fellow as I am. 'Tis not enough with us Authors to be once oblig'd, we are importunate Duns to our Patrons as long as we live. 'T'other day you gave me *Voiture's* Works, and am I not an impudent Fellow now to ask you a thing of greater Importance? I know some Lords in the World that wou'd immediately change colour upon these words, but the Duke of *Retz*, I am perswaded, will read 'em without any dread; and I dare engage, he is as impatient to know what I am going to beg of him, as I am confident I shall obtain it. The Matter, in short, is as follows. A young Gentleman of my acquaintance, who at twenty Years of Age has fought twenty Duels, and all as noble as that of the *Horatii* and *Curatii*, and who is as wise as valiant, has kill'd an impudent Scoundrel that forc'd him to fight him. Now he cannot get his Pardon out of *Paris*, and by his good Will wou'd be in Security there, because he has a natural Aversion to hanging. I could make a shift to find him a Lodging at a certain Prince's Palace, but then he would run the risque of starving there; now I humbly conceive, Famine is rather worse than the Gallows. If you will be pleas'd to afford him Sanctuary in your House, I know he will have no reason to fear either one or the other; and besides, 'twill be no little satisfaction to you, to have protected a young Gentleman of his Merit. This is not all, for you'll take the greatest Pleasure in the World to see him snuff the Candles with a Pistol, as often as you have a mind to see that Pastime. As you are the most generous Person living, I don't doubt but you'll thank me for giving you so handsom an occasion to exercise your Generosity, and for my part I promise it shall not rest here; for as soon as ever you have granted me this Favour, I will every Day importune you to employ your own Interest and that of your Friends to obtain his Pardon. The Burlesque Muse will not be silent of such a Kindness, but will endeavour to shew her Gratitude, tho till now she never engag'd in an Affair of this Nature. I ask you a thousand Pardons for the length

length of this Letter; and as often kiss your fair Hands, or such as they are. Oblige with a few Lines,

My Lord,

*Your most humble and
most obedient Servant,*

S.

LETTER XIV.

To the Queen of Sweden.

Madam,

I Have sent your Majesty some of my Works, which perhaps you have not yet seen. If you find any thing in them to please you, I shall be as glad as 'tis possible for a Man to be, who after he has had the Honour of seeing you, is now so unhappy as to be depriv'd of that Blessing. Nothing was wanting to compleat the Calamities of my Life, but that I should afflict my self at your Majesty's Absence, and at the same time envy all those that are near you. I don't know whether these Persons are sensible of the Happiness they enjoy, but I shall reckon them the most stupid of all irrational Animals, if they entertain not the highest Admiration and Respect for your Majesty. As for me, if I were in their place, and able to ramble from one Country to another, I should immediately set up for a little *Orlando* for your sake. 'Tis true, I should not with one single stroak of my Sword fell so many thumping Trees, or commit so many Ravages as my Brother Hero in *Ariosto*. My Follies should give more Diversion, tho they were nothing near so terrible, and perhaps would not excite less Compassion. You see, Madam, I have made use of the Permission your Majesty gave me, as being a Gallant of no small Consequence, by being that for the greatest Queen that ever was, which this Romantick Blusterer was for a Queen that never was in being. 'Twas well your Majesty gave me this Permission, for otherwise 'tis ten to one I might have taken it, and so by refusing it, you might have found your self disobey'd by one, who would not do it upon any other Occasion whatever, tho it should cost him his Life. Setting aside Majesty, you are Madam, one of the most admirable Women in the the Universe. Wherever you go, your Eyes gain you more
Subjects

Subjects than a great Kingdom gave you, and as they of themselves do all those Miracles we have seen them, without your taking any Pains to teach them, we must be forc'd to own, they are the finest and most charming Eyes in the World, but withal the most dangerous. Thus I behold nothing but Rivals in all Persons that come to see me, and I behold no Rivals among the Ladies, which is none of the least Miracles your Majesty has perform'd, I mean your making them so just to you, who are naturally envious to the rest of their Sex. I should fear, Madam, I took too much Freedom with your Majesty, if you did not know better than any one, that a great deal of *Icarus* and *Ixion* enters into the Composition of a Poet, and that the History of these two rash Adventurers, tho by the by, their end is not very much for the Advantage of these Traders in Immortality, is of all Fables that which pleases them most, and is of the greatest use to them. There is not a Poet to be found, who would not prefer the Reputation of being a modern *Ixion*, to that of turning a Stanza handsomly, and a happy Boldness (for so they are pleas'd to Christen their Love of Contemplation) to the Laurel, Money, or both together. But, Madam, perhaps I begin to abuse the Command your Majesty laid upon me to write to you, if I have not already done so. I beseech you therefore, that if you think fit to continue this Honour to me, you would let me know how far my Letters may be privileged, that they may never go beyond the Respect I owe you. I am,

Your most humble,
most obedient, and
most dutiful Servant,

Scarron.

LETTER XV.

To the Countess of Brienne.

Paris, August 7. 1657.

Madam,

YOU had the Curiosity to visit me as well as the Queen of Sweden; you ought therefore, like her, to give me leave to be in love with you, and allow me the Honour of a Passion, which now perhaps no longer depends upon your consent. If you are of opinion I ask more than you ought to grant me, or that I undertake more than I am able to

L I

perform,

perform, I will content my self with being one of your Friends, and conceal the Lover from you. Unless you think fit to allow me this Favour, you must e'en discard me your Service, which will be a severe Mortification to me, for I have a furious Desire to please you with all my Might. After so frank a Declaration, you may very well imagine, I would not deceive you for all the World; I will therefore honestly acquaint you with all the good and ill Qualities of the Person who is resolv'd to devote himself to you while he lives. His Body, in truth, is somewhat ill-shap'd and out of sorts, as you could not but observe when you saw him, for which reason Women with Child are forbid to make him Visits. As for his Soul, he is so well satisfy'd with it, that he would not exchange it for any but yours. When he is in Love, he loves with so much violence, that he is sometimes asham'd of himself for it; and since all must out, altho he be nicely punctual in discharging the Offices of Friendship, yet is he nevertheless a little remiss in writing to his Friends. But then he speaks well of them upon all Occasions, with a sort of Fury too, and sometimes so much as to tire his Hearers; and when he is oblig'd to espouse a Man's part whom he pretends to love, a Lyon and he are one and the same thing. If you like me after this Description, I am entirely at your Service. Thus expecting you'll pronounce either my good or bad Destiny, I am, and always shall be, after what rate soever you think fit to treat me,

*Your Languishing Ladyship's
most Passionate Admirer,*

Scarron.

LETTER XVI.

To the same.

Paris, Aug. 8. 1657.

Madam,

IT was in your Power, I own it, to chuse whether you would receive a Declaration of Love from your humble Servant or not, but as it was not in your Power to hinder him from being so bold and presumptuous as to make one, allow me to doubt, whether you have rejected it, till such time as you absolutely command me to believe the contrary.

If

If you a common Beauty were,
 One Frown might make your Slave forbear.
 But, Madam, who can you behold,
 Made of Nature's richest Mould,
 A Nymph so charming who can see,
 And not with Love transported be?
 And when with his resistless Dart
 The little God has pierc'd the Heart,
 What Mortal can conceal the Smart?
 No, the poor Wretch is forc'd to show it;
 By sad Experience I know it.

Come, let us go to Confession, Madam, and honestly own,
 that neither of us were so sincere as we ought to have been
 in the first Letters we wrot to each other, and that if it is im-
 possible not to write to you of Love, being so beautiful, 'tis no
 less so for me, who pretend to an indifferent Judgment, to
 content my self with being only one of your Friends, as I in-
 timated to you in my last. If the conclusion of your Letter
 be as sincere as the beginning is otherwise, the good Opinion
 you promise to have of me, will produce tragical Effects at
 Court; and you will see hundreds of Pretenders there cripple
 themselves, and all to out-rival me. For my part I can't help
 it if they do; and tho I shall strive by the violence of my Pas-
 sion to deserve what your natural Goodness permits me to hope,
 yet shall I not be so love-sick neither, as to attempt to please
 you at the Expence of my Understanding

LETTER XXVII.

To the Count of Vivone.

June 12. 1660.

IN vain, my Lord, you post it away,
 And kill your Brace of Steeds in a day,
 And o'er the dusty Plains come pouring,
 Like Husband for a Midwife scouring,
 Or Winds the Clouds before them driving,
 Or Parson scampering for a Living.
 You'll come too late to see that Sight
 That do's two Warlike Realms unite,
 The Marriage of Lewis XIV. of France, and Anne of Austria.

*And in eternal Friendship join
 The Golden Tagus and the Seine:
 Oh that the happy Royal Pair,
 (And faith, my Lord, they promise fair)
 Wou'd get this Night a Son and Heir!
 Or, to compleat the Peoples Joys,
 Give them a Brace of chopping Boys.
 What Shows, what Triumphs wou'd be seen,
 How shou'd we bless and thank the Queen!
 How wou'd it scare both Turk and Persian,
 Pox on't, I want a Rhime for Ersian.
 Then since Thalia jaded grows,
 I'll throw up Verse, and come to Prose.*

To return then to my Prose; Oh, brave Count *Vivonne*, I come to tell you, altho you know it as well as my self; but I must write you a Letter, and have but little or no Matter to fill it with, I must tell you then that *Paris* is exactly as it was when you left it; that for one Man of Sense, you may meet a hundred thousand that are not so, and never will be, and that it is with the Women just as with the Men. The young Sparks of *Paris* carry the World before them in the Absence of the Court; wear their long Perriwigs and Swords, and set off every thing with an Air of Quality. There is scarce a Quarter of the Town but some Poet, either good or bad, lives in it; or a House that receives Visitants but is plagued every Day, at least, with half a score empty Praters or conceited Coxcombs. Now I talk of Houses, mine is the only House in *France*, where the merriest Tales are to be heard, and where you have the greatest Power. Your Health is often drank among us, and *d' Elbene* rails at you like a Dragon, when he and I are at our kickshaw Repasts. As for me, I find my self daily decline, and go down the Hill much faster than I cou'd desire. I have a thousand Pains, or rather a thousand Legions of Devils in my Legs and Arms; yet in this wretched Condition have been so undaunted and rash, as to love you most inordinately. I can't tell how the Freak came to take me in the Head; but this I know full well, that you are a great deal of Friendship and Esteem in my Debt; so that if you do me Justice, I shall have reason to boast I was so happy in the latter end of my Life, as to make the most advantageous Acquaintance I ever had, meaning your self. 'Tis true, my Ambition, as great as it is, ought to stop here; but you have told me so many things of Monsieur *Manchini*, that I am resolved never to release you of the Promise you made me, to bring me

me acquainted with him; provided always nothing in this Letter to the contrary notwithstanding, that he be not a Man of mighty Compliments; and the reason is because I immediately fall a weeping whenever I hear 'em, or am forc'd to make 'em my self, and come off so sneaking and pitiful that you'd laugh at me. In short, Compliments are my Aversion, as Serpents and Toads are that of all Mankind; and I am as much afraid of them as of a strong Breath, an Old Lady's hollow Tooth, or of a would-be Wit. That nothing of this kind may be laid to my Charge, I will send my Letter without making you one, that is to say, a Compliment; and will bluntly and roundly tell you, that no Man in the World honours you more than,

Sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient Servant,

Scarron.

LETTER XVIII.

To Monsieur du Rincy.

Feb. 23.

Sir,

THE Proceedings at the Town-hall to morrow will be another Battel of *Pharsalia* to me. I mean, my Destiny will be decided there; and I shall know in a few Minutes whether 'tis worth my while to live, or whether I must go hang my self. I therefore conjure you, Oh Gallant *du Rincy*, to represent to the generous *Pelisson*, that this is an Affair of Consequence, that he must now or never redouble the Recommendation of his Patron, before whom every Knee bows, and get him to speak to the Provost of the Merchants, and the four Sheriffs who are to meet on *Thursday* Morning about ten, at the Town-hall. It will not be enough barely to desire them to do Justice, for that they owe to the meanest Scoundrel, but to beg a Favour of them, if there be Occasion for it: But between Friends the Affair is honest, and they may easily pass it without getting the ill will of one Man in the City.

LETTER XIX.

To Monsieur de Marigny.

Sir,

TO deal freely with you, I scarce know how to behave my self, after the Prince of Conde has done me the Honour to remember me, and altho I am the most wretched and melancholy Man that ever was, yet must I publish my Joy to all the World, since you send me word, his Highness is pleas'd to divert himself with reading my Letters. I cannot imagine how you come to think them so pleasant at *Brussels*, since the Person that writes them at *Paris* is to my knowledge sometimes so confounded Splenetick and ill humour'd that there's no enduring him. And who in *Lucifer's* Name, wou'd not be so under my Circumstances? 'Tis true indeed the World sometimes seems to have an Esteem for me, and often to think me worthy of their Pity; but alas, that is all, for they take no care to relieve me.

*Each Hour, alas! I older grow,
Time on my Temples sheds his Snow.
And as I find my self decay,
And hasten to my Mother Clay,
My past and present Ills conspire
To jade my Muse, and damp my Fire.*

When I consider I was born well enough to have deserv'd the Respects of the *Bois-Roberts* of my time:

*That merry ban'ring Priest you know,
Who not a Rag of Sence can show,
Thanks to his noble Front of Brass,
For a profound Divine do's pass.*

When I bethink my self, that till the Age of twenty seven I had a Constitution strong enough to out-drink a *Dutchman*; that I am still so sound within, that I drink all sorts of Liquors, and eat all sorts of Meat with as keen an Appetite as the greatest *Epicure* of them all. When I consider, that for the Faculties of my Mind, I am neither dull, weak nor impertinent; that I am free from Ambition and Avarice, and that if Heaven had been pleas'd to have left me the use of my Legs, which in the Days of Yore could have made shift to lead up a Dance, and of my Hands which once knew how to paint, and tickle a Violin, and in short, my Body strait and well-

well-shap'd; I might have liv'd a comfortable Life, tho somewhat obscure. When these cruel Thoughts come into my Head, I swear to you, dear Friend of mine, that if it had been lawful for me to make away with my self, I had long ago dispatch'd all my Miseries with a hearty Dose of Poison; and in my Conscience shall be forc'd to come to it at last.

*Under those cruel Pains I groan,
Wou'd force Complaints from Hearts of Stone;
And cannot hope to find Repose,
Till Death my wearied Eyes do's close.
Why should my barb'rous Stars delight,
On me to shed their restless Spight?
'Tis plain I suffer for the Crime,
Of trespassing in wicked Rhime.*

To make you amends for this Melancholy Letter, wherein I was forced in spight of my Teeth to unbosom my self to you, I send you six new Stanza's which I have added to my *Baroneide*.

The Novel call'd the *Spanish Paralytic*, which was trump'd up against me to out-do what I had done of that Nature, as far as I can find, has done me no harm, but made the Author ridiculous. *Spanish* Grammars did not sel for 50000 Livres, as you sent me Word, but they did not come much short of it. However that Tongue was never so corrupted in this World as it has been of late Years in *Paris*. I am exceedingly obliged to you for the Trouble you gave your self to procure me the *Spanish* Plays, and remain, &c.

LETTER XX.

To the same.

Aug. 1.

Sir,

IT vexes me that at the very time, you tell me I might divert his Highness, I cannot write to you with that Gayety I would, and that my Hand rebels against my Inclinations; for to my Sorrow I have been plagu'd with a cruel Fit of the Gout for this Month last past as well as his Highness; as if I had not had Miseries enough before to torment me. All I can do under this new Indisposition, and those other Calamities my ill Fortune continually persecutes me with, tho I say it without Boasting, is, that I swear as heroically, and with as good

a Grace as any Man in *France*; and I humbly conceive that if his Highness wou'd now and then condescend, like other frail Mortals, to swear a little, he wou'd find some Relief and Benefit by it. I wou'd by no means advise him to lay it on so plentifully as I do; but if his Highness would sometimes stumble upon an Oath or so, without any wicked Intention, but only to expectorate himself, I fancy it would not be amiss. For my part I am sometimes so very mad, that if all the Furies in Hell came to fetch me away, I believe in my Conscience, I should almost go and meet them half-way. This is the second melancholy Letter I have plagu'd you with. If his Highness were as well acquainted with the nonsensical Stuff of our witty Coxcombs as he is with military Affairs, and every thing else that happens in the World, it would be some Diversion to him to read this Letter. Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, who sup't last Night with d'Elbene and my self, told me she wou'd write to his Highness to Day. I sent to compliment Monsieur de Rochefort at the *Hofel d'Estrées*, but he took no notice of it; yet 'tis ten to one I shall be even with the Gentleman e'er long, and quit Scores with him at *Paris*. My Letter is of the shortest as well as yours was; but next Friday I will take care to make you Amends. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

To the same.

May 8th.

Sir,

YOU oblige me in the most sensible Part, when you write to me. I have no other Comfort in this World than my generous Friends; and when you are pleased to assure me you are still one of that Number, you rejoice me infinitely more than a general Peace can do. This Comparison at first Sight, I suppose, may appear weak to you; and indeed I must needs own the affairs of *Europe* may change a hundred times, and still for the better, whereas mine are in no likelihood of mending. But I have a wonderful desire to see your Prince once more in *France*, if it were for no other reason, than because *France* has had a very ill Hand at Princes this Year, altho she has more of them than ever, and perhaps the succeeding Years will be no better than the former, as likewise to embrace my fat, my plump, my jolly *Marigny*; for I make no question but the *Flemish* double Beer has improv'd his Shape

to

to a Miracle. But is it possible that the great *Condi* should know I am still in the World; my Friend *Guenault* told me he saw the second Part of my *comical Romance* lie upon his Table, which has made me as proud as *Lucifer*. These Furious Devils call'd Hero's wou'd be worth their weight in Gold, wou'd they but stoop so low as to have a little Love for us poor Mortals, who love them exceedingly. As for yours, one would swear a hundred Hero's at least went to the making of him, since he has put our invincible Troops so often to the scamper. It may truly be said of him, that if he was a great Prophet in his own Country, which the Scripture tells us no Man ever was, he was a much greater in a Foreign. If he takes the trouble upon him, to cast his Eye on the five Letters I have sent you, pray let me know what he says of them. The melancholy Letter come just now from me piping hot, the rest were written last Year. I will shortly send you a Sketch or Essay that has something of the Spirit of Satyr in it; 'tis my Misfortune, 'tis writ upon a Rascal, who is not known enough in the World. In short 'tis a Son of a Whore of an Extortioner that owes me six hundred Pistoles, and refuses to pay me. But, to drop this Villain, I will tell you in what manner the third Volume of my *comical Romance* begins. *There were not as yet any Filting Females in the World, and these Janfenists of Love had not as yet begun to despise Mankind. Our Ears were not as yet persecuted with Life of my Life, Angelick fair, and charming Goddeſs, when the little Ragotin, &c.*

Well old Toſt, and how doſt thou paſs thy time? Tell me, bully Rock, art thou ſtill ſtrong and luſty? Are the *Bona Roba's* kind, and will they venture a Broad-side with one? Adieu, thou everlaſting Devourer of Tarts, thou Ocean of Cuſtards, and walking Quagmire of Butter. When the gallant *Persan* comes to *Paris*, 'twill be his fault if we don't drink t'other Pot of Tea in my little Room. Pray give my humble Service to him, and make a Compliment in my Name to thoſe worthy Gentlemen, *Bonteville* and *Rochefort*. Take care in good time to inform the pretty Lady, who you ſay is fall'n in love with me, that for the puniſhment of my Sins, my Perſon is become ſo hideous and terrible, that here in *Paris* they forbid big-bellied Women to come near me. To conclude, I muſt conjure you ſtill to love me, by your ----- Long and Strong, I will not ſay ----- but ſuch as Providence has given you.

Lazarillo de Tormes.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

To the Marechal d' Albret.

Aug. 20.

My Lord,

YOU may conclude we have little News stirring here, when I am reduced to so low an Ebb, as to tell you that *Bonoeur* and *Charleval* are in *Normandy*, and that *Madam de Martel* and her Daughter came Yesterday to Town. If I must needs send you a long Letter, and by the Pains I take to divert you, must at least convince you it was not my fault if I could entertain you no better, 'tis certain that in this present dearth of News I must bestir my self most notably. Tho the Sights at the * *Greve*, are none of the properest things to send to a Person of your Quality, yet must I inform you that we hang and break upon the Wheel every Day in the Week, that the Hangman is wearied with so much Drudgery, and talks of taking in a Partner; and that *Madam* ----- who next to *Monsieur de* ----- loves nothing in the World so much as to see People die in Publick, begins to be glutted with such Sights, and if it were not upon *St. Ange's* Score, whom she desires to see broke upon the Wheel whatever it costs her, she would forswear going to the *Greve* this Twelve-month. All these worthy Gentlemen are Natives of *Paris*, most of them the Sons of Pastry-cooks and Vintners, who robbed all the Coaches and Chairs that came in their way, and several *Gavottes*, *Fanchons*, and *Nanons*, that have now Stone Doublets upon their Backs, are in great danger of swinging in the Air. I must tell you by way of Digression, that my Countrymen the *Parisians* are, generally speaking, valiant enough in all Conscience, but they have a strange Inclination to die in their Shoes, and cut Capers under a cross peice of Timber. Now I talk of violent Deaths, I will tell you of one that is not altogether so scandalous as hanging, but full as terrible. Before I enter into my Story, you are to understand that at *Charenton*, the next Day after their *Sundays* or Holidays, the Devil a jot of any thing you can get to eat there, and new Bread is as hard to come by as a Maidenhead at Court. It was upon a *Monday*, when the furious *Rincy*, the Eloquent *Pelisson*, the never-to-be-too-much commended *Madam Scudery*, and the discreet *Madam Bocquet*, at half an Hour after ten precisely in the Morning, sent word to that Pink of Courtesy the noble *Izar*, who had been about eight Days at *Charenton*

to take the Air, that they intended to dine with him, and that he needed to provide nothing else but a good Soup and a Dessert, because they would bring Victuals along with them from the Cook's. *Izar* and a Man of the Law, whose Name was *du Mas*, that kept him Company in the Country, set all Hands to work, for the better Reception of these Illustrious Guests; for you must know the four Persons above mentioned are not to be seen every Day together. Three Pullets were thrown into the Soup, with abundance of green Pease; and while a Fellow was sent on Horseback to *Bagnolet* to buy Strawberries, the most celebrated Pastry-Cooks in *Charenton* were employ'd in making Tarts and Cheese-cakes. The Garden was pitch'd upon as the fittest place to dine in, and both the Table-cloth and Napkins, that smelt most daintily of Lavender, were cover'd with a heap of new-gather'd Flowers. At last our jolly Company of Wits arrive, *Rincy* alights out of the Coach, and immediately runs into the Kitchen. The Soup displeased him, and all the Preparations that *Izar* and *du Mas* had made; whereupon he delivered himself with so much Vehemence and Authority, that from that very moment *du Mas* began to respect and fear him. He that had a mind to wash his Hands, wash'd them. At last down to Dinner they sate; *Rincy* made Jest upon the Country's Soup, and was trying to cut a Loaf asunder, but finding it hard and over-baked, made no more adoe but flung it at a neighb'ring Apricock-tree, by the same token he spoil'd it for ever bearing Fruit more, by breaking off its largest Boughs. He tries a second Loaf, and finding it stale and hard as the former, with the same Vigour and Alacrity discharges it at another Tree. In short, with six or seven Loaves of the same hardness with their Predecessors, he knocks down as many Fruit-trees more, to the exceeding Vexation of the Woman of the House, who ran to prevent the Desolation of her Garden, and made most horrible Out-cries. *Rincy* was not a jot moved by them; he swore no Body should eat a bit till had they got him some new Bread. Messengers were forthwith dispatch'd to all the Houses that baked, and they found at last some Bread just coming out of the Oven. It was laid before *Rincy*, who found it so terrible hot, that they were glad to pick up, among the broken Boughs of the Trees, those Loaves that had been thrown away, but were much more etable than this Bread that burnt their Mouths. *Rincy's* blunt Behaviour and Talk exceedingly surpriz'd our Counsellor *du Mas*, and his imperious Air no less affrighted him. From that very Hour he had *Rincy* always in his Imagination. He could not sleep without terrible Dreams, and these Dreams were full

of nothing but *Rincy*. At last the Fright that *Rincy* gave him, threw him into a Fever. This Fever carried him off in less than fifteen Days, for he dyed stark raving mad, talking incessantly of *Rincy*.

This is all I know at present, my Lord, that is worth while communicating to you. Madam *Scarron* bids me tell you she cannot resolve to write to you, till she sees something chearful and pleasant in your Letters. This makes me reflect that if you suffer your self to be as much afflicted at *Pons* as you were at *Paris*, this Letter of mine comes to visit you at a very improper Season; but Time, and more especially your Reason, will I hope produce their ordinary Effects upon a Misfortune that is not to be remedied. I am, with the utmost Respect,

Your Lordship's most humble,
and most obedient Servant,

S—

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

Febr. 4. 1660.

My Lord,

I Can't tell whether you have receiv'd a Letter twenty eight Pages long, which I sent you the last Post. That long tedious Epistle shall atone for the shortness of this: For which reason I accompany it with my Epigrams upon ----- till the *Baroneide* be finished, which I hope to send you on *Sunday* next. I likewise send you a Ballad which is not contemptible, some Verses of *Benserade* that follow those he compos'd upon the *Peace*, and a Sonnet upon *Enjoyment*, written by a young Lady of about nineteen, whose Name is----- 'Tis a thousand pities she is not so handsome as she is coming, and that her Face is not so good as her Intentions. I daily wish to see the Effect of the Promises of *Monsieur* the *Super-Intendant*, as much as the *Jews* do to see the *Messias*. The Devil on't is, a Man is upon the Rack all the while he hopes, at least is uneasy, and Delays in Affairs of this Nature, never do any good, but frequently hurt. As for me, I am so unlucky a Dog, that I never had any good Fortune befall me during the whole Course of my Life, but I was forced to break thro' a thousand Difficulties for it. You will pardon this Melancholy Reflexion in a Wretch who is the very Foot-ball of Destiny, and can hardly make shift to keep Body and Soul together. I have been in this

confounded Predicament two Months and upwards. We begin to despair of the Recovery of the Duke of Orleans. Yesterday the Duke of Lorraine took Post for Blois. Vilarceau lies still in the Bastile, altho those worthy Gentlemen the Mareschals gave him hopes he should only go in and come out again. This, my Lord, is all the News the Town at present affords. If any of my Letters have not been employ'd to light Fires, I beseech you to let me have them again. I may pick some Fragments out of them, perhaps, that may serve to fill a new Collection I am going to publish.

L E T T E R XXIV.

To the same.

Dec. 2. 1659.

My Lord,

SINCE the Pasty you were pleased to send me, I have received your excellent Cheeses. For my part I believe you design to pamper me up with the greatest Rarities in the World. Your Liberality has extended it self to all my Boarders, who are civil Persons, I'll assure you, and have drank your Health very plentifully. If your great Pasty was admirable, your Cheeses deserve no less Commendation, being as good as 'tis possible for Cheeses made of mortal Milk to be. But not to rob your fine Presents of the Praises they deserve, you must permit me to say something of the Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, and to tell you that nothing could be more spritely or more gallant; particularly that Passage where you are pleas'd to tell me you leave it to others to regale my Wit, whereas you only pretend to regale my Taste; I desire our finest Writers to say any thing so happily upon such an Occasion. By this, my Lord, it appears you are a Person of insatiable Ambition, and that you are not content with the Glory you have acquir'd in the Wars by your Arms, but you must likewise triumph over us poor Authors in a time of Peace; win our Laurels from us, and carry off the Prize of Eloquence. I wish I had any News to send you. All the Talk of the Town is about *Meniville*, who is dangerously sick. All our Courtiers are return'd to *Paris* except Mareschal *Villeroy*. So soon as any thing happens worth writing, I will take care to let you see by so small and inconsiderable a Service, which is indeed the only one I am able to do you, with what Zeal I am,

My Lord,

Your most humble and

most obedient Servant,

Scarron.

L E T-

LETTER XXV.

To

My Lord,

IT belongs in a peculiar manner to those of your Family to carry their Generosity and Goodness as far as 'tis possible for them ito go. Your Brother the Attorney-General was pleas'd to give me a Pension, without my asking it; and your Lordship has been likewise pleas'd to come and see me at my poor Habitation, without my soliciting that Honour. This unparallel'd Goodness, to express my self in the new Language of my Brother-writers, has engaged me most terribly to your Lordship. I know full well, my Lord, this is one of the meanest Presents can be made you, but I offer it with so good a Heart, that yours must be very hard indeed if you will not condescend to receive it, and to give me leave as long as I live to assume the Quality of,

My Lord,

*your most humble and
most obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

LETTER XXVI.

*To the Attorney-General and Super-Intendant
of the Finances.*

My Lord,

'TIS not for so worthless and inconsiderable a Wretch as I to ask Favours of you; but I am already in Possession of many of them, and you have already given me so many Proofs of your Goodness and Compassion for my Misfortunes, that without applying my self to any other Persons, who have more Interest in your Lordship, and honour me with their Acquaintance, I have presum'd to rely on my own single Credit with you, to beg a small Favour. 'Tis one of those you sometimes grant, as you may perceive by the Petition I have sent with it, which I humbly beseech you to have the Goodness to read. 'Tis for a Relation of my Wife's, who has always been a faithful Servant to the King, and who is it seems persuaded that your Lordship does me the Honour to love me.

It

It lies on your part, my Lord, to let him find he is not mistaken, as it will on mine to publish to whole France that you are the most generous of all Men, as well as the ablest Minister of the Age. I am,

My Lord,

*Your most humble, and
most obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

My Lord,

I Knew not a Syllable till Yesterday, of your great Loss, but in the little time I have had to grieve for it, I have as well acquitted my self as those who knew of it long before. I have great reason to complain of Mounſieur de Chaulne for not acquainting me with it ſooner, that I might have had the Honour of coming one of the firſt, to aſſure you how much I am concern'd at whatever affects you. 'Tis undoubtedly the Effect of my conſtant ill Fortune, which would endeavour to make me ſeem wanting in my Duty, contrary to my Inclinations, in order to make me unworthy of the Favours I have had from you, the like of which I never yet received from any one. Mounſieur de Marés, who did me the Honour yeſterday to make me a Viſit, can tell you how much it troubled me that I ſhould be a Stranger to that which all the World beſides knew. Upon his Encouragement I have compos'd a wretched Sonnet, which I made ſome Difficulty to ſend you, for fear I ſhould thereby renew your Grief. But, my Lord, I had much rather be blamed for coming too late, than give you the leaſt Umbrage that I am unconcern'd at any Affliction, which has made ſuch an Impreſſion upon you. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt humble, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the ſame.

My Lord,

I Was it ſeems but too true a Prophet, when I ſent you word ſome time ago, that my ill Fortune was never to be vanquiſh'd, but by a Perſon of the ſame Generoſity and Authority
with

with your self. Under my present Circumstances, I cannot make a better Requital to *Monf. Peliffon*, for his Kindness in speaking to you about my Affair, and acquainting me with the obliging Answer you made him, than to send you the Letter he writ to me on that Occasion. It so truly discovers the profound Respect he has for your Lordship, that I presume I shall not make his Court amiss to you, in letting you know by this means, without his knowing any thing of the matter, what, perhaps, he is very desirous you shou'd know, but dares not tell it you. 'Twere a difficult thing to speak of you, tho before your Face, and not to praise you; 'tis no less difficult to praise and not displease you, but yet 'tis the most difficult thing of all to avoid praising you. For this reason I would have some body else tell you in my stead, that you are the most generous Man in the Universe, and that all the Favours you have shewn me, have far exceeded both my Wishes and Expectations. But, my Lord, will you not be apt to suspect, that the good Office I imagine I do my Friend, is not altogether free from Interest, and don't you think my shewing his Letter and commending it to you, so frankly as I do, is a cunning Trick to make use of his Thoughts, in order to express my own to you, without running the hazard of trespassing against your Modesty? I must honestly own there is something of that in it; but since I am not able to conceal it from you, judge by this free Confession, how sincere I am in my Nature; and believe, there is nothing so certain, as that I am more than any Man breathing,

*My Lord, Your Lordship's most humble
most obedient, and most dutiful Servant,*

Scarron.

LETTER XXIX.

To the same.

My Lord,

IF a Man did not find some satisfaction within himself when he did a charitable Action, I can't assign any reason why you should do so many to me. I don't pretend to be in the least serviceable to you, and I dare not desire that ever I may be so, for fear of wishing something that might be disadvantageous to you. Neither can I hope to contribute much to your Diversion, not being in a condition to wait upon you, nor to
make

make my self any otherwise known to you, than all the rest of the World knows me, that is, for being an unfortunate abandon'd Wretch, and for writing of Books sometimes, that is to say, for being (so my unlucky Stars would have it) one of the greatest Plagues and Nufances of humane Life. But tho I were Master of better Qualities, tho an Acquaintance of many Years had gain'd me your Friendship, and tho I were in a capacity to cultivate it by a Commerce of Letters, yet the Affairs of the Ministry would not allow you time to read them. In truth, my Lord, these Thoughts give me no little uneasiness, as often as I partake of your Liberality; and I am much ashamed I have no way to preserve my self in your remembrance, but by some miserable Productions of my Mind, to which a Body more miserable, and a Destiny still more wretched than that jaded Body, have in a manner deny'd all Tranquillity. But, my Lord, since I have happened to make mention of my Writings, and all that, has my Fable of *Heró Leander* had the Happiness to please you? *Monf. de Chaulne* would fain make me believe it has, but perhaps he only design'd to flatter an unhappy Wretch. I conjure you, my Lord, either to give me your Approbation of it under your hand, which I shall prefer to the Testimony of all the Academies in the World, or else to censure it, in order to make me know my self. I am;

My Lord,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LETTER XXX.

To the same.

My Lord,

THE Goodness you were pleas'd to shew me in not despising the Comedy I presum'd to dedicate to you, is of it self Obligation enough to make me devote my self wholly to your Lordship, altho you had not engag'd me to do so, by overwhelming me with new Favours. I flatter my self, that I thank you in some measure for them, when I honestly confess I cannot thank you enough, and that I better express my Gratitude by this Confession, than by all the Complements in the World. I am,

My Lord,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

M m

LET

LETTER XXXI.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

I So little deserve the least Favour you were pleas'd to confer on me, that I should have been surpris'd at it, had I not already receiv'd so many Marks of your Liberality or if I were the only Man in the Kingdom that was ignorant you are incessantly doing Good to all Mankind. I beg you to believe I have as grateful a Sense of all your Favours as 'tis possible for any one to have. But, my Lord, if 'tis my greatest Satisfaction to find, that all the pressing Affairs of State which you so wisely manage, can't hinder you from thinking of mine; 'tis no small Affliction to me, that I cannot conceal your Kindnesses without Ingratitude, nor publish them without making the World suspect, that 'tis less out of Inclination than Interest, that I have been all my Life long,

*My Lord,**Your most humble, &c.*

Scarron.

LETTER XXXII.

*To the same.**My Lord,*

NEver was any *Sur-Intendant* in *France* so much esteem'd and belov'd as you are; and indeed never was any Man so generous and deserving of it. But I am of opinion, it costs you not a little; and that this fine Reputation of yours exposes you to a thousand Importunities. As for me, I should have a continual Remorse of Conscience for troubling you thus all my Life time, and not being able to leave it off yet, did not I see at the same time, the wealthiest Persons, and those of the highest Condition, beg Favours of you with more importunity than I have ever done, altho they have not such a right to your Favours, as an unhappy Wretch, whom you have all along promis'd to make easie. 'Tis, my Lord, an Undertaking worthy of you: And that I may give you the Satisfaction of seeing it sooner over, I have made bold to recommend to you my Interests in the Affair of the Debentures. You know very well, my Lord, you were pleas'd, at my instance, to grant the
Confirmation

Confirmation of them. The Persons for whom I solicited you, offer'd me a small Part in the Business; but as I was never fortunate in my Life, and could not tell what would be the Success of it, I rather chose to accept the six hundred Pistoles, which they promis'd under Hand and Seal, upon the first Sums they receiv'd. At present I have no manner of Concern in that matter, neither have I receiv'd a Farthing of the Money they promis'd in case I procur'd a Grant for them. Now one Word from you to the Party who has the Management of it, would secure me either one or the other, or perhaps both. I make no question but you'll grant this Favour, since I am more than any one living,

*My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble, &c.*

Scarron.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the same.

My Lord,

I Take the Freedom to make a Request to you with as much Boldness, as if after a Court of many Years I had done you some important Service; but Men of your Quality, and Generous to that degree as you are, not only oblige their Friends and Servants, but likewise all those that want their help. They are incessantly busied in protecting the Unfortunate, and seeing Justice done them; and as for you, my Lord, I believe there scarce passes a Day over your Head, but some Knight or unhappy Damsel comes to beg Relief of you. I therefore conjure you, as being the most miserable Man in the World, but one who honours you the most, to grant me a small Favour. 'Tis, my Lord, that you would be pleas'd to prevail with the Provost of the Merchants, that he wou'd not oppose the establishing some Offices in the City, the Propriety whereof I have acquir'd. This Affair may make me easie in the World, and be worth me two or three thousand Livres a Year. But my constant ill Destiny, which loses not the least opportunity of doing me Mischief, has rais'd a busie, troublesome Coxcomb against me, who, altho he has not the least Interest in this Affair, yet has prepossess'd the Provost of the Merchants and made him my Enemy. I desired the President Monsi. de Guenegor, to speak a good word for me, and he was so kind as to carry Monsi. de Franquetot and my Wife to him;

but his Recommendation has hitherto signified little or nothing. I expect another sort of effect from one of your Letters to him, which I humbly beg you to write, and send by one of your own People. When you once let him see I have the Honour of being known to you, he will soon draw this Inference, that it will be worth his while to oblige me. But if you would farther be pleas'd to intimate to him, that I am not indifferent to you, he will make my Business his own, since he will then believe 'tis yours in some Measure; and you'll moreover receive this Satisfaction by it, that the most zealous of your Servants will not be likewise the poorest, and so will with more Serenity enjoy the Honour of your Friendship. I am,

My Lord,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the same.

My Lord,

ALtho you are the most able Minister of State we have, yet give me leave to tell you, you did not know what you did, when you condescended to assure me by the most obliging Letter in the World, that I had some share in your good Will and Friendship. The unfortunate, in which Number I may justly reckon my self, are often troublesom contrary to their Inclinations, and Persons of the same Generosity with your Lordship have sometimes reason to repent of their being so. After all these mighty things you have done for me, for which I shall be oblig'd to you as long as I live, altho the Success of 'em does not answer my Expectation, I should not have a pretence to importune you any more, if either my unhappy Stars would leave persecuting me, or if 'twas possible for your Generosity to be wearied. But, my Lord, you have made me too great Promises to give me any Apprehensions of asking too much: Besides, the Affair I beg you to dispatch for me, is one of those that are seldom or never rejected at the Council-Table. 'Tis what I signify'd to you in my last, which in a little time will bring Money into the King's Coffers; and if it succeeds, I shall have as much reason to bless my Fate for your Favours, as I have hitherto had to bless them for your extraordinary Civility. Bur let things fall out as they will, I should

should be the most ungrateful Man in the World, if I were not whilst I live.

My Lord,

Your most humble, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

To the same.

My Lord,

DON'T I take too much freedom upon me to persecute you thus with my Letters? Let me know your Mind I beseech you, that if I have committed a Fault, I may amend it for the future. To deal frankly with you, I cannot help being a little familiar with those Persons whom I exceedingly love, nor being serious till I come to the end of my Letter, tho I began it with MY LORD, in huge capital Letters. I would not have you to infer from hence, that I am ever wanting in my Respect for your Lordship: I will always acquit my self towards you, as I am in Duty bound, and will attempt to write to you in the sublime stile when there is occasion for it: But this same individual Man, my Lord, that will sometimes leave half a Foot distance between your Title and the beginning of his Letter, who will lavish all his stock of Hyperboles there, and not forget the least of your Qualities, to make his Performance more Solemn and Authentick, will be sometimes so bold as to trouble you with Trifles, and strive to cheer up a little that serious Countenance, which, in my opinion, becomes you so well when you are making Decrees. In short, he will sometimes endeavour to *Un-Caò* you, if I may so express my self. He will not indeed presume to offer at this, when you are taken up with important Affairs of State, and when you are Attorney-General, *Sur-Intendant* of the Finances, and Minister of State at the same time. *Monf. de Chaulne* will take you at a more seasonable Opportunity, and will not introduce me, but when you are plain *Monf. Fouquet*, that is to say, the most obliging and generous Man in the Universe; when you shine by your own proper Light, without borrowing that of your Dignity and Offices; when having quitted the Magistrates Robe, you are walking in your Chamber, either at St. Mandé, or at *Paris*, in a short Coat, and with almost the same Equipage and Humour *Scipio* was in when he gather'd Cockle-shells on the Sea-shore with his Friend *Lælius*. At such a time as this, my Lord, if I had the Happiness to be in your Company, I would say every thing that came first into my Head,

and display my self with all the Gayety that Heaven has bestow'd upon me. However, I would not presume to make so bold with you, till I had your permission, which the late Cardinal of *Lyons*, upon asking, us'd to allow me; and which I take without asking of the Cardinal *de Retz*, when he reposes himself just by me on a little yellow Couch, where we talk of something else besides Poloticks and Religion. I may boast, that with these two Eminences I have triumph'd over that formal Gravity which always uses to accompany the red Hat. Both of them formerly made me believe they had a Kindness for me. After such Presidents, you may vouchsafe to afford me a little of your Love without any Shame, and by the extraordinary Care I took to deserve their Favour, you may judge with what Zeal I am resolv'd to devote my self to yours. Your Lordship wishes me well for no other consideration, but because I am unfortunate; and you have done more for me in fifteen Days, than a great Number of Noblemen even promis'd to do ever since I have been confin'd a perpetual Prisoner to my Chair. Within these twenty Years, there has scarce pass'd one over my Head, but that some of those honourable Peers, who were wont to come and see me in my Chamber, just as People went formerly to see an Elephant, out of Curiosity, or who came to spend an Afternoon with me, when they were disappointed in their Visits, or had nothing else to do; there has scarce pass'd a Year over my Head, I say since then, but some of these Pretenders to Generosity, and Friends in Masquerade, have made me most magnificent Promises, and voluntarily offer'd to serve me, or any of my Friends without my asking: whereas Monf. the chief President, whom I never had the Honour to see in all my life, sent me last Year a considerable Present by the *Abbot Menage*, a little after I had dedicated a Book to him; whereas you, who did not know whether I was in the World, have honour'd me with your Favours, and in a manner too more obliging than the Favour it self. I presume, my Lord, I ought not any farther to explain to you what I desire of you, tho you have laid an injunction upon me to do it: I ought indeed to receive whatever Kindnesses you think fit to confer on me, with all imaginable Gratitude, but I have no Right to prescribe them to you, or to importune you for them. A Person of your Generosity needs not be instructed what he is to do. 'Tis enough for the Comfort of my Life hereafter, that you have been pleas'd to look down from the eminent Station wherein you are plac'd, upon that wherein I am; and I don't at all doubt, after the obliging Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, and which I will carefully preserve

preserve, but that I may justly apply to you, what a celebrated Poet formerly said of his Benefactor,

Dens nobis hæc otia fecit.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the same.

My Lord,

THOUGH I had been as ill receiv'd by the Queen of Sweden, as my Reception has all along been otherwise, yet every time I order'd my self to be carried to the *Louvre*, to divert her Majesty, I was told I should not be unwelcome if I now and then waited upon you, and pay my Respects to the Person to whom I am more oblig'd than any Man living. I had long before this gratify'd my impatient desire to see you, had not my Health oblig'd me to go to take the Air within a League of *Paris*, where I hope to finish a Play, and the Conclusion of my Romance. In the mean time, my Lord, I beseech you to remember the Promise you made my Wife, concerning the Marquisate of her Cousin *de Circe*, and to permit *Monf. Patrian* to make a Report of it to you. I confess, 'tis a great Favour we ask of you; but I think I have already told you you cannot grant small ones, and still I protest to you, that if I were not fully satisfy'd that this Estate, for which we entreat your definitive Sentence, were one of the most *Seigneurial* in *France*, I would not have presum'd to write to you about it, altho all my Wifes Relations in *Poitou* have daily importun'd me to that end. But I will no longer trespass upon your Lordship's Patience. I am,

My Lord,

Your most humble, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Monf. Pelisson.

Sir,

YOU may read what my Patron writes to me before it comes to my Hands. After all the good Offices you have done me with him, you may very well open the Letters he writes to me, and I have some reason methinks to complain of you, for not reading that of to Day's date before I had it. 'Tis full of the kindest Expressions that can be imagined;

it has warm'd my Gratitude to so high a Degree, and thrown me into so great a Confusion, that if he should write me many more Letters of the same strain, I believe that I, who ought to love him more than any Man in the World, should at last go and stab my self at his Feet, to express a Resentment so sincere as mine is. I have sent you this Letter, that you may confess with me, nothing can be more obliging. Send it me back, I beseech you, for I will lodge it amongst my most valuable Archives, as a Pledge of that Kindness, which the most generous Man upon Earth has been pleas'd to express for me. Pray send me your Opinion, whether you think he was diverted with the Epigrams I compos'd upon B-----. Unless I am mistaken, two of them are pleasant enough.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To ———

Sir,

TIS almost impossible for one to be obliging as you are, and not be very often importun'd. For my part, I am very sensible I am troublesome to you, but Importunities may in some manner be allow'd to unfortunate Persons, in which number I am sorry to rank my self; and besides, you your self must needs think me a strange, unconsidering Wretch, if I did not make some Advantage of the Honour of your Friendship, and the Kindness you have all along express'd for me. My Servant left yesterday at your House a Memorial of my Affair with Mons. *le Tardif*, who to be sure would never refuse you a Matter of greater Importance, and to whom I will communicate, whenever he thinks fit, the Grounds upon which I build my Pretensions. I beseech you, Sir, to speak a Word or two to him about it, and to give me leave to send some body to him as from you to beg that of him, which you will find in the Memorial I have sent you. 'Tis one of my Friends at *Dreux* that gives me this Advice, and who has made me find my private Advantage in it, besides the Satisfaction of serving him. I am,

Sir,

Your most humble and

most obedient Servant,

Scarron.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To————

Sir,

TIS a mighty loss to me, that I am not so well known to you as you are to me: You would not then question, that I have all that due Sense of your Generosity which you can desire, and for the several Obligations I have to you, all the Gratitude I can either shew or express. I was told to Day by *Monf. Tardif*, what measures you intend to take to serve me; and have satisfy'd him how far all these obliging steps you in my make behalf are free from all suspicion of Interest, since I am the most useless, insignificant Wretch alive. I beseech you, Sir, to continue them, and to compleat a Work, which could only be undertaken by one that has as large a Soul as your self. If you will appoint any Day for it, I'll take care to give due notice to *Monf. Tardif*. I am impatient to owe all my Ease in this World to you, not so much to see my Affairs soon establish'd, as that I may have more right to say, that I am more indebted to you than any one, and I beg you to believe, that this will always be the highest Ambition of, Sir,

*Your most humble and
most obedient Servant,*

Scarron.

LETTER XL

To————

Sir,

I Wish I were able to write a Letter to you that deserv'd to be shewn to your Patron, and would make him give a second Order to *Monf. Bruant*. But is it possible for a Man to write well, when he has not a Farthing in his Pocket to bless himself withal? For my part, I was never so plaguily out with Fortune as I am at this present Writing. Out of three Lotteries I could get nothing but Blanks, when *Madam Scarron* could get two silver Cups; but as they don't belong to my Jurisdiction, they only make me envy her good Luck, and rail at my own ill Destiny. Add to this *Bois-Robert* and the *Corneilles*.

Whom your Patron so sage,

The Mæcenas o' th' Age,

In Honour to Wit,

He the best Judge of it,

So

So often invites
 To see him a Nights.
 This, under the Rose,
 Disturbs my Repose;
 As the famous Exploits of a Grecian Commander,
 Inferiour in nothing to Great Alexander,
 Kept nightly awake
 An Athenian Rake.
 By my troth I can't tell
 In what Olymp'ad it fell,
 'Tis without it as well.

By this I find the good old Proverb, *A Man's Face is his best Spokesman*, to be one of the truest in the World. If I could go up and down like the rest of the two-legg'd Creation, it would save you at least twenty troublesome Letters a Week, and I would certainly make my Court in my own Person, as Deform'd and Monstrous as it is.

I have oft, on my word,
 Try'd to visit your Lord,
 And to make my best Show,
 Dress'd and prim'd like a Beau.
 But the Plague on't lies here;
 When I am put in my Chair,
 My Pains strait begin,
 Both without and within,
 To make their Attack,
 And maul me thwack thwack;
 Then I swagger and roar,
 Call Son of a Whore;
 Ha! jernie, morbleu,
 And swear like a Jew,
 Or a Porter at Put,
 Or a Beau at a Slut,
 Or a Coachman at Spark
 When bilk'd in the dark,
 Or Bully at Dun,
 Or German Dragoon,
 Or a Sharper at Play,
 Or a Seaman for Pay,
 Or a Rake for a Whore,
 Or a Priest for a Cure.
 But I've plagu'd you enough
 With this Tragical Stuff.

That which I have hinted to you here in Verse, the good People of *Narquois de Bigot* use to call being *Visued by the Lord*; and

and I have frequently had some Priests and Monks congratulate me, because the good Lord visited me oftner than any one else, and they seem'd to envy me this Happiness, which I would have quitted to them with all my Heart, as great a step to Salvation as they thought it. In troth, I am at present so bad a Christian, that I can hardly return my Thanks for such Visits, and want several Rounds of the Ladder, before I can mount up to so perfect a Resignation of my self to the Will of Providence. In the mean time, I languish in expectation of what you have made me hope from Monsieur *Breant*. I believe, as you send me word, he is willing enough to oblige me, but I very much question, whether he will be able to do much for me. I am likewise of opinion, he's puzzl'd enough in all Conscience to find Money for the beginning of the Campaign; but so small a Sum would suffice to equip me for mine, and what I expect from him would so little contribute to make him easie, that he may soon put an end to all my Troubles without increasing his own. 'Tis your Interest, I must tell you, to prevail with him to do it, that you may deliver your self from the Persecution of my Billets and Epistles. Now it comes into my Head, I was yesterday put into bodily fear. Word was brought me, that Monf. *Merant*, Master of the Accounts, must needs speak with me. I expected some terrible Business or other; but he only talk'd of the Repairs of his House, the overflowing of the *Seine*, the Affair of *Heding*, and above all told me I was a happy Man to have so much Wit.

Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LETTER XLI.

To

Sir,

I Am going to tell you a Story that concerns you, and which will divert you, unless I'm mistaken. About three days ago I happen'd to be without Money, an Accident that befalls me oftner than I could wish, so I sent my Servant to Monf. *Richmond*, of whom I Quarterly receive four hundred Livres, which the *Sur-Intendant* is pleas'd to allow me, and pray'd him to advance me ten Days Payment of the Quarter then running. There happen'd to be in the Room one Mr.----to whom I am an absolute Stranger, and who censur'd this as a great Fault in

in me, which however I believe I shall not correct in my self this pretty while. Seeing my Servant, says he to him, I don't know your Master, he knows now body but *Monf. de Lorme*, and never dedicated or gave any of his Books to me yet, tell him he shall not have a Penny of his Money till the end of the Month. You may see, Sir, how this curst plaguy Poverty draws Contempt upon a Man, and that altho Queens, Princesses, and all the Persons of Quality in the Kingdom have had the Curiosity to see me, honour me with their Visits, and excuse me from returning them, a rude Whipster of a Fellow shall impudently insult me. You may likewise see, that altho you are esteem'd and lov'd by all the World, you are not able to escape the Malice of some envious Brutes, who are vex'd at your Reputation. But I will no longer make the Men of Business murmur, who wait you in your Anti-Chamber, by amusing you to read a Letter of so little Importance. I am,

*Sir, your most humble, most obedient,
and most Passionate Servant,*

Scarron.

LETTER XLII.

To———

Sir,

I Now send you the two Letters I read to you yesterday, because I observ'd they did not displease you. In the meantime I will order some more to be copied out for you, and likewise a few Verses. At present I am wholly taken up with my Play, because I have my chief Subsistence from the Theatre. This writing of Plays is a confounded Fatigue that does not turn to Account when a Man spends a world of Time and Thought about them, and there is little or no Reputation to be got when they are made in a hurry. All other things require Repose and Tranquillity. A Man can scarce enjoy either one or the other, when he is as ill in his Health as in his Affairs; and for my self I make no scruple to own, that I find my Gaiety sensibly-decay, since, like an unhappy Work-man, I am forc'd to write Verses to get my Bread. I find my self too not a little perplex'd in my Thoughts about the Attorney General, for if I don't thank him as often as my Gratitude prompts me to do it, he will suspect I have none; and if I thank him as often as I am desirous to do it, I fear he will think I act wholly upon Interest. I know well enough, he is too generous to expect

Com-

Compliments from those he obliges, and that his Judgment is too discerning not to know, that to give to such an useleſs Wretch as my ſelf, is properly Charity; whereas, to oblige a Perſon who may requite us again in Specie, is not doing a Kindneſs, but downright Trafficking and Policy. In ſhort; Sir, there is a certain Conduct I am to obſerve in this Affair, which I can only learn from your ſelf, who have known him ſo long. I did not think to write ſo gravely to you, but a Man cannot help ſometimes having Clouds in his Brain, which muſt have time to diſperſe. Tell me the Name of your Friend, that I may certainly know to whom it is I am oblig'd. I am,

Sir, Your moſt humble, and
moſt obedient Servant,

Scarron.

A Character.

SINCE Drawing of Characters is ſo much in Faſhion, I am reſolv'd to attempt one: but having a juſt Diffidence of my own Talent, I will chuſe a Subject ſo fertile, that my Performance, altho perhaps 'tis ill executed, ſhall nevertheless find Admirers enough. The Perſon whom I deſign to paint, is a Man of Quality; great by his Birth, ſince he is deſcended from the Blood of our Princes, but much greater ſtill by his Merit. When but thirty Years old, he was ſcarce thought ſufficiently rewarded with one of the higheſt Poſts at Court. He was made an Officer of the Crown, I don't mean one of thoſe who are only oblig'd to ſerve the King in a pair of Silk Stockings, and glitter at a Court-Maſquerade; but one of thoſe who want but one Step higher to arrive at the Supreme Command of War, and whom our Kings may ſafely truſt with the Defence of our Frontiers, and the Conduct of our Armies. But he is not as yet where he ought to be; if Fortune leaves him where he is, 'tis impoſſible for her to be more unjuſt, and if ſhe ſhould heap upon him all that is in her power to give, I can't tell whether it would be all he deſerves. He poſſeſſes, without contradiction, all thoſe ſhining Qualities, that are requir'd in what we commonly call a Hero or Demi-God. He has been ſo to me ever ſince I have had the Honour to know him, and will always be ſo to the reſt of the World that have any diſcernment. The greateſt Heroes of Antiquity were in no reſpect ſuperiour to him; and of all thoſe that have wore the Sword (for there are People that wear it in all Professions) I

know

know none that have so gloriously employ'd theirs, as my Hero has done both in *France* and *Flanders*. In both these places, they take a pleasure to talk of his Victories, as they formerly did in *Rome* to relate that of *Horatius* over the *Curatii*; and, if like that valiant *Roman*, he has been prais'd for having always beaten his Enemy, he cannot, like him, be blam'd for ever turning his Back. But if he possesses in a more eminent manner than any Man living, all the essential Ingredients that enter into the Composition of a Hero, he has no less his Mien. The Charms of his Person answer his other Qualities, and by them he has triumph'd over the most formidable Beauties of the Court, as he has over the Bravest by his Valour; and his Victories in Love equal those of War. It's true, he is accus'd for running incessantly after new Conquests; but the Ambition of a Conqueror scorns all Bounds, and he that can vanquish with ease, can hardly forbear to make an Attack. He is somewhat above the common Size, yet not too tall; and by what we find his Shape at present, we may easily guess it has been one of the finest in the World. His Head comprehends all the good Sense we bestow upon grey Hairs, without wearing their Livery, and from the agreeable Air it gives his Face, as also from that it receives from it, there results a Noble Masculine Beauty, which, without having the Delicacy of that of the Woman, has, notwithstanding, every thing that makes her be belov'd. I would not in so particular a manner draw the Portrait of his Visage, nor of his entire Person, did I not fear to be reproach'd, for speaking only of his Advantages, and having a Design to omit the rest. Therefore, after I have said he has fine Teeth, a Beauty that belongs to Men as well as Women, and without which the most Accomplish'd may give disgust, I will own, his Eyes, tho lively and full of fire, are weak to see any thing at a distance, tho they lose nothing of what they see near at hand. Some Ladies impute to them the Inconstancy they condemn in him, and complain of him for suffering himself to be conducted by such treacherous Guides, which make him run after every new Object, and are frequently apt to make him go astray. But is it not their fault? And the Crime they accuse him of, does it not proceed from their bad Example? And do they practise those Duties they pretend he neglects? A Man may sometimes give his Eyes leave to look upon Objects that are unworthy of him, provided he does it only *en passant*, and as in my Character, I have hitherto only drawn that which he may have in common with others, yet what he possesses above the ordinary rank, what he derives neither from his Birth nor Fortune,

tune, but only from himself, is of a much greater Price, and more difficult to Paint. I mean his Soul, that was never yet shaken by any Accidents of Fortune, his Wit that equals the Tranquillity of his Soul, and his natural facility of expressing himself, that is, neither affected nor too study'd. A Man may be sometimes allow'd to be inconstant in Love, when he is, like him, the most constant Man in his Friendships. When I talk'd of the Beauty of his Shape, I forgot that of his Legs, at a time when our great Guns have conceal'd the Defects of many of our Bandy-leg'd Courtiers, and when those who pretend to set up for handsome Sparks, and are in appearance the best made, very often have none of the straightest.

LETTER XLIII.

To _____

Paris, June 14th 1657.

Sir,

I Am going to give you a convincing Proof how much I am your Friend, by bringing you to the knowledge of Madam de Mongeron's Son, and by giving you an opportunity to oblige a Lady of her Merit in the Person of her Son, who really deserves, what for my sake you'll grant him, a Place in your Friendship. You'll give me a Proof of your own, if you gratifie me in this particular, and for this piece of Service to you and him, I expect abundance of Thanks from both of you, before the Campaign be over. Among the other good Qualities that shine in this young Gentleman, I will acquaint you but with one, that perhaps he would conceal from you. He plays upon the Lute better than any Man of his Condition, and yet the time he has spent to acquire this Skill, has not done the least prejudice to his other Exercises, no more than it has hinder'd his Studies, and his Travelling into Spain, Germany and Italy. Tho his Modesty, I know, will incline him to conceal his own Worth, yet a Person of your Judgment will soon discover what I tell you to be true, and much more, which we will talk of next Winter. In the mean time, Oh! thou most Passionate of all Men, but the least punctual in every thing, except Friendship, I am,

Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LET-

LETTER XLIV.

To——

Sir,
YOU'll find me good for something, since I put an opportunity into your Hands of obliging a very honest Gentleman. 'Tis Mr. R----. of whom I spoke to you t'other Day. He is as much my Friend as I can for the Heart of me desire him to be. By this I design to let you understand, that he has a great deal of Merit. For your own Reputation you ought not to suspect that I don't know you; I who know at first sight what you value, and who would buy your Friendship at the highest Price you can set upon it, were I able to purchase it. Monsieur de Rosseau will let you know the rest. I am,

*Sir,**Your most humble, &c.*

Scarron.

LETTER XLV.

To——

Sir,
MY Wife has inform'd me what obliging Methods you have propos'd to serve us. These new Marks of your Generosity, have added nothing to the good Opinion I have all along had of you. In that little time I had the Honour of seeing you, I was sufficiently convinc'd of what your Reputation long ago had given me the greatest Assurances; and I sincerely protest, that altho the Expectations I have built upon your Protection and Friendship, should be attended with no good Success, yet shall I only complain of my untoward Destiny, and extol your Generosity as long as I live. The World, I believe does not take me for an ungrateful Fellow, and I can give you no better Proof it, than by desiring you to observe, that tho I am the most uselefs insignificant Man alive, yet several Persons of Condition and Merit are my Friends, or at least pretend to be so. But I must ingenuously own to you, that among those who appear the most zealous to serve me, not one has offer'd to do it at so critical a Juncture as you. Your time, as precious as it is, is less bestow'd upon your self than others; and I am sensible, I should make you lose too much of it, should I here pretend to set down all that my Gratitude inspires me with. Till I have an opportunity to make you a
 publick

Publick Acknowledgment of it, be pleas'd to take up with this sincere Protestation I now make you, of being, while I live,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To——

Most Reverend Father,

YOU send me word, that Father *Vavasseur* has written a Treatise against the Burlesque Stile. 'Tis well done of him; I even envy him for so good a Design, and you will exceedingly oblige me, to let me have the sight of a Book which deserves so well of the Publick. If I were to write against any of the crying Sins of the Age, I would most certainly level my Pen at Burlesque Verse: And you have a very ill Opinion of me indeed, if you think I am angry with this worthy Author for his Performance. Next to a stinking Breath, and to a dull Rogue that always affects to be witty, I know no greater Plague in the World, than this execrable sort of Poetry: And since I am, in some measure, the occasion of its mighty spreading, I cannot take it ill of Father *Vavasseur*, if when his Hand is in, he gives me a lash or two. Those that told you I was angry with him, don't know me. For my part, I had not known at this very Minute, that he had written against these Insects of *Parnassus*, these Scoundrels of *Helicon*, if you had not given me notice of it. The Publick ought to return him Thanks for this Noble Work, which I hope will effectually reform so enormous an Abuse; and you ought likewise to let me see him as soon as you can contrive it, to make me amends for the Wrong you have done me, in believing me capable of being displeas'd at so Charitable a Design. I am Father *Vavasseur's* and your

Most humble Servant,

Scarron.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To——

Madam,

ALtho my Affairs were wholly desperate, I should prefer it to the best Fortune in the World, since it has been the occasion of my receiving a Letter from you. 'Tis impossible for any thing to be written in a more obliging manner, and were I not a Gallant wholly dead to this wicked World, I could hardly

N n

forbear

forbear growing vain upon so great a Favour. Perhaps, Madam, you only thought to write me a civil Letter; you have gone much farther, and I must freely declare to you, that of the unhappiest of all Men, you have so entirely reconcil'd me to my Fortune, that I now look upon my self to be rather an Object of Envy than Pity. In short, the Satisfaction your Goodness has given me, employs all the Faculties of my Mind, and takes me up to that degree, that I don't know how to talk to you about my Affair with *Monf. de lay None Renart*. But since you enjoyn me to do it, and 'tis more reasonable I should obey you, than follow my own Humour, I will tell you, Madam, that provided you'll signifie to *Monf. de lay None Renart*, that *Madam Scarron* and I are so happy to have some share in your good Graces, 'tis impossible but my Affair must succeed in his Hands, tho he were as much against me as I know him inclin'd to serve you.

Madam, Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LETTER XLVIII.

To ———

Apr. 2.

Sir,

I Can't tell whether you are as effectually lost to your other Friends as you are to me. For my part, I see you no more than if you were already one of the Deans of the Angelick Choir, towards which place you are riding in Post-haste. However I think you are not ill provided for in this transitory World; and in my Opinion, twelvethousand Livers a Year in pure Benefices, and a foolish Estate of eight hundred thousand Livers more, may easily reconcile a Man to make a longer stay among us poor Mortals. Raillery apart, What is the reason I never see you? Is it because your Hours of Devotion take up all your time, or in that you are resolv'd to break off all Commerce with so great a Sinner as my self. This would be the true Action of a Pharisee, and you ought much rather to endeavour my Salvation, as a thing to be fear'd, than to leave me off, till you saw the young Saint of your own planting, sprout up and flourish. Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

*To Mons. de Segruis.**Sir,*

HER Highness does me a great deal of Honour to think so worthless an Insect as I is still in the World, and you do me no less on your side, to believe me capable of drawing a Character as it ought to be. Tho I should be so vain as to flatter my self upon this Article, and my desire to please you should give me that to Paint, yet the Portraits which her Highness has made, would wholly discourage me from attempting any thing of this nature. They are, as far as I am able to judge, the finest that were ever drawn, and our Wits would have reason to complain of this Princess, for robbing them of the Glory of writing well, did she not make them sufficient amends, by the Honour she does them to be of their Profession. A good Character is a much harder Performance than one would imagine. A Man ought to be very well acquainted with his Subject, before he presumes to describe it; but as far as I can see, we scarce know any one well but our selves, and some of our intimate Friends. Now I will appeal to you, whether a Man of Breeding can commend himself without a great deal of Vanity, and on the other hand, if he is oblig'd to lay open his blind-side to others as he would do to his Confessor? In like manner: Can a Man praise his Friends without tiring them, or expose their Defects without offending them? There are no less inconveniences in praising those Persons that are indifferent to us: For as a Portrait ought to be of a known Subject, and a Man has no other way of making himself known but by his Quality and Merit, we run the risque of disobliging those whom we ought to respect and esteem, if we don't give them the Praises they deserve. We are taken for impertinent Fools, if we bestow false Commendations upon them, and let us manage the Panegyrique as nicely as we can, yet nothing, in my Opinion, is more fulsome and tedious, either for him that receives it, or for him that gives it, or for those that hear it. Besides these general Reasons, which have made me take up a Resolution not to draw any Characters, I have some peculiar to my self, which I don't doubt but you'll allow of. Ah unhappy Wretch as I am, that never stirs out of his Chamber, can have no Knowledge either of Men or Things, but by second Hand; and you'll agree that this is a great disadvantage to a Painter, who ought to have his Imagination full of a great number of Ideas that are only to be had in Conversation and seeing the World. For my part, I find to my great Mortification, that a Man grows

rusty at long-run in a Chamber, as well as in the Country; and I am no less satisfy'd, that he ought to have as great a stock of Wit and Judgment as the Princess has, to be able to draw a Character well, and to be of the same Quality, to be able to praise and blame without incurring Censure. I am,

Sir, Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LETTER L.

To the Duke of Elbœuf.

I Know well enough what I owe to one of your Grace's Dignity, and will never abuse it; but 'tis almost impossible for me to write to you without trembling, and to preserve my cheerful Temper, in a Letter which is to begin with a *May it please your Grace*, written in huge Gigantick Characters, and the rest following at half a Yard distance at least. Be not displeas'd that I take this Opportunity to send you a thousand Thanks for doing me the Honour to think of me now and then, for all the Pies you have presented me with, and particularly for the last which I just now receiv'd. We shall open it to Morrow with more Pomp and Solemnity than Lawyers do the Term: there will be the *Messieurs de Vivonne, de Mata, d'Elbene, de Chastillon*, and my self. We will drink your Health most magnificently, and the Honour of your Remembrance shall fully comfort me for the absence of *Madam Scarron*, whom *Madam de Mont-cheurevil* has carried away from me. I am mightily afraid lest that debauch'd Lady should make the Wife of my Bosom take a fancy to Wine and Women, and perfectly spoil her before she sends me her home again. As for you, my Lord, let me advise you not to squander away all your radical Moisture among the Nymphs of *Picardy*, but keep a little to comfort the poor Damsels of *Paris*. *Con questo*, I am, of all your most humble and most obedient Servants, the most dutiful and most zealous,

Scarron.

LETTER LI.

To Mons. de Villette.

Nov. 12. 1659.

Sir,

I Was not in a condition to send you an Answer sooner, by reason of a great Defluxion in one of my Eyes. Since that you have written to *Madam Scarron*, and likewise to *Mons. de*

Noßack.

Nossack. Your two Letters are admirable in their kind, and deserve to be learnt by heart. A Person of very good Sense, to whom you are no Stranger, told me when he read them, that he was confident you were in very good Health, and that your Affairs went well in the World, since you were able to write two such diverting Letters. As for me, if I did not know you writ both of them with all the ease imaginable, I would say of your fine Compositions in Prose, wherein you carry the Prize, what the aforesaid Monf. *d'Elbene* said very pleasantly some time ago, of those People that are always aiming to speak witty things in Company: That in truth, a Man got a great deal of Credit by always speaking fine things, but that by straining to do so, he put himself to a great Expence, and that he had made it his observation, that such Gentlemen did not live long. May Heaven of its infinite Goodness still preserve you in this fecundity of Wit, and infatigability of Hand, and may I fifty Years hence be entertain'd with your happy Productions. But this only by the by.

Madam *Scarron* is very unhappy that she has not a Coach and six, and a fine Equipage, to go up and down where she pleases, when so great a Happiness is offer'd her, as that of being invited to *Bronage* by *Mademoiselle de Manchini*.

Tyber's rich Present and the Pride of France.

I hope she'll make herself amends for so great a Loss, so soon as the Court returns to *Paris*, and that then she'll have the Honour of being known to that incomparable *Roman* Lady, and have some share in her Friendship. As for me, I would offer her my Incence (for you know we Poets must always have some Divinity to bestow it on) but I no less distrust the Merit of my Present, than am persuaded, that no Person in the World deserves the richest Figures of our Poets better than she; and you know well enough our Merchandize is slighted, when 'tis given before 'tis call'd for. *Paris* is as empty as your *Bronage* is full, tho I am scarce sensible of it in my little Habitation; for Company so crouds in upon us, that I have order'd my Servants to tell all the Princes, Dukes, and Officers of the Crown that enquire for me daily, that I receive no Visits. This makes People very ambitious of being admitted into our little Society, and there is furious canvassing for it both in City and Court. I don't say this with design to insinuate, that we at *Paris* pretend to enter into any competition with your Deities at *Bronage*, and with your other happy Persons, that enjoy such instructive Conversation there: But their true Element is *Paris* or the Court, and when upon their leaving *Bronage*, they leave you in your Primitive nothing where they found you, you will be no better nor worse than Country-Bumpkins, and meer Clowns. Adieu, my Hand akes with writing.

LETTER LII.

*To the Count of Vivonne.**Sir,*

I Have found the foul Copy of the Letter I writ you, and must needs own I think it very foolish; but since you have a mind to see it, I herein send it you such as it is. 'Tis a wonderful satisfaction to me that you keep me still in remembrance; and indeed you do me but justice, since you are oblig'd in Conscience to think sometimes of a Man that esteems you so much; and I beseech you to believe that your retirement at *Roissy* is not half so tiresome to your self as me, who should hope sometimes to see you at my poor Quarters, if you were in *Paris*; I mean when you can find no body in the *Rue des Tournelles*, or elsewhere, and you have nothing better to employ you about. Our Neighbours should be the principal Subject of our Conversation, or, if you please, the Burthen of the Song, and to relieve the Scene, we would sometimes tell merry bantering Stories, without which, I positively maintain, that all Conversation in a little time becomes insipid and languishing. *Monf. d'Elbene* and I, remember you frequently over our Wine, and I wish with all my Heart you were here to Pledge us. *Mounfieur de Metta* is in *Xaintonge*, and 'twou'd be well for me if he were in *Paris*; for then you would have less reason to fear being tir'd with impertinent Chat, when you should be so good natur'd as to make a short Visit to

*Your most humble Servant,**Scarron.*

LETTER LIII.

*To———**Sept. 5. 1660.**Sir,*

AT last my Affair is sign'd, and I owe all the obligation of it to you. I wish I were Master of something better than Complements, to testify my Acknowledgments to you, but they are at least valuable upon this score, that they are hearty and sincere; and I beg you to believe, I would not publish to all the World that I am the greatest Admirer of *Monf. de Guiche*, and the most zealous of his Servants, if I were not really so.

Scarron.

LET-

LETTER LIV.

To the Marquess of Villarceaux

Sir,

I Am extremely oblig'd to you for refreshing me, when I wak'd this Morning, with the agreeable Vision of the two Angels of your own making. 'Tis certain you had an excellent Model by you when you made them, and that you must know something more of those happy Beings than the rest of Mankind. Accident and Chance never use to produce any thing so perfect as they are, especially in things of this Nature, where a Man must run it off hand in spite of his Teeth, and where he must finish all at a stroke, or else give over. My Friend *Roisseau* said very pleasantly upon this occasion, that you ought to do nothing else but get Children. To return now to yours, I confess they are admirable, and as every thing has its value, the greatest Wit in my opinion is the eldest of the two; whether it be because he is more advanc'd in years than his Brother, who likewise will have his Admirers stand in his turn: Or because my inclination leads me that way and fixes me there, for which I can assign no reason. I short, both of them are very worthy their Father, and since you would have me tell you by their Physiognomy what their Fortunes are like to prove; they will commit a world of Ravages upon People of both Sexes. It will not be long before the Eldest will begin to push on his Conquests, and perhaps make an Attempt upon some of yours. May Heaven in Mercy avert such a Misfortune from your Family, which may sow Division between two Brothers, and make Father and Son irreconcilable Rivals. There happened to be in my Room when they came thither, three or four Gentlemen of very good Judgment and Sense, who agreed, that both of them were excellent, but were of my Opinion, that the Elder was the better of the two, and have given me their Votes accordingly. In truth, I believe one may justly say of him,

His Shape is Divine, and so is his Face,

So in short is all about him:

And if his Soul with his Body keeps pace,

What Mortal alive can rout him?

LETTER LV.

To——

I Am infinitely oblig'd to you for your Civility, and for offering to do me good Offices with the Queen. Ever since I have been in Disgrace, I never durst write to her Majesty, to

complain of my ill Fortune, and make my Innocence appear, The Vexation it gave me, did not allow me the least Intermifion, till fuch time as you gave me to underftand, her Majefty had ask'd for fome of my Plays; which makes me to flatter my felf that ſhe ftill remembers that fuch a Wretch as I was once in the World. During the Troubles of the Regency, my unfortunate Reputation made every thing that was printed at *Paris*, whether good or bad, to paſs under my Name. This Abufe ftill continues, notwithstanding all the Pains I have taken to undeceive the World. Some insolent Libels againſt his Eminence were father'd upon me, and the Reaſon perhaps was becauſe another Gentleman of the Purple, who was of the contrary Faction, was pleaſed to honour me with his Friendſhip, tho I was both known and loved by him from a Youth, long before his Reputation began to ſink at Court. But ſuppoſe I had been ſo ungrateful, and ſo thoughtleſs, as to be wanting in my Reſpect to her Majeſty and his Eminence; may not a ſincere Repentance hope to find that from them which it expects from Heaven? I am not ſo vain to aſk to be admitted again into her Majeſty's good Graces, which the unhappineſs of the Times rather than any Crime of my own, made me to loſe. I would only beſeech her to drop her Indignation againſt an unhappy Wretch, who has not long to live. This wou'd be worthy the Generoſity of her Soul, and if this great Happineſs ſhould arrive to me, thro your Mediation and good Offices, I ſhou'd be more obliged to you than any Man living. I am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble, &c.

Scarron.

LETTER LVI.

To that pair of worthy Gentlemen, and my dearly beloved Friends, Menage and Sarrazin, or if you pleaſe, Sarrazin and Menage.

Gentlemen and dear Friends,

TO dedicate the ſame Book to two Perſons, is to kill two Birds with one Stone. I cannot tell whether I have any pretence to go upon this Proverb, being a Cripple in my Hands and Feet, and perhaps this is introducing a Novelty in Dedications, which my Brother Poets will never forgive me. But

for my part, I never stood upon writing correctly in my Life. 'Tis true, I might very well have saved my self the Trouble of this preliminary Epistle, having trespass'd in this kind too much already, and having Business enough upon my Hands, if I have Constancy enough to finish my *Virgil Travestie*. The Book I dedicate to you, contains a thousand Verses, so there is just five hundred a piece for you. I must confess you deserve ten times more, for which reason I design'd to have tacked a small Romance to them, which I began some time ago, by the same token that it promised fine things at its first setting out, but by some cursed Misfortune, or my own Fault, I cou'd not for the Heart of me hinder my poor Hero from being sentenc'd to be hang'd: And this hanging came in so naturally, so prettily, and all that, that I could not change it into any other Adventure, without spoiling the Conclusion of my Romance, and sinning against the Light of my own Conscience.

The Duce on't, instead of expatiating upon your Praises, after the laudable Custom of Dedications, I have rambled so far from my Subject, that I don't know how I shall be able to find my way home again. But not too much of the *Duce on't* neither. Better late than never; and besides, 'tis in my Power to make my Epistle as long or as short as I please. Stand fair then, Gentlemen, I am going to---commend you as hard as I can drive. But Oh my cruel Destinies! Where shall I begin? Or indeed where shall I not begin; for as

When Phillis to a Garden goes
To pluck a Lilly or a Rose
In order to regale her Nose:
The great Variety she meets
Distracts her in her Choice of Sweets:
Ev'n so your Praises come so quick,
And crowd and jostle in so thick,
That, may I be for ever curst
If I know which to mention first.

Well, I never was so damnably puzzled in all my Life, that's certain. You are the two finest Gentlemen of the long Robe and short Cloak; you are as much Masters of foreign Languages as the Natives themselves. You know all the Elegancies of your own to perfection. You are not to be matched either in Verse or Prose; in short, you are more quick-sighted than all the Criticks in the Universe put together. One of you has an admirable hand at dancing, singing and playing upon Instruments,

And

*And tickles a Lyre
With a Fist so divine,
That all hearers combine
His skill to admire.*

As for shooting, vaulting, jumping thro a Hoop, Wrestling, &c. I will say nothing, tho I wou'd not for a thousand Pounds take my Corporal Oath that you know nothing of those Matters. But as for Conversation, all the World must truckle to you: People point at you as you walk along the Streets. You are well humour'd and well made, and gracious, and courteous, and jovial, and liberal; nay, you are valiant and amorous, if it were put home to you, altho your Profession, excuse you from the former; and as for the latter, I make no question but that in your youthful Days,

*When your Pulses beat high,
And call'd you to toy,
You were not so stupid
As to quarrel with Cupid.*

In short, you are truly Virtuous, and that in so eminent a Degree, that when any one has a mind to be thought so, he cries, *I am just come from Menage, I am going to see Sarrazin. Menage and Sarrazin just now parted with me.* And even I, who talk to you, when either of you, or both together come to see me, cannot forbear to acquaint all the World with it; nay, sometimes tell it the same Man twice or thrice over, which I must own to you, shews a great deal of Vanity on my side. But don't I make you blush? For I know you are as modest as the Morning, you are Gentlemen that will easily blush, and I love and respect you exceedingly for it. Come, come, don't disquiet your selves, I will bring no Scarlet into your Faces. In short, I will persecute you no longer. Altho

*A Theme so fruitful do's inspire
The dullest Beast with gen'rous Fire:
Undone by Plenty, lost in Store,
I know not when I should give o'er.*

The next Book I do my self the Honour to dedicate to you, (for if I am long above Ground I shall trouble you with another Dedication) I hope you'll own my Stile is much alter'd for the better, by reading some of our modern Epistle-mongers, whom I dare not name, for fear of plucking an old House upon my Head. So good Night to you Gentlemen. I am with all my Soul,

*My dear Friends,
Your most humble, &c.*

Scarron,
LET

LETTER LVII.

To Monsieur Morreau, one of the King's most Honourable Privy-Council.

SIR

THE reason why I presume to dedicate this Book to you, is because you advis'd me to publish it; and the reason likewise why I enlarge upon your Praises, is, because Epistles Dedicatory are only calculated for the Meridian of Panegyrick. Among the other excellent Qualities that recommend you to the World, nothing belongs in a more peculiar manner to you, than your happy Judgment in the Choice of your Friends. None can boast that honourable Title, but Men of Worth and Honour; and to acquire such a Character, 'tis enough for a Man to be often seen in your Company, or to be able to prove by Witnesses or otherwise, that he is honour'd with your Friendship. I have not so little regard to my Reputation, but that I am very proud to take this Opportunity to let the World know that you are pleas'd to love me. But that I may not be censured for commending my self too much, I am content the World should likewise know, that I am only one of your Friends, by way of Courtesie, (if I may be allow'd so to express my self) who is inferiour to all the rest in Merit, but not in the Esteem and Respect he will eternally preserve for you, who is,

Your most humble, &c.

Scarron.

LETTER LVIII.

To that most Courteous and Complaisant Quadrupede, the Lady Guillemette, my Sister's little Greyhound Bitch.

My Lady Guillemette,

I Am an Author, God help me, if a Man may be said to deserve that Title, whose Name has appear'd more than once in a Term-Catalogue, and at the Fag-end of a Gazette, among stray'd Horses, and now and then, dear Madam, among some

of

of your Ladyships stray'd Relations. 'Tis true, I came very cheap by this Title, and am sensible the little I have laid out upon it gives me in Justice no higher Rank than that of a Verse-wright, or a turner of Burlesque-rhimes. Having made this modest Acknowledgment, I am confident you will never lay the Sin of Vanity to my Charge, and that you'll hardly imagine (if the Proverb, which says, *No Man is a Prophet in his own Country*, holds good in you Dogs) that a Man whom you see every Day in *Paris*, where he was born, whose Head always hangs on one side, and who never budges out of his Chair; in fine, one that was cast in a different Mold from the rest of Mankind, has Courage enough to set up for a Modern Author. By *Appollo*, *Guillemette*, nothing can be more true; and by the same *Apollo* I swear to you, without any Equivocation or Reserve, that I have no wicked Design upon the Bays, For my part, I am so far from setting up for a Wit, that I freely and frankly give the World leave to call my Works *Rhapsodicks*, *Taylor's Cushions*, or what they please; because to my great Comfort, abundance of modern Plays, and other Productions of our second-rate Wits, deserve no better a Name; which I value little more than I do a last Year's Almanack, wherein we may see, as well as in those Plays, the death of some great Man, a Statesman discarded, *Phillis* hanged in her Garters, and such like noble Catastrophes of the Theatre.

Now these noble Productions wou'd from their very Infancy be employ'd to wrap up Butter and Tobacco, to line Trunks and Bandboxes, or make Paper Kites, if no Country-Chapmen came to *Paris*; or if they did not make a shift to go off under the Protection of some admirable Plays, and some diverting Romances, that enrich their Authors, and so often raise a Civil War among our Booksellers. When we set no great value upon a thing, we use to say, *that 'tis scarce good enough to be thrown to the Dogs*. As your Merit and Beauty secure you from the scandal of this Proverb, which was never intended for Dogs of your eminent Quality, so I only cited it to convince the World, what an humble Opinion I have of my own Compositions; and altho, Madam, you are neither better nor worse than a Brute, yet I rather chose to dedicate them to your Ladyship, than to any of our topping Noblemen, whom I should certainly disoblige by such a Presumption. For I must tell you, *Guillemette*, an Author with a Book in his Hand, is more formidable to one of these worthy Peers; and the very sight of him terrifies them as much, as a whole Covy of Creditors at their Levée: Not but that we have some generous

Lords

Lords still left us, Heaven be prais'd for't; but most of our modern Authors are such Idolaters of Money, that they wou'd much sooner dedicate their Works to a Man, from whom they expect a round Sum of Guineas, tho they don't care if he were hang'd the Hour after, than one whom they love and esteem. These sordid Imitators of *Virgil* and *Horace*, that adore a Lord meerly for his Title, make no scruple to dub him a *Macenas* at first dash, and ascribe to him Virtues he was never Master of, and all to wheedle him out of a little Money, if he has any. One wou'd almost swear, these Prodigal Sons of *Appollo* had a wicked Design to squander away the whole Growth of *Helicon* in one Dedication: They bestow Immortality upon the highest bidder, and will furbish ye up a Demi-God at a Minute's Warning, for a Suit of Cloaths and a long Periwig. In short, these mercenary Scriblers plunder the illustrious Dead of former Ages, to trick up some living Scoundrel of Quality with their Merit; which execrable Flattery Men of Sense despise, as they ought to do the grossest Affront. 'Tis some Consolation to the few righteous and honest Friends of the Muses, that these fawning Slaves are often bilk'd in their Expectations, and that People have more Guts in their Brains than to part with their Money for a few nauseous Complements. Even our Noblemen have found out the Trick to give them nothing, and yet give them no Occasion to complain of them. Some will cry to them, *The God of Verse protect and bless you in all your Undertakings*. Another will treat them with as much Ceremony as they wou'd a Foreign Ambassador, and wait upon them down to the very Street; that is to say, see them fairly out of their House. Some again pay them in the currant Coin of *Parnassus*, giving them Incense back for Incense, and Flattery for Flattery; but the Devil of a Lord of 'em all will invite them to Dinner, and this is enough to make a poor Author hang himself in his Garret. For this hungry Wretch, that flatter'd himself in the Morning, that he should cram his Belly with my Lord's Kickshaws and Ragoo's, or thought to treat himself most nicely at an Eating-house, at the Expence of his magnificent Patron, is forc'd to return Home to his Quarters poorer than he went out, with being at the Charge of binding his Dedication-Book in Vellum or Turkey-Leather. Then he exclaims, as hard as he can drive, at the horrid Ingratitude of the Age, or at the starving Planet he was born under, according as he has more of the Poet or Orator in him. I forgot to tell you, Right-worshipful *Guillemette*, that our Authors are sometimes pay'd by way of Exchange, in the very same Commodity they brought with them, and receive no other Reward for

for all the fine Complements they pass upon their Patron, than an Epistle for an Epistle, or a Sonnet for a Sonnet: Our Persons of Quality pretend they learnt this piece of Conduct of the Emperor *Augustus*; but this is a Trick that is not to be play'd twice with People who are so sharp as our Authors generally are. I have therefore presum'd to dedicate my Book to your Ladyship for the above-mention'd Reasons, or perhaps for others that I have no mind to let you know. I already fancy with my self, I see you knawing the Strings of my Book, tumbling it about, and tearing it in a thousand frolicksome Postures, which please me infinitely more, than the cold Reception of a supercilious Lord, that won't so much as thank me for the Present I make him, because he thinks I have the Impudence to expect another from him. Accursed be that Poet, say I, tho he was never so much a Master of his Profession, who first prostituted the Productions of his Brain to this infamous Use, and baited his Dedications with Flattery, to make the Court-Gudgeons swallow them the easier! Ever since our Authors have set up the noble Trade of begging in Prose and Verse, an Epistle Dedicatory has been looked upon to be a sort of a Challenge; and if *Mæcenæ*s is not able to put by the Thrust, he reckons the Man that brings it to be no better than a Pick-pocket, or Highway-Man, that bids him deliver. Tho an Author presents his Trash to his Patron with a smiling Countenance, yet the other looks as musty as a breaking Merchant when a thundring Bill is drawn upon him; nay, some of them have been observ'd to look as pale as a Ghost, at the very sight of a Book that promis'd them nothing less than Immortality. Well, those wicked Dedicators of Books are most Impudent Raskals, to haunt those noble Lords, even in their Chambers, and put them in bodily Fear, as they do. They should consider, that these cringing Epistles, which ask where nothing is due, are really as much to be dreaded as an Execution upon Coach and Six: So that for my part, I don't at all wonder if 'tis not so much Pleasure to see his Genealogy derived in a direct Line from *Hector* or *Sarpedon*, as 'tis a Mortification to him to part with his Guineas, to buy the Author a new Drugget-suit. However, I must needs own, 'tis wisely done of our Authors, not to walk the Streets in all those Trappings, wherein we find them at the Frontispiece of their Books. For tell me, dear *Guillemette*, wou'd not your Ladyship fall a barking most inordinately, shou'd you see a Man with one Shoulder bare, and t'other wrapt up in humble Drugget, and a Crown of Lawrel upon his Head. Yet 'tis neither the fear of Dogs, nor the following of Children that makes them decline this Equipage,

for

for they are only afraid of the surly Fellow at the Nobleman's Gate. Did they not take this Course, the Porter wou'd know them, who hates such as break in upon his own Trade, and beg as he does, especially at this time of Day, when one wou'd think our Authors had bound themselves by an Oath, never to set Foot within an House that does not belong to a Man of Quality. There is nothing else hardly to be seen in the Palaces of our great Men, but a Shoal of half-starv'd Creditors in one Corner of the Hall, and half a dozen Mendicant Rhimers in the other; so that considering how the Affairs go at present, I am afraid we shall shortly see as many of them in our Hospitals, unless the Times mend, as wou'd be sufficient to set up a compleat Academy: For alas! the World is not so favourable to them as it has been formerly. I have known the time when there was not a Poet in the whole Kingdom, that did not hope to make his Fortune by the Muses, as well as the *Abbot des Portes*, and *Bois-Robert*, and several more of the Poetical Fraternity had done before him, who were advanc'd to Bishopricks and Abbeyes, and the Lord knows what, for their fine Writings. With a Pension of six hundred Livres a Year they made a shift to wear good Cloaths on their Backs, and powder themselves as extravagantly as the nicest Beau of them all; for which, dear *Guillemette*, I must highly commend them, for their Fancy was so warm and all that, that it made their Heads sweat most excessively. Some of them had Silver Spurs, and some kept a pad Nag, with all its Accoutrements, to keep the Dirt from their Boots. But at this present writing, both the Buskin and the Gambadoes are alike Dirty, and some of our Poets have abdicated *Parnassus* for good and all, while others have fallen in with the Players and Booksellers. Whether it be, that *Necessity is the Mother of Invention*, or, that Invention is an essential part of a Poet, some of our high flown Writers were for making Friends in the Treasury, and applied themselves to those worthy Gentlemen, that part with their Money as easily as they get it. I make no question but these Poetical Merchants were so profuse, at to bestow all manner of Vertues, nay even the Military ones too, when their Hands were in, on these liberal Publicans, and at least derived their Pedigree from him that was Privy-Purse to *Clodion the Hairy*; or because he was a Pagan by Religion, from the Nephew of King *Cloris* the First's Almoner. But these Politicks, as I have been inform'd, only succeeded with those whose Works had been always received with Universal Applause, while other poor Rogues, that were such Fools as to imitate them, only got a good Dinner among these Sons of Mammon, for their Pains

Pains, and perhaps a Surfeit afterwards for eating too greedily. There needs no more Wit than what your Ladyship is Mistress of, I mean than what belongs to a Dog, to tell me I have practis'd what I condemn in others. 'Tis true indeed, dear *Guillemette*, I made bold to dedicate a Play to a Person of great Merit and Quality; but 'tis as true, that I had the Honour to be acquainted long before that with *Monf. the Bailiff of Souray*, and always respected him, both because he deserves it, and because he is my particular Friend. 'Tis my Misfortune that I am one of those unlucky Men who are easily forgotten, when they are not seen. And if our most incomparable Queen be still pleas'd to continue me the Pension which *Mareschal Schomberg's* Lady procur'd me, 'tis not because I have now and then been so happy as to divert her with my Poetry, but because I am the most miserable Wretch alive, and afflicted with a cruel Distemper, which will not terminate but with my Life, no more than a confounded Law-Suit, on which my little All depends. This of it self is sufficient, without being possess'd with the Devil of Love, to hinder a Man from sleeping, unless he took his Hat full of Opium before he went to Bed. But 'tis impossible for my good Humour to maintain its Ground much longer against these melancholy Thoughts, that drop so unseasonably from my Pen, and now begin to seize me. Thus, dear *Guillemette*, being weary of sitting with you so long, I must e'en conclude my Dedication abruptly, without puzzling my Brains to present you with some notable Complement at parting, and remain in the common Form,

Dear Bitch,

Your Four-Legg'd Ladyship's, &c.

Scarron.

5 AP 66

FINIS.

